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THE RELIGION OF OLD GEORGIA

WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE

THE RELIGION OF OLD GLORY

BY
WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE

NEW  YORK

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BOOK I
THE BOOK OF FORESIGHT

THE RELIGION OF OLD GLORY

CHAPTER I

A FOREWORD

"THIS flag, which we honour and under which we serve, is the emblem of our unity, our power, our thought and purpose as a nation."

"It speaks to us of the past."

"It has witnessed a great history." *

With these words of our President no one surely can differ. The flag is associated with whatever patriotic ideal we do each one of us recognise, or unwittingly worship; and it recalls to the thoughtful, by its most casual use, the entire spiritual life in all its variety, the solidarity of consciousness and conscience, sheer passion and action of preceding generations since the flag's official adoption June 14th, 1777.

With our Whig revolution it had nought whatever to do.

With our colonial pre-existence, it is only related by antecedents more or less akin to it.

But the President seems to imply more than this arbitrary factual relation of the flag to national life;

* *National Geographic Society Magazine*, October, 1917, page 303.

for he goes on to associate it with "the great faith to which we are born."

Has a symbol no creative power, no prophetic function, no meanings exoteric and esoteric—thought, or only felt, maybe instinctively divined—which by their play release and reinforce the energy of that "great faith to which we are born"? Does it not express, make effective, articulate, and emphasise that "great faith"?

"It has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. The choices are ours. It floats in majestic silence above the hosts that execute these choices, whether in peace or in war."

True, a doctrine is judged by the unthinking from the practice of those who profess and proclaim it. True, a symbol must suffer in dignity and acceptance from the ignorance, or hypocrisy, of its profaners.

But in the symbol itself there does, for all that, continue to reside an inherent mystical power, so that a fascination will be exercised sooner or later on some single worthy spirit, willing and able to hear and heed, whose receptivity and susceptibility are generous and innocent—after ages of prostitution and felonious exploitation. The Star of Bethlehem, the mother and babe in the manger, the cross, the shining cloud over the sun, the shepherd with the kid thrown across his shoulder (merely to mention some of the most familiar instances), however basely used, will at some fortunate moment touch the race memory and the imagination of an individual gifted with genius, or a group, who will initiate a revival of faith, or perhaps, an altogether new revelation of spiritual power.

In other terms, symbols to the eye (even more than

such recondite symbols as words through the ear to the mind) have a kind of distinct life of their own. The ball has left the human hand, but its momentum drives it in a determined direction—on which the attraction of the earth and the resistance of the atmosphere operate in a quite calculable way—and the human hand can catch it again at some definite, convenient, or maybe inconvenient, point.

A symbol is not altogether imposed on man; it is discovered as pre-existent. Several symbols are combined, or their fortuitous combination chosen. The basis of choice lies in certain profound, fairly reliable, because organically inherited, reactions to specific stimuli.

A red rag to a bull, for instance, is not the result of education. The smell of blood will terrify a young pigeon that has never itself experienced danger. In man, living in the midst of nature through ages, certain associations got themselves so well established, that they affect any normal human being more or less apart from tradition or instruction. These reactions are observed, deliberately desired, and the stimuli become, when used by man, the first and last means of expression for the collective soul.

So our cave life, our arboreal life, our life about the camp fire, our hearth life, our experience with open spaces and open sky, our experience with the sea, all have left in deeper strata of our soul-being, important fossils that tell the history of primitive man and can be, with fair accuracy, read in conjunction with our fragmentary record and remains of savage and barbarous legends, rituals, customs, and art objects. But far more practically for us men in our individualistic

and sophisticated, brutalised and vulgarised civilisation, these ancient organic vestiges in human nature, and reactions over which we have fortunately but little control—persisting indeed after generations of efforts at extirpation by steady inhibitions, restraints, and disavowals—offer to the leaders of inspired men's souls a universal language, obvious to a certain point, then baffling, but always yielding some equivalent mystical sense to the persistent inquirers.

If this be true—and we believe it is readily demonstrable—then it behooves us not only to accept and reverence the flag as having been chosen to witness our national life from June 14th, 1777, unto this day, but to consider, moreover, and discover what is its inherent fitness for such choice. What reasons actually moved Congress to adopt the resolution, what determined the committee to offer the resolution in just the form it took, is a legitimate subject of curious inquiry and would be highly instructive. But the intelligent reasons for any policy, its potential benefits, that is to say, actual service, conditioned by the degree and method of its establishment and operation, are quite one thing, whereas the reasons for the original adoption of the policy are often and importantly another. As to this we are not at present primarily inquisitive. The infirmities of groups of men acting on behalf of their fellows are only too familiar, and to consider them here and now will profit little. The great gain is to be had from exploring the grounds of the flag's inherent fitness for choice on June the 14th, 1777, and for our continuous consecration of it from generation to generation, as truly, effectively, beautifully, and with spiritually creative potency, giving im-

mediately intelligible expression to "the great faith to which we are born," both individually and co-operatively as a people.

Secretary Franklin K. Lane in an interesting little monologue of the flag makes it say:

The work that WE * do is the "making of the flag."

Always I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for,

I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why,

I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe me to be,

I am what you make me,—nothing more.**

With the tenor of the speech we must heartily agree—but what of this last phrase "nothing more"? No, never! If we don't "make" it, as we should—that is interpret it by our being and doing—it will bide its time and find others, a new generation, a new nation maybe. As long as men are men, that flag chosen the 14th of June, 1777, is well chosen, that is, chosen for good cause: has a meaning, a message, a command. It must, and it will, whatever *we* do or do not, be heard, obeyed, and lived into human grandeur and glory.

There is a sense in which, however, what President Wilson and Secretary Lane both seem, disappointingly, to say, is profoundly true, and which we should in fairness presume to be their real intention.

* Presumably we, the citizens, and the flag coöperate.

** *National Geographic Society Magazine*, October, 1917, page

In a democratic society, the will of God is at any moment the will of the people as it gets expression in the majority vote according to given methods of exercising the suffrage, and under certain restraints for protecting considerable minorities. The elected government is only an instrument for carrying that expressed vote into effect. If erroneous, or in so far as it be erroneous, the choice as to policy, if faithfully executed so that it can be tested by practice, may be, in due time and manner, corrected.

In theory, Congress could repeal all its acts on which the official sacredness of the flag rests, and adopt another symbolic expression of the nation's ideal. But actually Congress cannot do so, because the affections of the people in song, picture, and story have fixed an association, so that only some awful calamity, like the revolution which broke the continuity of French national life, would permit of any conscious radical change.

But it is clear that whatever the official status of the flag and the popular acceptance by a loyalty of affectionate custom, the flag cannot be more to us than a glorious habit unless we discover for ourselves a *living ideal* residing in it beyond the attainment of our present character and condition.' If it is only an affair of the past, it is not of the future; for the future is not only, or mainly even, the past. But if the flag is the future, we must then arouse ourselves and put our creative wills at its disposal, so as to serve the fiat it essentially and prophetically expresses.

Our understanding of the flag, then, as language, will but help the flag to fashion us into such men, as shall make the flag stand explicitly for something bet-

ter than our present, better than our past, yet all along implicit in them, so we reverently believe, just as the ancient oak of the ages-to-be is dormant but alive in the acorn of to-day.

Still, at no time has the leader of a democracy the right to impose his idea, his ideal, however sacred, however predestined. He would then be a despot and, although benevolent and immediately beneficent, in the end detrimental, because paralysing to the political genius of the people. He can only expose his idea or ideal, and woo to win men's souls unto it. In that sense every true American administration, Washington's, Jefferson's, Lincoln's, Wilson's, must, whatever the original genius of the leaders, be in the end essentially opportunist. Better yet, the leader then can and must have "his ear to the ground," not for personal selfish expediency, but for deep divination of what is coming—just about come, and become "practical politics."

The acknowledged leader is not just a prophet, a poet. He is a responsible, definitely delegated agent. Only what the soul of the nation is already ripe for and prepared to believe and sacrifice for, has he any moral right to propose and urge and apply his energy to realising.

But just as no individual knows his own self altogether and, therefore, can never finally make up his own mind in order that all his being get the most perfect scope, so, and very much more so, a human mass like our own people, with the vast complications of tides and currents beneath the surface-storms and calms. Our President, then, true to the idea of democracy, and quite apart from his highest and larg-

est personal convictions and commitments, leaves ever the Open Door to the future, and he seems to ask: "What do you—the real, the deep, the common, universal, most permanent soul-stuff of you—desire, demand? For that it is the flag stands! What is your flag to stand for now? O people, consult the living God in you, and speak aloud for that God, and authoritatively decree the interpretation of your symbol as a Nation. Your government must and shall obey you, thus aroused to your responsibility and inspired by your vital instinct and genius!"

Now, in this volume it is proposed to ask ourselves whether the flag does vitally express "the faith to which we are born," to divine the implicit "something more" the flag potentially is in virtue of its actual symbol-speech, and make that as explicit and persuasive as possible.

If it speaks to you of what you believe or desire to believe, if it stirs in you the resolve to make clear that meaning and give its lure and coercive impulsion a better vehicle in your own mind and heart and will, your very flesh and blood—then, so far as *you* are concerned, this book is true, because it is essentially and vitally yours.

If through you a contagion becomes effective, and the flag is understood as prophetic, creative, as demanding more than we yet think we desire and deserve, are prepared to do and suffer; then, be assured, it is not because you are peculiarly inspired and persuasive, or the book with which you agree is clever, but because we have somehow got at the truth of our symbol, and we, having ears so to hear, it can and does utter for us audibly its fiat, and its terrible bene-

diction on our glad sacrifice to that Ideal which it indicates and sensuously embodies.

"I am what you make me. Nothing more?" Nay! We shall be what thou makest us, O Flag of our Future, when we have caught thy vision for us, Old Glory; and more, ever more shall we be, as we make thee mean more to mankind of the new glory yet unrevealed!"

If the Flag is officially, historically WÆ, as we shall interpret it, will it be prophetically yourself?

If so, raise it solemnly again,

Salute it reverently as never before,

Live for it, die for it!

And even after death,

Send your spirit back to live for it—

Beyond these limitations of time and tide,—

And demand, now as then, with utmost power of your immortal being:—

That Old Glory float and live in the very wind of
God's breath

As the symbol of the "faith to which we are
born,"

And all mankind, thank God, along with us!

CHAPTER II

FLAGS AND WHAT THEY PRIMARILY ARE

THE ELEMENTS OF THE FLAG

THE subject of this book is the Flag of the United States, popularly called Star-Spangled Banner, Stars and Stripes, and Old Glory. We are not attempting to tell its history. Many books already do that exceedingly well, and many more will appear to do it better. Only as we shall be obliged in the pursuit of our special purpose to mention historic facts, events, or persons, shall we digress in that direction. Our purpose is one only: to make clear and convincing what seems to be a true spiritual interpretation of the flag, showing how and why it conveys and inculcates "the Faith to which," as Americans, "we were born."

All of us feel the flag to be eloquent. All of us know it is an emblem sacred in itself, quite irrespective of its arbitrary setting-apart by civil authority for a sacred use. But what specifically does it say? Not, what can it, by straining ingenuity, be forced to mean? but, what does it in fact tell us, when we consider separately and together the several elements of form, color, design and number, which enter into the composition of the beautiful integral whole?

Before, however, we enumerate the traits that distinguish our flag, and examine them one by one and in orderly combination, we would do well first to con-

sider what a flag is, as such. Ours, to be sure, came into being and use more deliberately and consciously than others, such as the British, the French or the Italian, the Spanish, the Danish or the Dutch.^f It was chosen after many actual popular experiments had been made unofficially and semi-officially at sea and on land, under the ordeal of battle, and in moments of civic pride and gratitude to Providence for unforeseen deliverances and successes. Presumably, therefore, our flag being prepared for and created—without commitments to any foregone conclusions of precedent and heraldic convention—should be better suited than any to perform its function as a flag. True, a flag was wanted by a new-born nation, one born adult, so to speak, in a day. This felt want of its passion and aspiration, translated into eager desire, became a prayer, a demand. Now, demand and supply, in the spiritual world, are related by a mysterious law. So the prayer was answered, the demand satisfied: the flag came to being—was what it was and still is.

Yet, granting all that can be so said in especial favour of our flag, its peculiarity constitutes a difference in degree rather than in kind. It is, after all, a flag, and like all other flags in some things, not so much because of any disposition of our fathers to copy what they saw existed and did well, as out of the sheer inherent necessity, if our flag was to perform its natural service as a flag.

Of course, our flag must be quickly and readily seen, detaching itself, distinctly from any sky-scape and landscape, unmistakably recognised, accurately recalled and imagined with ease and delight. Its com-

position must therefore be simple, striking, and beautiful; its design, unique and interesting; its colours, the clearest, crudest, and arranged in the sharpest possible contrast consistent with harmony; if repetition of elements occur, there must be agreeable rhythm to the eye, and the observable number relation arising thence, should seem clearly required by the design, or be meaningful, so as nowise to tax the memory by an unrelated arbitrary fact or to puzzle the mind with a wilful rebus.

Whatever is merely curious, historically recondite, will but vex and confuse; and, worst of all, it will prevent, or at least delay, the forming of a vivid mental image of the flag. It will fail to excite loyal worship and secure inspiration in the hour of utmost need, when it should serve, in its very absence, the most holy purpose of unifying and reviving inspiration.

Evidently, any flag is and must be a shout announcing a presence. It can afford to be learned language through the eye to the mind and conscience, only if such articulate enrichment or æsthetic sophistication does not in the least interfere with its first and last function as a cry proclaiming aloud and afar a Presence, and an allegiance to a Person or Cause.

It has to be set up, lifted, and carried or flown to indicate the whereabouts always of the leader—whether, on the one hand, chieftain or king, by supposed divine right of birth or priestly anointing; or, on the other hand, by the peoples' living and intelligent, direct or indirect choice and mandate to his office and station. Naturally, in the first case, it will identify by design, colour, and number, the leader; in the second case, the folk or nation. For the sake of effective an-

nouncement to the stranger—friend or foe—threatening and appalling the latter, summoning and inviting the former, rallying and cheering its own—it must somehow manage to describe, to exaggerate, indeed, and idealise the descent, the record for prowess, the noble character, and awful terrifying intention of the leader or of the folk.

Now, what sort of object will be suited for these purposes? Some precious jewel, some piece of exquisite art? They could not be conspicuous enough, or convenient for transportation,—a relic of an ancestor, the image of a hero or god, a sacred arc of the covenant, are too much like the very soul itself of the contenders in the arena to be ventured in a single enterprise, howsoever critical.

Flags, then, by the very necessity of their function, must be precious and holy, yet not so much by material or craft, as by meaning. They must be replaceable if lost, and of no intrinsic value or assistance to the foe. They must be exhibitable in as great an area as possible, and that which conveys the meaning must carry far and distinctly for the eye. With some exceptions (that only prove the rule, or only appear to break it) the flag or standard will consist of two parts at least: an emblem or symbolic object or design in brilliant colour, and a pole, or staff, itself also sacred, on which it is raised high for farther view. So the soldiers of the infant Roman Republic marched forth in military units, each led by its tribal emblem—a boar, perhaps, or an eagle. So important were these emblems or signs—at a late time reduced to a single type—that the military, technical terms to advance, to retire, and a dozen more, are all to advance,

to retire, the standard. The standards are, indeed, metaphorically and, in a sense religiously, the troops themselves, and more than the troops. They are the commanding officers and more than these. In a way, they are the very soul of Rome in their living midst.

Now, was this so by a mere arbitrary fiat?

In truth, the staff or rod is but a more portable form of the pole or pillar, such as from earliest times, in one form or another, men set up by the chieftain's tent, hut, or palace, or in the sacred centre of the community, the place of common assembly and council. The staff or pole represents the ancestral life, set up stably, affirming and evoking the immortal, because self-perpetuating, principle of the family or stock. About the same, the progeny—actual or supposititious (for adoption and generation seem in early times to constitute an equally sacred and real filiation)—hold their gatherings, solemn or glad, and perform their religious rites to secure the fuller and more active presence of that life principle, in order that they may, so to say, be at need rebegotten from time to time and freshly adopted by the soul of the folk, or by the ancestral Gods, whom the chieftain—hereditary or appointive—more especially and dynamically represents. The pole so set up is in some sort the very tree of life in their midst, stripped of encumbering branches, simplified to the sheer trunk, bearing perhaps in carving, in colour, and, later, in symbolic script, the memorable record of achievement, and the prophesied destiny. On the fixed pole, or portable staff, is elevated some animal, bird, or vegetable form, the symbol of some heavenly body, like the sun or the moon, or of some phenomenon, like the lightning bolt or the

cloud, some meteoric stone or volcanic rock, or, perhaps, even an ancestral image, idol, or sacrament of their God. Clearly, in every case, exploiting sacrosanct usage and tradition, the form is chosen to fix and define and exhibit lineage and character, increase and publish faith and hope, incite valour and devotion, and inspire fear and awe.

The pole declares the life principle—whether with or without its carving inscriptions. The object raised by it for view defines vital character and purpose. But to the untrained eye only the forms of things that stir of themselves are sharply distinguished from their background and surroundings. Attention requires to be attracted and arrested by movement. At all events, motion greatly enhances the sense of life. What lives is primarily what alters its attitude or location. If, therefore, to the staff or pole and the fixed emblem or image it bears be added yet some flexible, freely flowing substance, the doubly symbolic, creative tree will become more arrestingly distinct—emphatically alive and lifegiving. Strips, therefore, of suitable material, bark or fibre, cords or bands or hides, or later, textile fabrics, were wisely added, to leap up and flutter in folds, where the staff or pole was carried forward or waved, or to fly and flap passively in the natural wind and weather.

What the cords knotted about the staff would suggest must be evident to all. By them something was attached to the staff and the emblem that it bore. In the last analysis the bands are bonds, the strips are stripes. We, the faithful, “gird our loins,” and make ourselves fast; ay, and call upon ourselves a slave’s lashes—unless we shall indeed belong wholly and be-

have to the end as belonging worthily to that sacred staff, our folk-life principle, our family tree, and its upheld emblem of our inherited imperative folk-ideal.

Further refinement is natural and easy. As the hide of the totem-animal, the bull or the wolf or the bear, had its more mobile portions, representing the legs and head, so the fabric might be slashed and gored, that bright-coloured lesser divisions should fly more freely yet and flutter in every breath, like the dancing flames of fire and passion; or bright-coloured, perhaps embroidered, dents, and glittery beaded fringes or tassels might be wrought about the edges (suggested originally perhaps by manes or tails) to represent the rays of the sun from behind a cloud, and signify, by imaged radiation, the emanation and glory proceeding from the mobile flag, which utters forth more vitally the legend or colouring and graving of the staff, and of that more definite embodiment thereof in the sacred object it upholds for courageous worship of the faithful, and deprecation and terrorisation of the foe.

We have then the usual parts of a flag or standard:

(1) The staff, descended from the liberty pole of early days, from the maypole, the pole for the performance of the solar dance that told by its moving shadow the course of the day, the totem pole telling the family or folk-tale, evolved with advancing civilisation for permanence into the obelisk or memorial pillar.

(2) The significant object at top, as the "ben" (the so-called symbolic Phoenix, or little pyramid or stone-cap of the obelisk), an animal or bird, a heroic statue or bust, or even urn, in sacred memory of the noble dead.

- (3) The knotted and tasselled cord.
- (4) The flag proper.
- (5) The golden fringes about the flag.

The pole with us has become plain. Having other and better records and vehicles of tradition, it no longer especially interests us, as it did the savage, to enrich it with symbolic carving or imagery. We have almost forgotten that it means the very fecund principle of immortal life, growth, fruiting,—in a word, of evolution. The eagle is, more often than not, omitted, or replaced by the spearhead, pointing to the sky and expressing the fact that all we are is involved in whatever fight it leads, or by the globe, remembering the most perfect of forms, and, since Galileo, the universally recognised symbol of the round earth—faith in which roundness caused the Genoese Christopher Columbus (whose name being interpreted, means “the Dove-man, bearing the Christ”) to discover our continent, and thus give the first occasion for our nation, created by adventurous immigrants from the old world. The tasselled golden cord binds us to the staff, right above the flag, and expresses our devotion to what is above the flag, that is, to the totem, or its residual semblance or indication, the eagle, the spearhead, the round ball.

The flag proper—in our case, the stars and stripes—sets forth definitely the character that belongs in collective action to the staff and the eagle. And the fringes, lastly, about the Star Spangled Banner testify that it is not to us “Old Glory” only, but present and future glory, instinct with the very effulgent power for radiation and creation which the sun exhibits in the heaven at noon.

CHAPTER III

THE SURVIVAL OF THE PRIMITIVE RACE EXPERIENCE

IN our effort to set forth and explain what are more or less necessarily the constituent elements of any flag, we have assumed the habit of evolutionary thought so widely and deeply established in our day. All that is modern about it would seem to be the technical jargon and the supposed proofs and their systematic exhibition. Give us the origin, or genesis, and we will explain the generations, because in obedience to the "genetic" method we shall so be able to infer the genius. This has been believed by all sane men from the beginning.

Why, the very word we use in designating the "nature" of anything, means "what is about to be born" in it, and of it! On this ancient observation that "like proceeds from like," have we erected our physical science, at least ordered its house, making it look tidy and homelike. Give us the beginning, and we can imagine that we draw, through the present state as middle point, the curve of progress toward a rational, ulterior end. What is new, then, in our point of view was long since anticipated, when the Celt told how the cock of dawn announced the hatching of the egg of the sun! Out of its simple, mysterious singleness issued the complex, manifold observable wonders of the day!

But there is no use in hiding the fact that we are

very different from primitive man in our application of the insight, in the quality of our interest and sustained attention, in our method of summarising classified observation.

And as the flag, for the sake of quick, continuous, and universal appeal, resorts to modes of expression which, in turn, depend for their efficacy on the essential conservation and conservatism of our human nature—it is well for us to consider in how far we are really so unlike savage and barbarian, from whom we inherit the primordial language of sense sign and nature symbol.

Now we know that there lurks a vast amount of our nature hid below a “thick darkness”; then there is some of it in gloom, penetrable upon long attention; much again abides in quarter or half light; a little, very little, lies just close about us in common-sense daylight. It takes effort, and the effort is not so well rewarded for immediate results, when we address our attention to what lies outside the small circle of fullest illumination. Indeed, as we can get on so well by confining ourselves to it, we are tempted to think that whatever is worth while for us to know, handle, and have, resides there only and altogether.

In the latter eighteenth century, it was the fashion among intellectuals to scorn and ridicule, and even deny, the existence in man of instinct, intuition, inspiration and any other source of valid information than the senses, exercised with such care as to check the results one of another. If these data were duly pigeon-holed, indexed, and card-catalogued—we should easily “know all there is to know.”

What seemed, in human nature, not to reduce itself

to sensual and mechanical considerations of pleasure and utility was, so far as possible, ignored.

But in spite of this sceptical, scornful attitude to all in man that antedates common sense and reason, those interests, because they were not merely common sense and rational, would and could not die out as anticipated. Mankind went on being swayed by ideas and ideals, supposedly irrational and absurd because they would not fit into some conventionally imposed hypothesis or explanation, would not logically derive from certain prosaic premises or assumptions. Passions for the intangible, the impersonal, the abstract, the love of the simple, of the intricate, the curious delight in inexplicable mystery, the devotion "to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow," and of our joy, for the matter of that; mass-movements of contagious folly, when so-called "empty words"—like "glory" or "liberty"—would induce millions to die for a man or a cause apparently alien or indifferent to their interest; all this and more of the sort—in the sphere of private and public life alike,—particularly those recurrent experiences loosely classified as "mysticism," "poetry," and the other arts, as "philosophy," "theosophy," and "religion"—went on playing the most interesting and important part in man's game of life on our little planet, presumed so very surely to be by this decently dead, dissected, weighed, analysed, and reduced in the laboratory to the alphabetically listed drybones of book learning!

And now we confront the discovery in surviving savages and barbarians of attractive explanations for much in our own twilight region. We are beginning to read afresh what for a while we impatiently sup-

posed to be nonsense. The inscriptions and monuments of history, the preserved literature, the languages, the unearthed antiquities, all become full of thrilling, old-new interest. We pass out of and beyond the twilight now into the very "outer darkness," and even throw a searchlight thence to pierce the "thick darkness" further within. We turn respectfully to reconsider cave man and lake-dweller, savage and barbarian. If he could discover in Britain how to supply himself and his cattle with water by milking the atmosphere, so to say, and producing his wonderfully ingenious dew-ponds, he was at least no careless observer of nature! If he discovered no abstract principle to explain the process, he was, at all events, a most praiseworthy pragmatist and experimenter!

But more wonderful than ever is it to realise how each one of us carries about with him the whole picturesque, romantic past of the race! that underneath and within my commonplace person and yours are all that—given the right opportunity physical, mental, and moral—can develop into what we call saint and genius!

Human nature remembers its entire organic history, and repeats, at any moment of desperate need or of idle brooding, completely out of relation with present experience or thought, some fragmentary bit of ancient craft or insight. As each individual before birth physically rehearses in brief the story of organic life on the planet, so, somehow, something of the same sort happens with what corresponds to the body, namely, the soul.

It doesn't take a naturalist to note in the domestic animals, for instance (that are like us in having a

more or less alien present superimposed on a different past), outcroppings of now quite useless instinct. What of ourselves in such respects? Who of us, for instance, however matter of fact, altogether enjoys and finds himself at ease on a dark, stormy night in an empty house full of strange noises—seated, let us say, with his shoulders towards an open door? Doesn't even such a person's unintelligible discomfort hark back to our cave life, when the mouth of our immediate shelter was well worth watching? Does not our keen delight as city creatures in fishing, hunting, picnicking, and gypsy-ing, however awkward and helpless they find us, hark back to bygone race-experience? All play looks back to the rear, so to say, for its explanation in ancestral work, and forward to unattempted individual work. But when individual artificial conditions have superseded the old environment—the play continues to be enjoyable, and, if useless in the practical sense, all the more useful in the half-aware soul-recoveries it invites.

Why our love of a good large tree with branches descending conveniently within reach? Are not our tender caresses to the sturdy trunk a reminiscence of semi-arboreal days, when sudden escape above terra firma might be appreciated at any moment, and ease of access aloft added considerably to the security of our "dolce far niente" on the level?

Why this absurd smile and gurgle in the infant at the glow of red light, and his sulk or crying spell at blue lights? He hasn't, surely, heard of certain treasonable doings in Massachusetts during the war of 1812. Why then our very phrase, the "blues"? Why are the leaping flames such peculiarly good company?

Do they not recall green eyes, keen claws, red jaws, out somewhere very near in the round, yet kept at safe distance by the "red flower" of the flame?

Our essential human nature, then, just below our civilised work-a-day selves, bears many traces of earlier stages of civilisation. Animal, savage and barbarian, have each laid and organised many strata of our being below the present humus, dead root fibre, half-decayed leaves and vegetation. When some great catastrophe breaks the crust of the earth, the yawning chasm is marvellously familiar to our eyes, however ferocious, sentimentally silly, or superstitious we may affect to consider it, in reporting to cynical, not altogether trusted, "fellow-civilizees!"

In real absence of mind, observe our astonishing presence of mind, though, by the way, not at all of our customary or educated mind. All of us have noticed how, in regions of free personal taste, our childhood memories are affirmed; but our elders have often exasperated our sensitive self-respect, declaring us not in the least original when we were most certain of expressing our inmost freakish self! Our very gestures and our tones recall folks we have never heard of before, whom we regard as most intrusive, not to say impertinent, when they seem to interfere somehow with our personal patents and inalienable copyrights.

We Americans of mixed blood, our most polite friends overseas will tell us, furnish in these respects very especially entertaining opportunities for exhibits of this sort. Without special provocation the round-head or the cavalier, the Hollander, or the French Huguenot will assert himself vividly, and European country folk constantly admit that they identify us,

not so much by our style of shoes, as by a Red Indian "something" we are supposed to secrete about our persons, even we who to our positive knowledge have not a drop of Pocahontas' blood in our veins!

So, back farther or deeper than family or history, in the very nature of our stock, survives the folk-soul, as mere special susceptibility or creative disposition, in taste, disposition, talent, in mood, whim, fancy, in genius, ecstasy, or momentary madness. And behind and below all this again, lie mammal, arboreal, ape-like man, glacial age caveman, village dweller on lake pilings, stone age solitary savage, tribal nomad, "mesa" or "pueblo" barbarian. The primitive religious observer of heaven and earth survives in you and me, humanising to-day the forms and forces of nature for us, explaining all (in spite of our skim and scum of science and common sense) in terms of our own former folk life or personal life, making ourselves and our fellows, by what we so do and say and create, as artist, poet, seer, more temperamentally at home on the old earth.

Matriarchy, patriarchy, polyandry, polygamy, herd-feeling, the stalk and pounce of the carnivora, persist in you and me; and who knows but what our very fairy tale dragons and supposed fabulous fiends and harpies aren't legitimate afterclaps of the days when flying reptiles infested yet the hot, humid air?

But more than this consideration suggests itself. Not only is our human nature very ancient, but our youngest culture also, of which we have entered into unconscious possession with little or no protest and no especial "thank you" or "by your leave," is itself very ancient. Language expresses us, we say? It

would be safer to say it encourages so much of us to contemplate and ventilate itself as can be quite conveniently expressed through it. A language was made by a folk; and what it believed it saw, and felt, and liked, and willed, is all substantially wrought into the very organisation of the words, idioms, stock figures of speech, rhythm and intonation, grammar and syntax. A language will stunt growth and stimulate access in certain directions, offer trails and highways—and all this, before the soul is rightly aware. So the French language, even more than the blood, makes the soul of France possess the individual Frenchman. So an American of modest talent, Stuart Merrill, became the important founder of a school, because he transfused English habits of figurative speech into French. So Maeterlinck, the Fleming, and Verhaeren amaze with an originality which is largely the importation of Flemish habit and taste.

As language, so law; as law, so medicine. All the customs and institutions, the little and the great arts, and, much more yet, the moral judgments by which we try to justify our antipathies and sympathies, and the religious rituals and doctrines endeavouring to convey and reproduce adored ideals and establish certain attitudes towards them—all this which bulks up as our most substantial culture—is full of survivals and recreations of things long departed. If acquaintance with, and proficiency in, the so-called Humanities, language, literature, history, and the fine arts, shall cease to be our goal in education; and if, instead of that which tends to develop men as interesting, admirable social beings, we, looking primarily to economic service, train directly to a trade or profession

and instruct with the narrowing knowledge, increasing specialised skill therein and giving scope to it mainly, then we shall need soon to reverse our emphasis for fear of extinction, or, at least, obscurity or idiotic stultification, of men—who will be able to use reading and writing and arithmetic only for “shop,” and who will have no clear consciousness but “job” or “class” consciousness, rendering them natural “bores” unfit for companionship, herders, by necessity, with bores, and irksome, in the end, even to each other and to themselves.

So, “lest we forget,” then, the major and most precious part of human nature, the possession we have recklessly presumed we could not forfeit, no matter what our malpractice in school, in press, in theatre, and even in church, there has come now to us this tremendous, practical, new need of recapturing, remembering, reviving that already too long disparaged and neglected essential humanity.

Countless men exhibit a weakened patriotic sense. Hundreds of thousands in threatened England actually did *strike*, and rumours of strikes were in our land, among munition-makers and other workers, on whom the very life of the nation, as a nation, and the people even, irrespective of political life and liberty, depended!

Clearly we must immediately produce a vital and contagious devotion to the Nation!

But the Nation is too complicated and remote a conception to seize the imagination directly and arouse passion to the needed pitch of intensity.

We must then express the nation in an adorable familiar symbol: the Flag!

But we must first find the Flag in itself adorable!

For that, we must revive, at all cost, and expeditiously, that non-utilitarian man, that primitively poetic man in us, to whom the flag is naturally and inevitably adorable!

Every man to-day is, after a fashion, at least two sorts of men: the one, the utilitarian, scientific man, and the other, the primitive, poetic man. On the primitive man in him depend poetry and all art, moral enthusiasm, religion, political idealism, patriotism, and in particular the spontaneously exciting "adorableness" of the Flag.

Let us make unmistakably clear the difference in attitude, then, between the so-called "modern man"—utilitarian and scientific—and the "primitive man." Both look at the same nature, observe, classify, remember, imagine. But the so-called modern man looks to discover what a thing is as to parts, elements; how it's got, made, improved; what can be done with it for use as a convenience, fitting into other uses. He wants to know, for knowing's sake, a little, but very much more for exploitation and fabrication and profit.

The same person, however, as a primitive man,—and so as poet, painter, sculptor, musician, moralist, religionist—looks for obvious or subtle likeness and unlikeness, in the thing or its behaviour, to man; he is keen to imagine how it would be judged if it were a man; and to discover, so, how it can serve now to reveal to himself what is subconscious or remote in a man, and how it can express it to another man, becoming thereby language, invitation, contagion, creative fiat.

Now, all this chapter endeavours to claim is that we have a right to appeal from the "Modern Man" to the "Primitive Man" for our vital interpretation of the Flag.

Secondly, that we have a right to appear as that "Primitive and Poetic Man" and be proud of his survival in us, in so far, of course, as he keeps to his peculiarly useful function and doesn't trench and trespass on the special province of the practical "Modern Man."

For the poetic is after all practical, very and most preciously so, in its own way. The practical can't long "get on" and continue to be practical without the poetical. It is our concern at bottom with the most enduringly practical, that compels us now to call for the reinstatement in honour and active exercise of the poetical!

Of course, we repeat it, the poetical must not interfere with the practical in its function; but, vice versa also, we venture to declare the opposite must be allowed for fair play and safe results.

Now the essence of primitive poetic thinking lies in the assumption of a theory called "animism." Everything is imagined to have a soul, has a body, indeed, only because it has, or rather is, a soul. The essence of modern practical thinking is the tacit assumption that everything, whatever it is, can be reduced to mechanism, is a machine, is a body without a soul, or that the "soul" can be reduced to a mere deceptive "function" of the body, is the body itself in a spectral or "spooky" sense. Of course, this modern practical thinking has never been able or willing to draw its conclusions logically and set them in battle array—

not at least before this war. But it has left room, just as little as possible, for the superstitious soul or spirit theory, and, mind you, only in the sphere of the unknown. There soul, spirit, and their world-projection God may harmlessly disport themselves, for the joy of immature or unscientific classes and persons!

Hence, the decline not only in capacity for, but in understanding of, the poetic and religious, among those most devotedly possessed to the point of mania by the obsession of the "machine."

It is needless to say that we are recovering from our silly infatuation with our modern toy. The machine is not all, not nearly all. Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein" told us that long ago, and William Vaughan Moody confesses it for us in his noblest poem, "The Brute."

But, for the present, most men manage still to exist on the compartment plan; in the left brain, so to say, they locate their practical utilitarian self; in the right brain (little used—for aught we know not used at all) they locate their primitive, poetical self! On the other hand, it is fair to mention an example of the perfect union in one man of the scientific practical and poetic practical man as evidenced in the wonderful works of the Provençal naturalist, Henri Fabre.

Yet here and now let us encourage our reader to expedite reform by offering him a specific instance of meditation and reflection of the primitive poetic sort and on the most familiar element—water! We shall forget that in our city governments there is a department charged with responsibility for its supply; that we pay a tax for the article, and that it is chemically analysed as H_2O ; that the plumbers are expensive and

exasperating public servants, and all else that our chemistry, physics, engineering, and practical politics have to say about its behaviour in material theory and practice! We shan't try to unknow, of course, what we happen to know, but merely attempt to occupy the primitive and poetic point of view toward water, and allow no fine writing whatever to confuse the issue and bias the judgment.

Water runs of itself. It is a living creature like me. It gurgles, roars—it has feelings like a man.

It whispers, talks, yet never intelligibly;—it has knowledge, then, but speaks in a strange tongue.

It glitters, refracts light—it catches moods like man.

It mirrors, reflects objects—it forms images in itself of objects like man.

It usually runs downhill—taking the line of least resistance—like man.

It does spring at times, even leap up as a fountain, a geyser, hot or cold, mysteriously,—like man.

There is much, besides, that water does in itself—that man only does very partially, it would seem, with his mind, his heart, in imagination, in desire, in hope. Water quenches the thirst of its friend—and of its foe alike.

It enters the very body of its beloved to make it function—or of its indifferent user.

It dilutes food to make it digestible.

It dissolves flavour to convey it as relish, and health-promoting content, and social pleasure.

It washes any objects, removes dust and soil from the body—so they may be themselves wholly and recover lustre and purity.

Yet, O miracle of miracles, it isn't permanently ren-

dered impure by such vicarious bearing of others' defect and blame!

It purifies itself—running on and on, in its own progress.

It increases the immersed body's available energy and enhances the sense of power, by inducing a reaction from its coolness.

It floats the human body that trusts itself to it entirely.

It swallows up and sinks the one that struggles in fear and fury.

It carries forward, whither he will, the one who knows how to obey the laws of its being.

Water floats some objects easily—they are light; but it helps man to lift the heavy, making them relatively lighter.

It will do man's work, if he will, subtly, as a true partner, join his purposes sagaciously and graciously to those of the water, and not try to overbear and coerce.

It obeys an obstructing dam for a while, but overflows later, with increased force.

It obeys the pressure of even a little sand, if the sand hugs the height.

But even its ripples will lure the sand away, grain by grain, and eventually will gnaw at and erode the very rock that resists it.

Water enters the plants and mounts, as sap—their life blood.

It comes down for them from above, even from heaven, as gentle, fertilising rain.

It descends softly as snow, like down or lamb's wool, to mantle warmly in winter the earth.

40 THE RELIGION OF OLD GLORY

It becomes ice on river and lake, making them passable when too cold to ford or swim.

It will come to man's domestic plants, if man will lead it to them, by observing and gratifying its nature, with due courtesy and deference, rather than his own wilful lust.

It will visit the earth out of the invisible air as dew; and, if man knows how, he can induce it to collect in a cool and never empty pond for him.

Water quenches fire for man, when its elemental power becomes overbearing.

If protected from the touch of fire, and yet exposed to its hostile heat, it bubbles and boils—more alive than ever.

It then cooks such food as is too hard to soften by simple infusion.

It rises as steam, like a cloud—but very hot.

As steam confined in sacred lodge, it will cause man to become pure, and sweat out disease, and feel new-born afterward—and without weight in the cool outer air.

Water floods broad low lands gently, and deposits fertile soil.

It floods narrower, less eager lands violently, and carries the soil away.

It gushes, trickles from spring to rill, rushes to brook, roars to river, and majestically drives on to sea—always towards the greater and deeper.

It is lost at last in the sea, lost as a river, lost in its own.

It becomes salt there and bitter, and yields man salt if he enclose it in sunny pools.

It rises again from the sea, pure, fresh, invisible, and

creates rainbows as it flies (as proved by the spray of water falls!)

So water lives forever, and goes on in its cycle, round and round, forward forever, to serve and serve again by purifying and imparting life—but most of all by being itself and expressing its own nature.

Such observations may be indefinitely multiplied in the spirit of primitive man, with facts before us not in the range of his observation.

Water dissolves salts to saturation.

Water deposits brilliant crystals out of the saturated solution, on any common string as it stands idle.

It makes mimic forests on cold nights on our window panes out of our sleeping breath.

It creates the miracles of carving and of design, as in Luray Cave.

But it is time for us to call a halt. Is there now any doubt of the value of such observations as these we have made? Apart from some knowledge of water as such, and of how to exploit its peculiarities, how much we have thereby learned of man's mysterious complex nature, his conduct, his aspiration, his whence, and his whither! How to educate him to goodness and, if need be, how to recreate him! Is it a marvel, if rites and sacraments of rebirth, of the quickening and sanctifying of life, have employed water as an element?

True, our stupid indoor ways, too long indulged, have reduced the baptismal rite among ourselves to a mere beggarly vestige of its original meaning; made it, perhaps, for many a bare, superstitious form,

done and undergone for form's sake—so poor, indeed, that but a little while ago, when a ship seemed to need “christening” at the time of its naming, so stale and stupid a substitute as “champagne” was invoked, a liquid that couldn't be and do one-hundredth part of what water is and does, except exhilarate socially and excite, perhaps, to the point of inebriate folly, or submerge in shameful idiocy!!!

Now, what the contention of this chapter has to do with flags must appear at a glance. When we want to speak powerfully, passionately, to large masses of men, we have to employ simple, crude, short words. When we want to be heard beyond earshot, we must resort to signs and signals. The signs or signals must be very near to experience. Every one must not only recognise them, but have personal life touched in some degree, or rather, tapped by their first appearance and long contemplation, or else they would soon stale, lose interest, cease to be effective in arousing passion, in compelling action, in eliciting courage and self-sacrifice.

So objects, materials, concrete rudimentary type-forms, colours, geometric abstract forms or gestures, and elementary numbers, habitually ordered in some design of dots and lines, constitute together a language, more or less systematic, which must always be employed by the organiser of the masses, by the artist, and religionist,—by whoever would speak to and through what is profoundest, and most abiding and most importantly common alike to all. Out of this original tradition of symbolic language varied by race, climate, flora and fauna, and stage of civilisation, was in due time derived and conventionally fixed

the sign language of chivalry, that is, heraldry. It is less abstract, more appealing, than such arbitrary language as the wigwagger employs; and yet it was too erudite and remote to be understood, much less popularly felt, in its appeal by our American forefathers. Most of them knew little and cared less about the customs of privileged classes in the old world. They had come over here for personal, religious, and political freedom. They had revolted, most of them, against elaborate obsolete ritual in religion and social usage. Pomp and ceremony embarrassed or enraged them as a covert insult to the common man.

So, when in the efforts to become a nation, the colonials undertook to create flags, they fell back on what they saw in British usage, which they desired to reject, or adapt, if they adopted, into something more akin to them; or they returned to nature, and the tradition of the Red Man, whose wild life they more or less tended to approximate, as they took possession of this new continent. They had learned to fight, to hunt, to fish, like Indians. This distinguished them from the British new arrivals—"regulars" especially! They had learned to think also, and, in some measure, to feel after the Indian's fashion. And apart from the traditions of Masonry among the leading few, they had to rely mainly on themselves and their environment, the suggestions of chance or the whim of personal taste, when they attempted to create a language in flags for a nascent national sense of power and destiny.

CHAPTER IV

OUR EARLY EFFORTS AT EXPRESSION IN SYMBOLIC LANGUAGE

FIVE flags of original conception and memorable design with their own singular symbology may be considered as good examples of our native American patriotic sentiment and naïf direct imagination striving for original expression.

I

COLONEL MOULTRIE'S FLAG *

(Raised in September, 1775, in Charleston, South Carolina, and again on June 28th, 1776)

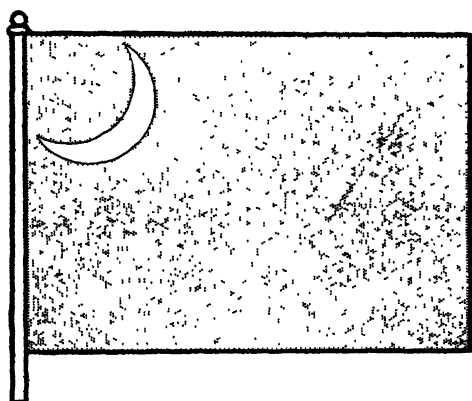
In a rectangular flag (the width about once and a half the height) of deep blue, at the upper corner nearest the staff, in the topmost left quarter, a horned moon, open toward the upper corner—a crescent moon—white, and, in bold white capitals, the word, "LIBERTY," along the lower edge, was added later.

Whether or not it be correct that this flag, devised by Colonel Moultrie in September, 1775, was suggested to him by the blue uniforms of the garrison and the silver crescents which the men wore on their caps, inscribed with the words "Liberty or death"—from

* See *Flags of the World*, p. 339; figures 389 & 406; text, pp. 348 & 352.

Patrick Henry's famous speech—is only a matter of curious interest.

The form of the flag is the simple primary form which any little child of to-day would draw for the ground plan or the elevation of a house. If its rectangular form be taken in that sense, then the flag tells what our house is and what, therefore, our household is compelled to become, to dwell in it at ease.



The colour is deep blue, which suggests the heaven at night, when all petty differences disappear and each soul—the background and setting of landscape abolished—confronts alone and free the mystery of his Being.

Our house then is heavenly, and every one alike is free of it that has a heavenly mind. And in the topmost corner nearest the staff—highest, securest—open upward to receive grace, so to say, or to offer the full orb'd hope of the perfect round in complete development, is the crescent moon.

Our orb then shall grow. It is already fully illum-

ined by the sun, but its glory is not yet fully turned toward us—and so it seems imperfect. But we are already perfect in the heavens in the sight of whosoever beholdeth the invisible, if not fully revealed yet to earth, nor even in substantial fact, to ourselves. Ours is a very certain hope, inevitably to be fulfilled in the natural course of events. This flag did not really need the banal addition of written word, however excellent, except that a people, overpractical perhaps and untrained in symbolism, may have wanted to be treated as children, having half forgotten the primitive, more eloquent speech of man in their too great dependence on the elementary 3 R's. However accidentally suggested in this flag of Colonel Moultrie (midnight blue field, with the crescent moon, all silver white), we had surely a fitting and noble flag for our nascent nation, worthy to prove acceptable, although not free from serious faults to be considered in the next chapter.

2

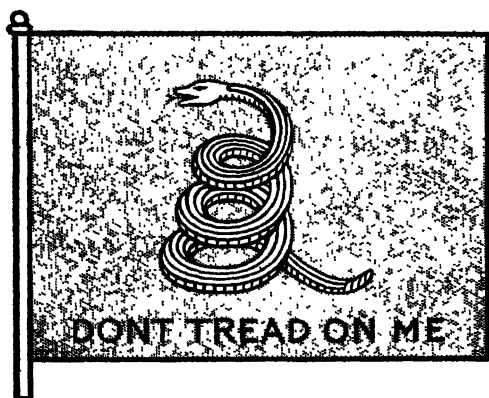
COLONEL GADSDEN'S FLAG*

In a golden, sunny yellow rectangular field, erect, in the very act of uncoiling its three windings, about to spring, and strike with deadly fang, is a rattlesnake outlined in black and white. The head is white—toward the staff, directed toward the foe when the flag is carried forward, and flown toward the rear by the wind of a rapid charge. The end of the tail, rigid towards its own people, level, yet curving upward, consists (presumably) of thirteen rattles, which together announce the peril to the foe, and, as smooth,

* See *Flags of the World*, p. 339; figure 398; text, p. 349.

dry rings, one added every year, are soundless alone, and able to cause alarm only each in conjunction with the rest of its fellows. It is clearly stated, then, that the colonies, as separate independent states, could not prove formidable enough to maintain their sovereignty even with an effective threat!

Under the symbolic creature, the totem-snake, runs the legend, in black capitals, almost clear from side to side, "DON'T TREAD ON ME."



The legend was, of course, unnecessary, for to all it is well known that the rattlesnake's bite is deadly, that he is no coward, yet is not credited with an aggressive disposition. He runs from man and only fights, as he understands it, in self-defence; but then always facing the enemy's eye or stick or gun, as he stands erect in the midst of the tense spiral of his coiled body. Any country boy has heard about the mortal war waged by the black kingsnake, a constrictor, against this poisonous reptile, and how the latter always seeks cover if possible, but, if likely

to be overtaken in the open, quickly coils and delivers combat to the death. The black snake's tactics are to whip around and around, hither and thither, trying to grip the rattler just back of the head. The rattler moves quietly, always accurately facing, and ready to strike with unerring aim. If the rattler does not fail to deliver his single thrust, nor by some swerve of his enemy miss his aim, he is the undisputed victor. But, if the black snake, before the rattler has seized his opportunity, grips the rattler at that one vulnerable spot just behind his head, so to say, then the contest is all over in a minute. In the twinkling of an eye, the black snake has wound himself about the rattler tight—corkscrew fashion—tightened his hold, squeezed horribly, and stretched every vertebra from its neighbour vertebræ, and the rattler lies stone dead. Surely this is a dramatic sight the woodsman must have told and retold by every campfire.

So it was natural for the rattler to be viewed by our forefathers as the type of a defensive fighter, brave, formidable, desperate, but chivalrous, not smiting the enemy ere giving due warning, but when he delivers his blow, deadly indeed. We greatly fear that Colonel Gadsden did not consult the ladies of his family when he devised this thrilling flag and presented it to Commodore Hopkins to fly as the flag of the Commander-in-Chief over the fleet constructed by Congress (hoisted on the *Alfred*, December 3rd, 1775). "Vigilance," "magnanimity," and "true courage" may, after all, very well have been the prime intention. Of course, without the "deadly bite" that constitutes the formidableness of the snake, the other three qualities would be altogether nullified. Besides,

primitive man seems not to know of the Semitic snake story which procures among us for all reptiles without distinction their, in many cases undeserved, ill repute.

To our Zunis and Hopis—our pueblo Indians—the snake is sacred,—the symbol of rain. Its mysterious appearance out of the earth, its shedding yearly its skin, made it among entirely different peoples serve as the symbol of initiation in the subterranean secrets of healing and the renewal of youth, of resurrection from the dead. We see the snake, therefore, on the wand of the God Hermes, the messenger of the Gods, and the kindly escort of the spirits departed; we see him as the symbol of the healer, marking the demi-God Æsculapius; although also, we must admit, associated with the locks of the Medusa, and of the terrible Eumenides, avengers of unnatural crimes. In Egypt the hooded snake is the very emblem of divine power and surmounts the headgear and crown of kings and gods alike. In Rome the snake erect represents the genius of the family—the “stirps,” or soul of it, which perpetuates from generation to generation, and at any given moment is incarnate, so to say, in the eldest male, who therefore wields the *patria potestas*, the right of life and death, over all within the household.

In Hindustan snakes, especially the most dangerous, such as the familiar cobra, are again and again associated with the gods, and not with any sense of their inherent evil, but of their formidable nature, their unhuman mysterious movement, their secret abode underground, their self-renewing life.

These illustrative cases in point, taken at random from such various parts of the earth, should suffice

to justify in our eyes the undoubted colonial popular partiality to the rattlesnake as a purely American, native reptile, and quite delightfully suitable in troublous times for a national totem; and yet, looking back, quite apart from now discredited, chicken-livered pacifists, we are devoutly grateful, in anticipation of woman suffrage, that, after all, too great a strain was not placed on the better and more numerous half of our citizenship, who would unluckily, we fear, never have been able altogether, even for the sake of their patriotism, to free their minds from the now all but instinctive horror of any snake, however inoffensive or actually useful,—a feminine horror like that of mice, doubtless in the first instance due to the Semitic imputation of Eve's infatuation for a tempter in the subtle guise of the Serpent!

Perhaps the three coils of the spiral of our totem rattler signified a charm or spell (three's the charm). Or it may have harked back to the olden meaning, perhaps, of organic unity, the family,—father, mother, child,—the minimum number that can constitute that prime social unit. The head, furthermore, was white, though armed with poison fangs, declared so to be pure in intention, and really by nature peacefully disposed. Last of all, the flag by its yellow colour signifies sunshine, a houseful of happiness, nor, at all events, rejecting the vivid traditional memory—that gold is yellow, and the consequent promise of wealth and splendour! Our recent derogatory use of yellow in common parlance, or rather in slang, derived perhaps from jaundice or jealousy, is merely a factitious association. By natural analogy yellow is

the most precious and sacred colour, as notably throughout the farther Orient. We wanted our house full of sunshine—happiness, wealth, and splendour—and in defence of that sunshine, our national nature should become, so far as need be, like that of the native American poison-snake: prepared to fight to the death, hazarding all on the one lunge to strike at the stronger black peril that would wantonly compass our destruction. The letters, in black, the pirate's colour, of the legend "Don't tread on me," are in quite satisfactory contrast to the white lettering of the word "Liberty" on our former flag of the white crescent.

3

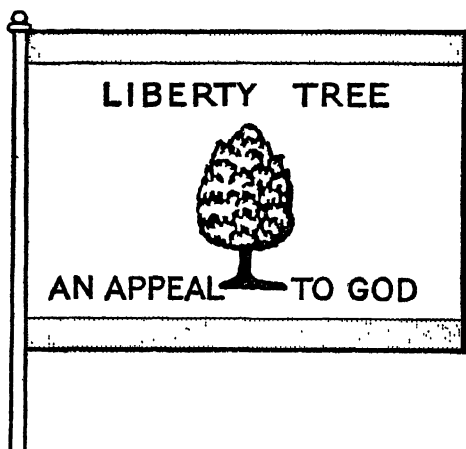
THE LIBERTY TREE FLAG *

A white rectangular flag enclosed at upper and lower edge by a blue stripe or bar, and in the centre a green live oak, with the two mottos, "Liberty Tree," above, and below, "An Appeal to God." The live oak near the home of the Charleston leader, Christopher Gadsden, where patriots assembled for free discussion of the course of events, where the Declaration of Independence was first read to the people of the city, well deserved to become the "totem," or emblem, of the same, and of the nation's cause.

Two horizons, or heavenly thresholds, would seem to be indicated by the blue upper and lower edges; by the midnight heaven, as a step or threshold, we attain to peace and purity, and above it again we reach the same heaven of divine equal opportunity and privacy

* See *Flags of the World*, p. 339; figure 399; text, p. 349.

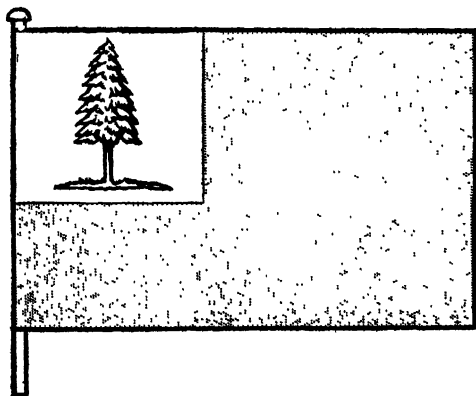
and soul preciousness in the sight of God. Floor and roof, so to say, of our house of purity and peace, are parallels of celestial virtue. But in the centre stands the live oak, as the tree of life—that builds its solid trunk by the chemistry of its leaves out of the invisible element surrounding it, and more wonderful than ever before as a symbol now that we know how it grows. And accepting the refinement of the symbol due to such modern knowledge, out of the very atmosphere of



purity, of divine right—white, for the clouds in the heaven, white for the snowcapped peaks of the sky-cleaving mountains that become quick with life in the glory of the noonday sun—out of that atmosphere which means intelligence, conscience, peace, does the tree of life derive its solid substance, that upbears the green bole in which the songbirds carol and nest, and that casts the cooling shadow for beast and man on the sunny green!

THE CONTINENTAL PINE TREE FLAG *

This same symbol of the Tree of Life suggested itself very early to the people of Massachusetts in the particular form of the pine tree, which became their emblem, so to say, and totem. While yet the colony was wholly loyal in spirit to the mother country, and certainly no separatist contention ventured into the broad light of day, Massachusetts, exercising the proud right of sovereignty in the matter of her coinage, decreed in 1652 the issuance of the so-called "Pine Tree Shilling"!



The design reminds one amazingly of the old Babylonian Tree of Life, which consisted of a schematic trunk, ending at top in a sort of bracket or stand like the capital of a pillar, on which might rest a totem image or idol. On the two sides, it had three branches to your right, and four to your left (as you

* See *Flags of the World*, p. 338; figure 362; text, p. 344.

face it), reversing directions of course for the tree itself. The tree's right hand, or place of honour, the side of the aggressive fighting-hand, has four; the tree's left hand, the defensive hand, on the heart side, the vulnerable side, that on which his dependents gather for protection as he confronts the assailing enemy, has three! These branches, while rising upward, turn their frond of leafage downward. So it is the tree gives, imparts, or blesses with life. Under the branches hangs on either side an acorn-like fruit—of rudimentary trefoil or clover-leaf form.

If four be the number symbolic of the earth, the world, and three, that which stands for the family and political organisation, one sees how it is conquest the Babylonian primarily praised and prized—the virtues, and talents, and trained expertness for war; and only in the second place what suggests the loyalties, the arts of peace. The tree of life blesses, then, its votaries—symbolically in accord with Mesopotamian ideals of what is excellent; and man and woman will take their places—Gilgamesh, the hero, or whosoever he be, and the goddess-woman (Adam and Eve if you must quite improperly Hebraize) will be seated on their respective thrones—disposed accordingly to right and left.

Now, the Massachusetts tree of life does not confront man for God, on heaven's behalf, but envisages God rather, as the representative of the colony. Its fronds of leafage are turned therefore upward, as though engaged in an offering of prayer; so the branches clearly make oblation or petition, rather than bless. There are six and seven branches to the right and left respectively in the Pine Tree Shilling's design,

where there were but three and four in its Babylonian predecessor. On the left hand the tree lifts six branches: twice the family or social organisation number, yielding six, the number of war and cosmic strife. The right hand, or honour and fighting side, of our Massachusetts tree of life has branches as many as the sum total of the Babylonian tree's,—namely seven, the Holy Number; the number, that is to say, of celestial order established on earth—the number of the heavenly wanderers or planets, the number of the days of the week obtained by quartering the lunar month of twenty-eight days, and holy from other considerations besides that are almost as interesting if not so obvious. As the sum of the branches of the Babylonian tree was seven—the Babylonian holiness—inclusive of the four virtues outward of the soldier to the world, inward, the three of the just father and king to the family and folk; so the Massachusetts tree has thirteen branches in all—the sum-total of our right hand choice and affirmation of holiness, and our left hand choice and protection of the cosmic strife or moral sense, enforcing its conception of law and order. And this number thirteen was especially required by the design. Complete symmetry would have dictated 12 not 13; besides the shilling was divisible into 12 pence, and the number 12 had for that very utilitarian reason to appear on the opposite side of the coin.

Thirteen was then freakishly and accidentally, or because of tradition, or for the sake of its profound original symbolism, deliberately chosen for the design. That tradition really prevailed rather than intelligent deliberation to dictate the choice does seem likely, when we remember the thirteen stripes of the British

East India flag flaunted since the days of the Virgin Tudor Queen on every known sea.

That the Tree of Life, as the world or cosmic ash, was the great symbol in Norse myths, is testified by the Elder Edda, interpreting life as one orderly organic evolution, and a process of soul growth as really controlling material phenomena and their order; that the fruit is in the flower, the flower in the bud, the bud in the shoot, the shoot in the root, and the root in the seed, all this was remembered in the Christmas tree, though spruce had in a different climate replaced ash. Yet, this synonymous parallel of myth could hardly have been known in Massachusetts, and we only allude to it here as indicating how deep down is hidden for man—who remembers obscurely in his feelings of tenderness and reverence (in spite of our own generations of forest-felling) the early arboreal life,—that which drives him to create his tree symbol and totem emblem of the pine or the live oak.

So, on the night of April 29th, 1776, the Massachusetts council passed a resolution with regard to their navy: "That—the colours . . . be a white flag, with a green pine tree and the inscription, 'An Appeal to Heaven'." But Washington's navy of six cruisers in 1775 had already flown such a flag.

Now the early British flag (before the Union with Scotland brought, in 1607, the well-named "meteor" flag into being by the superimposition of the Scotch on the British, or rather vice-versa) had been a red cross in a square white canton occupying the upper staff corner, about one-sixth of the entire rectangle, the rest of the flag being also red. This was clearly the cross of England's patron saint, the mythical

dragon-queller, St. George, a son and successor of Beowulf, in a white square at top of a flag of defiance. Droll indeed it is to recall how some Puritan colonials deemed such a cross "idolatrous" and, like good adopted sons of the Pharisees, voided without authority the canton of that unspeakable Christian abomination! From this to placing the pine tree in its vacated place was but a natural step. So originated then the most beautiful and spiritually significant of our early flags.

Though it had an origin in tradition, adopted and adapted, we have nevertheless no makeshift thing in the result.

Let us read it out aloud: Our house defies the world: it is Patrick Henry's "give me liberty or give me death" in symbol, and requiring no written motto "Don't tread on me!" It is fire and blood, you see, challenging the world to the end!

Yet what does it so determine to defend and affirm and carry to victory? A square of pure white!

And the square—as high as it is broad—suggests integrity, and solidity; and the white of it means light and holiness. It is an appeal to heaven, and a motto to that effect would be redundant! But, place in the white square the green pine tree, evergreen, on a bit of green ground, as though the very top of the green earth rising above the white cloud, into the white cloud behind which is the sun making it glorious, and the appeal is still to God, but not by or for any violent miracle, but rather by and for natural growth. And the tree-form shapes itself—aspiring to the zenith, like a true Gothic spire!

In simple eloquence the whole heart of the young

nation so uttered itself, and were we to fly the flag to-day as the flag of the League of Nations, it would seem to include the hopes and the holiest prayers of the world, would it not?

That no flag was devised with the beautiful elm of Cambridge, under which Washington took command, in spite of its typical cup-like form (as though the whole earth rose up in its angel emissary to include the heaven, and then dropped some of its outer boughs like the trailing sleeves or drapery to bless tenderly the earth that sent it forth and up) may be due to the already accepted pine symbol; or to its deciduous foliage, and its therefore inadequate vital suggestiveness as an everliving, lifegiving tree of life.

5

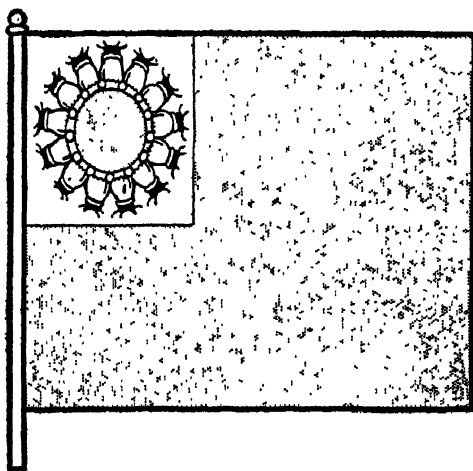
THE LINKED HANDS *

The last invention we shall recall and consider, more ingenious, heraldic, less natively direct and human, is that which on a green rectangular flag (our house a house of righteous honest hope, suggesting in particular the pine tree's darker colour, its vitality, its appeal to heaven by growth) has a square white canton; centred within the canton is a design, in which appear thirteen white (that is silver or steel) mailed hands (outlined in black) that grasp each a white (silver or steel) link of a circular indivisible endless chain. Inside the chain is a disk—as the form of the round world reminding of the scientific hope and hazardous proof involved in the first historic discovery of the new continent; but the globe is not green, as

* See *Flags of the World*, p. 339; figure 397; text, p. 349.

one would expect, but blue, heavenly, and true and free as the cloudless midnight sky.

This flag also involves the number 13—the often unpatriotically and, for us, all but blasphemously mis-called “unlucky” number, which appeared first in the stripes of the British East India Company’s flag and



then in the pine tree shilling of the Massachusetts’ colony, and fortunately called the roll of the “plantations” that revolted and united eventually to form the new nation.

One is not surprised that, with all its deep-hidden, erudite symbolism, this flag failed of popular acceptance. All it said was true, but it did not say a permanent truth passionately enough, universally enough; and so it need only be remembered for the interest of the design, and its most excellent devout intentions.

CHAPTER V

AMERICA FINALLY ADAPTS WHAT SHE DECIDES TO ADOPT

IT is well now, in flinging our bridge over the deep gulf fixed between American invention—which did our forefathers not a little credit for native audacious originality—and what they finally took over from tradition, to recapitulate and tabulate their rejected innovations in thrilling flag-speech. It is only fair to note also in passing that, other things being equal, of two—a new and an old—the old is always better, whether a principle, an institution, or a symbol. And the reason is that if familiarity may sometimes breed contempt, it has meanwhile bred skill also in use, ability to deal with an instrument or situation unconsciously—having induced the organic mastery of the knack or trick; it has also established many sorts of sentimental relation, which after all, endearing and cheering, are no wise to be despised by the intelligent would-be-reformer of mankind. So what our forefathers adopted did credit to their sense of historic continuity, to their social commonsense.

The longer and wider association with the average life of the human group they modestly valued more than the tickling satisfaction of having invented or chosen something brand-new, of having patented the thing, the designed trademark, trade-brand, package-

form, line of publicity, and all the other tributes to personal vanity—which, as incense, do fill the nostrils of many a successful fat and fatuous business person with such ecstatic delight!

Our forefathers, however, did not only have the heart to set their cherished inventions to one side, and to adopt what was serviceably ready to hand, but they also had the sagacity and genius to see just how, and in what measure, modification was needed for gracious yet forcible self-expression. They *adapted* what they *adopted*; and so the new-old thing to which they swore allegiance exercised a greater and nobler influence for the ages than it would, had they but slavishly adopted, or ingeniously innovated.

Let us then tabulate our recapitulation that the eye may the better survey as a whole what the mind has already seriatim analysed.

Now at a glance we can perceive that only the continental pine tree flag was simply intelligible, emotionally suggestive, permanently characteristic. The crescent moon told of our infancy, our excellent hope of early growth; but it went on too easily to suggest an unintended cycle of corresponding decay. The moon, if it waxes from nothing to the sky's orbéd maiden and earth's silverer and magic compeller, wanes likewise to nothing but a faded face of shadow in a fortnight! That surely would not do even to seem to intimate! Yet here was a flag men were glad to risk life to save—quite apart from winning or losing the battle in which they bore it aloft.

The rattlesnake merely affirmed our rebellion to be formidable and defensive of liberty, not aggressive against kindred or world-power elsewhere. We would

NAME OF FLAG	OBJECT OR TOTEM	COLOUR OF SAME	ATTITUDE	PLACEMENT	CANTON AND COLOUR OF SAME	COLOUR OF FLAG
1. Moultrie's Flag	Crescent Moon	White	Open toward staff, yet at angle to retain proffered gift or requested grace	In uppermost corner, nearest staff	None	Midnight blue
2. Gadsden's Flag	Rattlesnake	White and black	Uncoiling in act to spring and strike	Centred	None	Yellow or golden
3. Charleston's Liberty Flag	Live oak	Dark green	Overtypical form, as in earliest reliefs (Noah's ark-like)	Centred, on indicated strip of ground	None	White, bound top and bottom with bar at edge of midnight blue
4. Continental Flag	Pine tree	Dark green	Decidedly conventionalised, but recognisable in specific character	Centred on segment of green round earth, like island	In white canton	Crimson
5. Linked Hand Flag	Thirteen mailed hands	White, outlined in black	Holding 13 white links of endless chain	Centred and within their circle a midnight blue disk (terrestrial globe in heavenly hue?)	In white canton	Dark green (ever-green pine-tree colour)

not be oppressed. We would perish, or slay with the thrust and bane of our righteous wrath! This, after all, expressed only a passing phase of our existence. It was destructive, not constructive, in purport. The live oak, on the other hand, the symbolic synonym of the pine tree (which we have all learned to love, seeing it through the eyes of the polyphonous singer of the Southland, Sidney Lanier, if it was not dear to us in childhood already) was, alas, too sectional for national use. Its black shadow was desirable only in the subtropical summer. It was too new in human experience, and, just because so distinctively American, it made no older soul-appeal to the human nature, which our forefathers brought with them overseas to their new heritage in the *Goodspeed* and *Constant*, or in the *Mayflower*!

The thirteen mailed and linked hands were a strenuous effort at heraldry; too evidently made-up—and to order: too contrived, too arbitrary, artificial, learnedly clever, demanding reflection ere any appeal reached the homely heart. There was, besides, the obsolete element in the “mail.” Colonial champions of liberty weren’t knights in armour. Hands swinging the axe would have been more up-to-date and to the purpose! Then, there was the unintended unhappy suggestion of the thirteen links themselves, constituting indeed a symbol of union, but one, at the same time of union enforced. Chains? Nobody has a predilection for chains—as such. Attached to anchors—maybe; but, hands holding a chain? If the monkey be chained to the man, then, for the same reason, is the man chained to the monkey! Were we

by union enslaving the world or really making ourselves slaves?

As for the blue earth, that was daring, but a wee bit too remote, and it overshot intention. It was fine to think that, locked within our chain, lay the round earth, the new hemisphere at least—to prove which geometry and geography involved our continental discovery (a matter made so much of, and so gloriously by Walt Whitman in his “Passage to India”); but how alarmingly large and novel this vision of hope: the said round world to become a heavenly one altogether, not a speck of familiar convenient green left on its surface—all over pure midnight blue! The symbol did seem a trifle overhasty and prophetically rash; and, who knows, did there lurk in the whole a Cæsarian forecast of Pan-American empire, likely to scarecrow our Spanish and Portuguese neighbours to the South and our French and British kinsmen to the North out of our open fields of barter and sale? Perish the thought! Not so should our yet unbegotten Monroe Doctrine be interpreted in advance for our statesmen from Cleveland and Blaine, to Taft and Wilson!

Now the rich yellow colour, that has to do duty for heraldic gold, in the Gadsden flag might inopportunistically recall Spain’s days of palmy dominion over the seven seas. But then the crimson of the Continental flag would not permit us to forget the commercial defiance to the world of Great Britain, who shrewdly came to perceive that economic exploitation is more effective and clever than direct militaristic control. The dark green field of the linked hand flag was alone new and original, and had as such some right to adoption; but,

then, with all its esoteric sense of hope and immortality, it is not sufficiently capturing and alluring to the eye when afloat and aflutter as bunting against the sky, or against the ordinary seascape and landscape.

The white canton, too, was at that time well remembered as England's own, familiar in the days of the colonial foundations, and only hesitatingly supplanted, with the use of the Union Jack after 1606, by Scotland's midnight blue, which belonged officially before to Nova Scotia.

Now, if the flag could say for us what it must say, following well-known usage, and yet not seem to imply the least subjection or deference to any foreign power by too obvious a derivation from what was officially sacred to alien peoples; if it could do this without the picturing of a specific emblem or totem object, leaving that to appear in its rightful place, when desired, at the top of the staff, and requiring, besides, no written word, motto, or legend (the symbol, colours and form being explicit and eloquent enough, speaking, that is to say, clear and loud for themselves) then we should have attained our ideal in the way of flag-speech.

By what uncertain steps did we actually attain to the Stars and Stripes, to the Star-Spangled Banner, to Old Glory?

First, there was the tempting precedent of the British East India Company's flag (chartered in 1600 by Queen Elizabeth) dating so from the heroic age of Great Britain's seafaring and exploration when she wrested world-dominion from Spain.

Benjamin Franklin merely voiced the colonial common sense when he suggested its use at a dinner (De-

cember 13th, 1773) as one "with which the English government is familiar, and which it not only recognised but protected."

This flag, however, had for canton the Union Jack, to separatists objectionable; and earlier it had had the red upright cross of St. George in the white field. Why not (in Colonial days, the cross of St. George had sometimes been deleted, leaving behind the empty white space)* omit then the canton altogether?

Here was a suggestion simple enough, but clearly also too simple. The result suggests the thirteen colonies, to be sure, but indicates no uniting means other than that of juxtaposition and distinguishing alternation of colour, there being but two varieties, it would seem, and every alternate one totally alike!

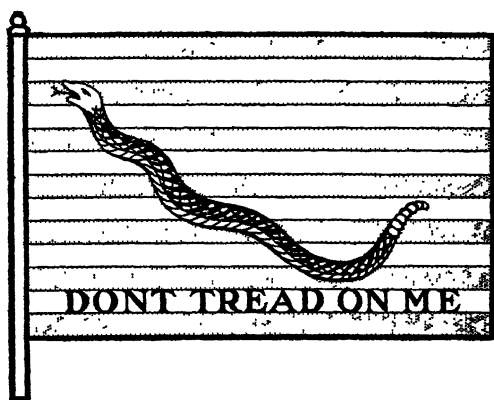
So on this flag, diagonally up toward the topmost corner nearest the staff, in three waves, the thirteen rattles elevated at right angles to the body toward the topmost corner farthest from the staff, in the very act of the fatal spring, might be drawn as realistically, of course, as possible, in brown and black, the Rattlesnake of defiance; and to emphasise his defensive spirit (not so apparent in this attitude as in the coiled) the motto might appear in threatening black letters, "DON'T TREAD ON ME."

The former flag (the canton-less thirteen stripes) was used as a merchant ensign from 1776-1795; the latter (the same, marked with the rattlesnake and his appropriate motto) was actually our first official Navy Jack, and hoisted at the main mast on the very same day that Gadsden's yellow rattlesnake flag was flown as Commodore Esek Hopkins', and the British East

* *Flags of the World*, p. 339; figure 383.

India Company's flag (known as the Congress colours) at the stern, and the Grand Union flag at the bow of the *Alfred* on December 3, 1775.

But this flag of the British East India Company, if mutilated, was insufficient since it declared no principle of union; and, if it preserved the British Jack, it clearly proclaimed a repudiated colonial status. Therefore, though flown at Boston as a Whig symbol



ere clearly conscious separatist intention and sentiment had everywhere declared itself, though having been consecrated by use and official sanction so often and so well, it was still an adoption of a now foreign and alien emblem—worse yet, that of a private corporation for world-exploitation and empire, not for settlement and freedom.

Now it was only an easy and natural step, removing the British Union Jack (England and Scotland, note, not Ireland) from the East India Company's flag, to substitute a canton of midnight blue—bearing a "new constellation" instead of the so-called "meteor," and lo, we have now our Star-Spangled Banner, our Stars

and Stripes, our Old Glory, with which, we verily believe, "our God is marching on" to make the world worthy of his indwelling and complete manifestation in political self-government, social welfare and well-being, and racial perfection, into the final evolution and manifestation of the Divine Man.

It will be well to tabulate the relation of our national flag, to that it adopted after due adaptation.

Let us then solemnly repeat the actual words of the resolution of Congress, June 14th, 1777, decreeing Old Glory, and note what is left ambiguous and to be determined by the subsequent development in the trial and failure of usage.

- That the flag of the "*thirteen United States*" (1)
 shall be thirteen *stripes*
 alternately red and white;
 That the "*Union*" (2)
 shall be thirteen "*stars*" (3)
 white in a "*blue*" (4) field
 representing a "*new constellation.*" (5)

(1) Enumerating so the states, and making the later increase in the stripes for new states natural if ultimately absurd. There is doubt as to the word "thirteen" having been really in the text of the resolutions. Did the stripes designate the thirteen states as actual, at the time, participating states, which happened to be thirteen? or the number of the states which were in the union at its origin and constituted the same as a significant number?

(2) Note the defective grammar. Are the words

TABULATION OF AMERICAN FLAGS DERIVATIVE FROM BRITISH TRADITION

FLAG	OBJECT	COLOUR	ATTITUDE	PLACEMENT	COLOUR OF CANTON	COLOUR OF FLAG
1. Original East India Company's Flag	Upright Cross	Red	Centred	In canton	White	Six white lateral stripes laid in red field of commercial flag of Britain
2. Flag adopted as Congress Colours or Grand Union Flag	Upright Cross (St. George) and Tilted Cross (on foot like saw-buck) (St. Andrew)	Red with white edge, and white, respectively	Centred and superimposed	In canton	Blue	As above, viewed, however, as 13 red and white alternate stripes
3. Same Flag, mutilated for Merchant Marine	None				No canton	13 red and white alternate stripes
4. Same mutilated flag, distinguished for use as "Jack"	Rattlesnake	Brown	In act of striking, body in 3 curves, rattles perpendicular to line of body's movement	Diagonally upwards across flag, head forward, towards staff	No canton	As above
5. Official U. S. flag adopted June 14th, 1777	13 stars (5 not legally decreed)	White	In circle (no placement or arrangement decreed)	According to best usage in centred canton	Midnight blue	As above

“the flag” to be supplied, or “the principle of the Union to be represented by”?

- (3) Stars—the number of their points is not specified.
- (4) Blue—light or dark blue? (Dark was chosen but not decreed.)
- (5) What was to be their order or pattern? Only “new constellation” is decreed, a noble poetic phrase for which the generations may well be grateful!

How usage settled these ambiguities, how in 1818 we reverted to the number of stripes—practically inserting in the text of the resolution the word “original” after the word “thirteen,” as if it had read “original thirteen states” thus leaving the flag unchanged hereafter by admissions, although allowing the increase in the stars and so obscuring to some degree the mystical idea of the “new constellation”; how the terrible war of the States, our Civil War (not properly of the “Rebellion,” since states had been declared “sovereign” in the Constitution and their right of secession, for expediency’s sake, alas, never definitely abrogated, and all rights not denied specifically were supposed still to inhere in the states as such) how this terrible War of the States, so nobly sung by Old Walt, brought into being the tragic “Stars and Bars” of the Confederacy—all this is history, and as such does not fall directly within the scope of our popular inquiry as to the present meaning of the Flag.

We have now to ask ourselves in turn the following questions:—

- (1) What mean the seven red stripes?
- (2) What mean the six white stripes?

- (3) What means the field of midnight blue?
- (4) What mean the white five-pointed stars?
- (5) What means our lucky number thirteen?
- (6) What means the right ordering of the above elements as a new constellation?
- (7) What means our totem, the whitehooded eagle?

Then we can close our "little primer" with such remarks and replies to natural questions, or with such candid evasions of them, as shall seem likely to be of most service.

And we shall then happily leave the whole question of "What does the flag now mean to you—more or less than before?" to each reader, hoping that at least we shall have made him interrogate his own patriotic soul a tiny bit more furiously than ever before the Ancient Mariner met the careless happy wedding guest in an unguarded hour!

BOOK II
THE BOOK OF SIGHT AND INSIGHT
OR OUR METHOD OF INSPECTION AND
PROGRESS

CHAPTER I

THE NECESSARY FOLLY OR INJUSTICE OF ANY METHOD OR SYSTEM—A FOREWORD

WHEN confronted with any complex thing, we try to understand it by taking it to pieces, as we say (analysis), and then by putting it together again (synthesis). This is easy if we are dealing with a contrivance, a machine. It is more difficult if we are dealing with a chemical compound like water. To capture that very oxygen and hydrogen—all of it, and reassociate them to the same amount and quality of the compound, identical as to potable purity, and taste—is not as easy as putting together an automobile you have taken apart for repair. If you are dealing with a living creature, you will find that analysis has lost you the very essential thing—the life. The parts will not, because of restored arrangement, remanifest that life, that consciousness. You can only dissect the dead body, or cruelly and uselessly vivisection the living subject till ultimately dead; but you cannot recreate, reanimate, reincarnate, reinspire!

Wholes, in other words, are not the sum total only of the parts. Nor are sums just sums. Some sums are arithmetical, some sums are algebraic. In the one case, you increase the result by adding; in the other, quoting Shelley, "you may diminish till it is consumed away." If you add a horse to a horse, you have two horses; if you add one bale of hay to one

horse, your result is in the end one horse; if you add two Kentucky mountaineers engaged in a feud—you arrive at a conspicuous zero, so far as live men go. You may have two corpses (and even that is doubtful!)—but they're a long way from constituting even a fraction of a real live man!

Now, when you deal with a composition, the product of human imagination, it is never a mere contrivance and won't be treated as such. It can be taken apart, each piece examined, its meaning set down. But when you attempt to recombine—you can't just sum up the respective partial meanings into a grand total of compound integral sense! Sometimes all these senses duly combined, make sheer nonsense in combination. Parse, for instance, a passage of Miltonic rhetoric. Will the best grist of his *mill*, and his most *tonic* and tasty vintage, make together the name of the blind Puritan bard? Will the parser and the philological annotater, and the hunter down of his classic allusions do anything more for you with "Comus" or "Lycidas" or "Paradise Lost" than secure the prostration for the time being of your love of poetry, and its probable premature death? What you have is, neither an arithmetical nor an algebraic sum, but a mortal disgust with pedagogic methods so owl-ishly goggle-eyed, so baboonishly smart-alicky, so asininely uninspired and unfitted to appreciate the music of the spheres.

Now the reason for the disappointment is that the parts were not originally in our integral work of art taken part by part, and put together, according to some system, each with a view to its separate contribution in the sum total of the parts. It was a

simultaneous perspective, a secret crystallisation, the revelation of a living process of growth, reaching some culminating stage of beauty in a quasi-vital whole.

Probably the details were thought of after the totality was glimpsed, revealed full grown, full-blown, full laden with fruit. Yet as we confront the flag—the supreme prophetic expression of our national Americanism—what shall and can we do?

Blake confessed that he indulged himself in the making of systems only to protect himself from other men's systems.

Any method is manifestly unfair and foolish. It requires the consideration one at a time of things that exist and operate all at once. It pretends that one is more important than the other and is entitled to precedence. It presumes separableness, if only for the nonce; and somehow the presumed logical order isn't the psychological, the psychological isn't the philological or the ontological or the theological, much less the pedagogical! Any such procedure then as we shall be compelled to adopt is, strictly speaking, essentially indecent, insincere, irreverent.

Worse yet, methods and systems impose on the mind. Even after we have rescued our data from their claws and maws, well, they are never again the same they were before. We are never free of prejudice and innocent in the face of the data that never were data after all, but a living incomprehensible creature of God.

But what shall we do?

Here is the flag. We want to form our best possi-

ble idea of its meaning, that it may most alluringly and creatively operate as our visualised ideal.

Shall we out of reverence, do nothing at all, hug our ignorance, and dub it bliss?

What! Attempt the impossible?

For the sake of repute for reverence, be guilty of the worst irreverence—regard it not at all?

Contemplate the navel, utter AUM, and collapse into the “intense inane”? For the sake of our “noli-metangere” our “tabu” and “memento mori,” our “adeste profani,” and all the rest of the awe-inspiring procedure of the charlatans, refrain from using our God-given brain?

No, not God himself has the right so to put the quietus on his creature.

The flag is holy, but if we are actively and sincerely and whole-heartedly to hallow it and enhalo it, we must, ere we view, divine, and adore it as a whole, obey the prime law of the mind we got in the course of terrestrial evolution, and put the holy flag right in the mill of logic and, by the process of analysis and synthesis, pass from the good grain to the well-baked bread of life.

And God himself accepts that process and considers it no humiliation, provided he really have to undergo the treatment for the veritable nurture of man.

I remember yet vividly my horror as a child when the white skull of a horse was passed round in the classroom for inspection and was rudely jested at and contemptuously handled. Poor Rossinante! What vile disrespect, through his anatomical leavings, to his honest animal soul! I remember well pondering the loss of living specimens of songster in those grave-

yards that delight the heart of the young collector of birds' eggs. I remember also my indignation and compunction at having to pick some rare flower—a unique specimen—that might have finished blooming, been fertilised and have seeded and saved, at least thereabouts, its lovely kind. And this vulgar cruelty—for the teacher to slay with ghoulishly fond delight, and hold a diatribe on the rest of the class who had confined her vandalism to one martyr for the sake of its own rare loveliness!

Yet there it is still, for all our repugnance, our insoluble problem!

We can look at the flag till we go mad. We shall not for all that probably catch a sudden luminous convincing vision of the living whole!

We shall take a flag then—in this case only a *mental* one. We must beg to be forgiven for sinful disrespect when we shear it to bits—and curiously inspect each in turn. We shall then elaborately parcel and fit and sew together the pieces, and obtain a very patchy restoration, we fear, at the best, with bulging seams and frayed edges.

After that we will try not to contrive a mere dead re-combination—but, letting our supposed knowledge of the inseparable parts simmer and stew as a witch's brew, attempt then at length an evocation with prayer and fasting, and with, we trust, some reasonable hope of good success. Perhaps we shall by our deeper reverence atone in the end for the inevitable irreverence of the process!

Without further ado—not with arms akimbo, but respectfully on our knees—we shall quite naturally then commence with the most conspicuously active in-

gradient of our symbolic prescription: the seven red stripes.

Historically we should remark that stripes appeared before in flag-speech, ere they entered our partiotic vernacular. In the Hungarian arms* half of the shield and the right hand half, as we face it, is occupied by four red vertical stripes including three white stripes.

The arms of Aragon have lateral stripes in the shield which, if you set on its side, may be appropriately described as "nine pales, gules and or," that is alternately red and yellow, five including four, yet there remains the tip of the shield, "or," or yellow, making ten divisions in all.

The Isle of Majorca similarly has 12 lateral stripes in its shield, green and black, six above six.

The flag of the British East India Company, as we have already remarked, has "thirteen horizontal stripes—alternately red and white!" That the British East India Company was indebted for its device to the Aragonian precedent for design, to the Hungarian precedent for colour, is highly improbable. Nothing is more idle than to accuse a man of plagiarism, when he delivers himself of such a natural remark as that he is exceedingly hungry, or thinks his fences should be repaired.

The same human nature, facing under like circumstances like phenomena, is apt to suggest astonishingly similar ideas by way of explanation or exploitation to all mankind anywhere on the earth. The cross, the swastika; the sacredness of three, of four, of seven; these and other like symbols are all but universal. It

* *Book of the Flag*, page 370.

would also be a real waste of time to discuss whether the red stripes secrete and surround the white, or the white exude so to say and eject the red.

Did we really get our thirteen stripes as "thirteen alternately red and white," to distinguish them one from another; or did we lay seven red stripes on a white ground? or six white stripes on a red? For it is evident, from the wording of the act creating Old Glory, that the process by which the stripes were got, formed no immediate conscious part of the expression definitely sought in our Flag. Our forefathers wanted thirteen stripes, and they wanted them red, and they wanted them white, and they preferred, dealing with an odd number, to begin with the red and have it so include the white.

Hence we have properly begun our Book of Sight and Insight, by a consideration of the seven red stripes although it seems very probable that the design was in the first instance obtained by the British East India Company's causing six lateral stripes to be laid across the red field of world-defiance of the British commercial flag.

That the arms of the Washingtons exhibit in a red shield three white lateral bars, not reaching quite to the edge of the figure, and not, therefore, dividing the space really into five stripes alternately red and white, would seem conclusive against any quest of an origin for our flag in the family insignia of the Father of his country, although the superficial identity of the scheme may have affected General Washington's taste favourably and won him over more readily and permanently to Benjamin Franklin's presumed sugges-

tion for the adoption of the British East India Company's flag as that of the new nation.

Having paid so our respect, somewhat over lengthily, to history and heraldry, let us settle down to our method of analysis and synthesis. We are not now concerned with how we got the flag, but with what we got when we got it, as interpreted in terms of primitive human association with environing nature and man's own organism and technique of living.

We shall, then, first consider the seven red stripes merely as stripes, then merely as red, and then merely as seven (so far as we can manage to control our inveterate disposition for self-interference) and lastly, we shall shout out the speech (as we hear it whispered) as simultaneously as an orderly word sequence will permit: "Stripes & red & seven" so that no one will be able seriously to accuse us of intended partiality to form over colour, or to colour over number—or to any of the three elements over the interest of the rhythm, of the order, one at a time (this foremost, that midmost, and the other hindmost), in which we find ourselves, in spite of our genuine desire to play fair, in the very nature of things compelled, like all other unfortunates, to express our unity of feeling in syntactical or grammatical speech.

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CHAPTER II

ON STRIPES FOR STRIPLINGS, MARTYRS AND MEN

IF you were playfully to run any English monosyllable through the vowels, you would be likely to obtain almost always some suggestive results. They are due, sometimes to phonetic chance, but more often to the fact that our forefathers expressed past time—and, therefore the fixed or static or merely ghost or spook or ideal state of the dynamic “act” which the verb expressed by a systematic alteration, opening or narrowing, of the stem vowel: as in cleave, clove; climb, clomb; swim, swam, swum. The kindred noun or adjective might derive from the action in process, or refer to the condition created and left behind, and so it might tend to open, or by less usage remain open, while the vowel-change in the verb set in through greater use: or by a misuse due to skepticism or sanguine disposition the past tense form might tend to displace the present, or the present the past.

Once this jolly habit of vowel change well established in the language, words taken in from neighbour tongues or learned languages would, by much use, forgotten origin, or play passing to habit, be induced to conform, losing unnecessary unstressed syllables, and join willynilly in the vowel-game of the native bred, but awkwardly, in all likelihood, as foreigners not really to the manner born. Examine just these random examples and draw from them the entertaining moral as

well as we can without the help of the immortal Archbishop of Dublin.

sat, sate, set, seat, sit, sot, soot, suit
 sap, seep, sip, sop, soap, sup, soup,
 pap, "pep," peep, pip, "pope," pop, pup, poop

In accordance with this law then of our composite Saxon, Danish, Norman-French, Latin, and Norse language, it is known to all that we stop in the stoop. So also we tap the tip or top. We ken what we con, and we con what we can, and also, therefore, can what we con, and our kin must take the consequences, and as for the "coon," though he is really a foreigner, he has to endure the appearance at least of having been taken into the family!

Hence we can easily assure ourselves by the very witness of our language that a *stripe* is a colour-trace of the removed form on a beech or birch tree, say, when we *strip* off from a cross incision some portion of the bark. We may flay an animal and the piece of hide we then obtain is a *strap*, which if it be set aside for peculiarly masculine use, is distinguished as a *strop*. When again the *strap* is used in chastisement on human flesh, the ruddy mark it leaves is the *stripe*. Forty stripes less one was the full measure, diminished by the affectation or ironic expression of Christian mercy to thirty-nine, the forty stripes less one. This latter suggestion is not a pleasant one to consider. But flaying of prisoners was sport among the Assyrians. Flagellation maintained itself far on into the last century, as serious business, educational stimulus, and as harmless quasi-erotic amusement, said to benefit the victim spiritually, particularly if

a stripling! It leaves its trace to-day in the punitive uniform of the penitentiary, and has a subconscious terror for us in Bengal Tigers, and a grotesque parody in the untameable zebra that defies the lash by its very beauty and wild-wilderness spirit.

In the upright position, the stripe in a symbolic design might, however, if fairly broad, suggest a post or pale, or totem pole, a stake, a stocky stick stuck fast in the ground, which has already been discussed in our chapter on the essential elements of any flag. The pole, as symbol itself of fecund power and yearly self-renewal, the tree upholding the particular family or folk symbol, might be reproduced in significant colour on the mobile emblem, or flag proper, as often as desired for passionate emphasis, and for number-meaning besides, laid on a background or field of significant form and colour. But it would be difficult so to emphasise the stake, without calling to mind another and more terrible use of the stake as the "horn of the altar" to which the sacrificial victim was made fast, and where, to prove the heroism of the chosen offering or the captured enemy, he was tortured, giving doubtless to the God the same exquisite excitement and abnormal sex delight which the spectators doubtless got in primitive days from the thrilling display.

But, fortunately for us, the stripes in our flag are not vertical and can carry no such meaning as that of the "stake." Were they diagonal they might suggest, if narrow enough, the stiff staves, or staffs of the spears when carried by an ordered troop, or the beams of the parallel light from the sun up behind a cloud above the picture of the flag. These meanings do

not concern us either, but their mention and rejection helps us not to be misled into supposing that, when we compare our flag with others, stripes are just stripes, and that we can change their position from horizontal to vertical without inevitable change of meaning in their flag-speech. Our stripes are horizontal, and must be considered always as such, even, we should say, when they are set upright in the United States shield.

Apart from their thickness, our flag's stripes suggest the shortest distance between two points, for it is their straightness that strikes us at the first. They seem to suggest a way of progress, a road, a large river or canal. To be sure, that suggestion is somewhat modified by the fact that our stripes have no whither assigned to them. Four red, enclosing three white, run out of the canton; three white above and between three red, run out of the flag staff itself, parallel ways, it would seem, to nowhere in particular, except, of course, when the flag is flying—when they might most indecently lead as quickly as possible back from the front! To no reasonable person could the horizontal red stripes, then, including and intercepting the parallel white stripes, for one instant appear to be a system of parallel ways from the van to the rear. Such a suggestion may appear fantastic in the extreme, irrelevant and indeed revolting, were it not absurd. Yet we shall have to allow every interpretation its due weight.

Now let us look again at our stripes and recall a more naïve world. We didn't always do business in skyscrapers, and mow our lawns in the suburbs with machines that chirrup and click with the joy of life.

We didn't always shoot in subway tunnels like coin-carriages in pneumatic tubes or fly overhead in tri-planes, to the discomfiture of honking geese or screaming eagles. In this country at least we are not so far removed from pioneer times, but what the memory reaches back, link by link, unbroken for not a few, to days when we lived perforce a good deal nearer to nature, without elevator or furnace, without telephone or electric fan.

Let us try to look at our flag for the time being disregarding the canton; and eye it narrowly—dreamily. Does its shape and its design bring nothing familiar to mind? Yes, the very word *field*, for the main part of the flag, seems to tell the tale. A field planted in straight rows, measured off in some wide river valley, or on the prairie plains, naturally *walked* off and surveyed as a rectangle—a square and a half, or twice a square!

Imagine the field of red clay, such as we often see, and the rows of cotton in the boll, or candytuft, say, grown for seed, and—any fool can recognise it—there spreads the flag before our very eyes!

But again, I fear, we are at least partly on a false scent, carried away by a mere word used figuratively and technically: namely, *field*, and an accidental likeness of rows to stripes.

Of course, it would be less absurd and offensive than our previously rejected interpretation. Farmers, to be sure, might in the first instance have flown such a flag. But would the British East India Company have had occasion to think of it as a suitable emblem for the masthead of its shipping? Did they mean to run six furrows in a field of blood or fire, and grow

a profitable plantation of peace-blooming flax or bolling cotton? We must turn down then for good and all as of prime importance this bit of symbolic market-gardening, and look to something even more primitive, and ever so much more humanly significant.

And what might that be? Can't you guess? Can't you see it?

Did you never hear of Tippecanoe and General Harrison's log cabin? revived in a later campaign of tragic forebodings as Old Father Abraham's? Abe's? Didn't one Jackson—a very devil of a fellow, Handy Andy—and Old Hickory—wield a big stick long before our beloved Theodore the First? Was not Jackson a leader of backwoodsmen, who had cleared their own settlements with the axe, and did they not do things behind sugar barrels near New Orleans to immaculate red-coats—things that were exceedingly unparliamentary?

Oh, of course, of course. Omit windows and doors, and of such there were doubtless few enough, if any, in Indian days for safety's sake, whereas besides they constituted a problem in carpentry,—didn't they? Oh, of course. A cabin! Logs hewn to the same length, and laid alternately one over another; at the corners a little notching to secure them from rolling off each other; and between log and log—clay, white, or red, or yellow, such as the ground offered; and see, you have both the shape and the ground design of our flag! It is the flag of our house and the beams are the beams hewn out of our virgin forest, whence we draw the game, from which we ravish the clearing for the women to grow their garden stuff, and for the men to plant the corn or the wheat.

Nor need we, seeing a flag at a great distance, when the horizontal stripes narrow in perspective, feel seriously shocked and embarrassed at another optical suggestion.

Suppose we have a section of our rail-fence split of red oak timbers, and suppose we look through them at the cold sky of morning ere the flush of dawn?

While that may and does seem trivial compared with the thought of our log cabin, the shelter, the hearth and home of our pioneers, in which their great leaders were born, still we cannot avoid a kindly smile at the rude fence of dear old Lincoln, intended to keep the cattle and pigs out of the corn and cabbage!

But you may as well ask, what have all such gossipy memories to say authoritatively about the flag? Only this much. They are as near as most of us alive to-day can actually in personal experience approach to the mental attitude and symbolic prepossession of the makers and takers, the adopters and adapters of our flag!

Of course, a thing may mean one thing, and yet be valued for something else. My Bible? Well, I am told it is the book of life, but I read it because my mother gave it to me. Insult that Bible, I will fight,—not only because I know the contents and am prepared to prove it true and good by adequate personal acquaintance. My mother, dear soul, was ignorant. She was, at least, no scholar. But she read it—looking at it through her spectacles—and, you know, it was “mother”! That argues for the contents and style of the book much more than a theory of verbal inspiration, or a life of William Tyndale.

So, whatever our stripes did mean in original sym-

bol-speech, recommending them for use to our leaders, through a now obscured tradition, perhaps the farmers, fighters, and planters saw in them pleasant suggestions of home memories and, who knows—even ways home after the fight, ever so many ways and all straight and full of light, across the blood-soaked plains: that hardly, you object? But, at all events and without objection, any, however patriotically ebullient, can admit the tidy fence section, the field planted in regular rows, the house of logs and clay? If not now, why not then? One could at that time cherish those humble likenesses perhaps, and inquire no further! To simple home-folk they may have sufficed.

But human nature being so much everywhere the same, all paths for us lead to Rome, as men used to say when she was the international metropolis, the centre of ecclesiastical and political power and influence. You can start from almost anywhere on a round world and keep on in any direction, and arrive at last pretty close to where you started. To be sure, there may be little obstacles to overcome or avoid, like an ocean or two, or the polar ice.

But let us consider once again the interpretation of the horizontal stripe. A single log hewn to a square beam if you look at it, what is it? A sill? A door-sill? A threshold? A step up from the wet or the dust to the raised floor of the primitive yet improving house? Not unlikely, you will say!

Now the stream rises—or the snow is often deep and drifts, and the floor must be raised higher to escape the damp. We need to lay two sills, one over another, and one in front of the two. Ha, what if

we have found our key? Here is the beginning of the glorious stairs that led up to the palaces and temples on brick platforms in Babylon, imitated by the Persians, even where platforms against river-flooding were ludicrously out of place, for the great dignity's sake which they imparted, the suggestion of mounting to the seat of authority, to some exalted holy of holies. The dignity, spiritual utility, the beauty, would recommend the scheme, and it travels to Hellas and makes the Parthenon stupendous; it travels and amazes even to-day in the gardens of the Villa d'Esta at Tivoli; it passes to Paris and prepares the soul for reverent entrance to the Madeleine. At the capitol of our Nation we see it, filling us unconsciously with awe and pride.

Yes, the stairway—the way up, step by step, the physical symbol of the cry *Excelsior!*

And now, far more ancient memories can be explored. The ladder is as old as the conveniently spaced branches of the tree up which our arboreal ancestor proceeded as leisurely as circumstances allowed. There was, later, the ladder that haunted the dreaming Jacob at Bethel: rock strata doubtless offering access to natural fastnesses, so that the "Rock" could thereby be reached—for up and down the same ascended and descended the angels of the Lord!

Log houses—ere they were plastered—and the lean-to sheds not so carefully enclosed—were ladders themselves, although, to be sure, a bit steep and sudden. The fences served not only to exclude cattle, but to admit man. These symbolic interpretations of our house, of our fence, or even our garden, where we

step from row to row very carefully over our planting, are not contradicted, but merely endowed with a more dynamic significance.

Threshold of temple over threshold—by degrees up the temple-hill, the ascent ordered rhythmically stage by stage, preparing for a breathless expectation, and the amazement at the sudden presence of the Godhead revealed in his glory to the devout!

So the stripes of our flag shout to us all but audibly :

On and on; up and up; Excelsior!

But this suggestion has doubtless been widened for some (would it were so for all of us) who have surveyed from some high peak a landscape consisting of ridge after ridge, range beyond range of wooded hill-land—soft clouds lying flush with their long level crests caught by the glorious blush of the morning's rosy red. Were the ridges snow-covered as in winter, the valleys levelled with mist, doubtless the very likeness of the flag would expand on an enormous scale to the horizon. Such a view the writer has often enjoyed from Sewanee on the spur of the Cumberland, and more exaltedly and amazingly from Bald Knob in the Virginia Alleghanies.

But there is one sovereign place every American should visit for his soul's sake, cost what it may; make thither his pilgrimage on foot if need be, once at least in his life, as Moslem pilgrims do their duty to Mecca and Medina, or as our mediæval forebears ventured, at the peril of starvation or capture and enslavement, to Rome and Jerusalem.

It is not too much to say that our patriotism expands as the map of the continent unrolls under us

when we travel westward to the Pacific. Our beloved advocate of the all out-of-doors, including the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, and the Arctic and Antarctic poles, is credited with that sagacious remark.

But there is one especial sacred place, which to visit means for our patriotism as students of Old Glory more than Alaska, than a Bayou, than a Rocky peak, than lake and sea, than Big Tree forest, than the Father of Waters, when you watch it from the bluff of Memphis, say, flooding fifty miles of Arkansas, and flowing golden and awful to the gulf. Yes, more amazing than red and green Sierras wading through purple valley in golden light; more thrilling, because more particular than all these natural wonders from Niagara to the Badlands—is the Grand Canyon of the Colorado!

The marvellous gulch, one hundred and more miles long and, as the crow flies, fifteen across, and six thousand feet deep,—all Mount Washington thrown in, not quite equal to touching the level of the rim! But it is not vastness we are called on to consider and admire—not a chasm into the mystery letting us openly read the secret of geologic time. It is the unimaginable grandeur of stratum lying level over stratum rose and grey-green alternately. It is a fugue in stone on the very theme of Old Glory. Pyramid and pagoda repeat with variations—and always the recurring colour motif! A rainstorm sweeps down below, and brings out brilliantly in passing the scheme of the flag on a scale so enormous, with such vibrant loveliness—the bloom of the atmosphere softly suffusing it—that the most irreverent spectator is struck utterly speechless, or passes some wholly irrelevant

remark in hopeless slang—or helpless profanity!

There we have now our symbol expanded. The sunrise and afterglow revelations of alternate valley and plains over which in imagination we stride with magic seven-league boots—on and on and up and up to the very sky on fire; the strata of mother earth, and still the ribs of her divine structure offering us the same suggestion; age on age, civilisation beyond civilisation, on and on, up and up, Excelsior, *per aspera ad astra*—nay beyond to the ultimate Glory of God!

Here we can pause, and feel we have done justice to the symbol meaning of our stripes, and strike the several suggestions together as a chord if we prefer; parallel straight ways homeward? The rail fence? the planted field or garden? the log house? the stairway—ay, always the Ladder of God—up which we must as a nation bravely climb to the height of our impossibility until it is realised on earth as a manifest fact due to a brave fiction in the end made fiat by a noble creative will!

CHAPTER III

ON SEEING RED AND THE CRY OF CRIMSON

NOW that we know what stripes are, we will consider the special meaning they acquire, over and above their own, when they are red in colour and seven in number; and then we shall see what they would become when white, instead, and six. Their sum total as thirteen, we keep out of view for the present as our lucky number constitutes the most difficult matter for inquiry, and, besides, all that we shall say about the seven red and the six white stripes will be found to stand when we have added them together, and become aware of the crowning sense duly superimposed on them. In our chapter on the right order of the New Constellation, dealing with the composition of the flag as a whole, we will then consider the simple rhythm of alternation of the red and the white, and the inclusion and penetration of the latter by the former, and sundry interesting details which are wisely postponed until we have acquired a general perspective.

For this and the next chapter, then, we shall try to narrow our focus to the two-fold idea: "red" and "seven," when added to that of the "stripe" or, rather, a "series of stripes."

This will more than suffice to keep us enthralled for such a space as two chapters have the presumable right to fence-in out of the open prairie of your life.

But squatter's right is poor in law, and we shall surely have to "make good" our claim by very specific service. So, we bespeak the benefit of the reader's doubt and his kindly patience and favour in his own behoof.

Primitive man's eye was like yours and mine, but presumably less sensitive and more so according to the claim urged by self-preservation and race interest upon the organ. Could the savage see better? Yes, better in the open. Could he delimit and distinguish? Oh, yes, the familiar from the unfamiliar. By colour? By outline? Only, strange to say, in some degree. Chiefly by motion did he discriminate. Colour as such, even brilliant colour, seemed to interest him but little. By outline? Only after he became the practiced draftsman. If it were not so, would not the brilliant colouration of so many creatures, birds in particular—a secondary sexual characteristic—a triumph of insolence for beauty's sake—and the consequently emphasised outlines have brought about the extinction of such reckless species long before civilisation arrived to play havoc with the natural arts of self-preservation, and nature's instinctive methods of housekeeping? Yet cockatoos, cardinals, birds of paradise, survive. One is indeed surprised to observe how little colour without motion avails to attract the attention of man's elder kinsmen, the animals. To colour must be added the flicker of light, as in crystals and bright stones, if one is to interest the crow family or the most famous ornithological gem-collector, the bower bird.

As the animals, so man. Only slowly did he learn to distinguish colour as such, and interest himself in its display.

The warriors in Homer's *Iliad* and the homefolk of the *Odyssey* are highly civilised persons. They are of a race that succeeded the elder folk, whose remains we have dug up in Crete—who cultivated the bull-fight as a religious dissipation, had wasp waists, like the Elizabethans, held in by hoops and actually went so far even as to perfect that supposedly modern art of domestic plumbing with the refinements of piping and tubbing and tiling, so as to fill even a Briton with respect!

Yet these wonderful people made no sharp distinction between blue and black and grey, as the language of Homer testifies. Were their ships black or blue? What colour mood of the sea did they affect? of the sea, that is, in what temper? Who can say to-day? This sort of study in folk literature is fascinating.

One thing, however, is sure. Primitive man wanted only pure, crude, sharp colour. That he publishes in his early art. Joseph's coat of many colours was doubtless an amazing crazy quilt. Even the Greeks in their most perfect taste loved crude sharp pure colour, and plenty of it. Theirs was no "white city" like that perpetrated in Chicago to recall to our jaded minds how a certain Christopher from Genoa, via Castille and Aragon, a certain mild and wise Columbus made Chicago possible on Lake Michigan.

Nay, never! No white city for Phidias and Pericles! Indeed, the effort at rainbows in architecture and decoration into which Buffalo delicately tiptoed and San Francisco attempted to welter voraciously were rather timid affairs beside the Parthenon, ere all its paint was washed off by the weather to the "Puritan taste" for whitewash in all things holy.

Some super-refined folk to-day complain bitterly at this apparent lack of civilisation in our Stars and Stripes. Indeed a friend of mine insisted some while back that the flag is quite indecent. The use of pastel shades would suit interior decorative schemes so much more fragrantly and touch the heart of the refined with evasive indirection!

But we forget that the flag is for all out-of-doors, not for stuffy indoors—to dominate, not to decorate, to catch you by the throat, not to titillate a jaded palate with a suspicion of a Preraphaelite bouquet.

The primitive quality of purity, crudeness, is absolutely of the essence of its function as a flag. It must make a hole in the horizon. It must knock the spectator flat and senseless. It must not merely elate us, but erupt us to joy and fury, so that we perform a war dance in red paint around a blazing fire and send out the glow of our inner rage through the daylight—blindingly, till the forests and the clouds catch it. Ay, the flag must do that, and more rather than less. Nay, don't object, dear delicate, soulful sister, perhaps the flag is not for you. Maybe you can don smoked goggles, when you approach too near our Blazing Sun!

So much, then, for the vivid mood of the colour. It is arrogant, inconsiderate of sore eyes, of anemia and neurasthenia. It requires a Turner redivivus to place it in a landscape and not shatter the frame. Only our own Childe Hassam has managed Fifth Avenue in eruption with Old Glory, and left a canvas that would not burst a breach in a stone wall four feet thick, if hung on it in an unguarded moment!

Oh, we are red-blooded. Our eyes are young. At

least we are Greeks and can face a blaze. Glory! Glory! No pastel shades for us, save in Limbo, or in stage-backgrounds for the ladies, and the gowns that settle in liquid folds about their blessed persons!

But the brawn, the brain, the heart, the soul of us, undegenerate Americans, flaunts pure, fresh colour unashamed.

Now the first colour man dons for its own sake, and the first he sees without external suggestion,—the last he would “paint the town”—murky grey and sooty drab and muddy brown—is red, red of course, the red one sees when one’s blood is up; the red of defiance at which any decent bull paws the air, and snorts; the red that leaves no respectable person with nerves quiescent and complacent. What a bull can see distinctly and thrillingly, surely any man can. It speaks too for itself. If it survives as danger signal, so much the better. If the American drugstore window displays it, perhaps it understands very well one part of its function, namely, the profitable elimination of the feeble and the weak-minded, and is inordinately proud thereof. Perhaps the barber has reason to remember his business is, even to-day, sometimes bloody—when not properly transacted with due sobriety and subtle resiliency of spirit!

What of the purview and the purlieu of vice? If they affect the red, are they wrong? Maybe they are indeed socially dangerous, but for all their wickedness are they not alive and preferable to the undertaker’s business and all that goes therewith?

Now we have really got, it would seem, to the heart of the matter!

Red is the first colour man ever saw, definitely dis-

tinguished, and loved with passionate predilection.

He shared his excitement at it with some, at least, of the animals he domesticated.

In so far as he doesn't love it now, he's sick, or getting old or degenerate.

The five notes that it seems to strike for him with a leap, a shiver, an almost aching thrill, are:

Fire! Blood! Passion! Danger! Pomp and Power! How he likes to strike them all together at the critical moment as a superb chord, as the rumble of thunder to rattle the Gothic rose windows and cause the spires to rock! Ah! he likes them to be an earthquake under his world, a festive dance of lightning bolts in his heaven—if, of course, he is yet altogether a man, or hopes after convalescence to be again a normal man!

Let us consider these ancient sacramental associations of red one at a time, remembering that primitive man made no serious practical distinction between pink, rose, or orange or ruddy yellow. Scarlet, vermillion, crimson, magenta were all identical or equivalent to him, as they are still to the very young child.

I

Fire, then, is the first meaning.

To us fire meant heat for hearth and kitchen stove. But the furnace and the fireless cooker have arrived. To us it meant heat applied to metal by the smith; but the horseshoe has gone, and the garage arrived! To us it meant a bonfire, in vacant lots at least, in the fall or winter. But the gentle and discreet police have imposed with exorcism a benign quietus on such reversions to the primitive. To us it meant the break-

ing of Loki, the demon, out of bonds: the burst of speed, careering horses, clatter, rattle, clang of bells, whistles, a superb display of heroism in the night. Even these things are now done decently by discrete machinery. Soon, by some new device, the extinct fire prevention department will drop down an extinguisher on a threatened building, and good-night to the last genuine metropolitan thrill! To us it meant, once upon a time, a fourth of July, but we have now become, good lack, exorbitantly, contumeliously safe and sane!

But if fire is now thus physically removed at an increasing distance from us, it has not departed from our crowd soul. The conflagration of the cosmos at the Grand Opera, and the same sort of thing done without Wagner at the Hippodrome, testify to the survival in the millions of all fire expresses, threatens. Not even a chemist is permitted without risk of life and limb to degrade it as oxidation in a healthy group of folk.

And no wonder. A few years of urban existence cannot annul such ages of fear and joy as live yet in our blood.

Man could not trust himself to level ground in the wild beast world. He had to be perpetually on the alert, scanning horizons until the fire emancipated him from the need of a nearby tree-refuge, or an inaccessible rock-summit. It was the campfire set him free as master of the earth: free to rest and be human, free to think and feel and dream, and indulge in twilight spiritual play, or midnight inquiry into the mystery of the soul. Then the campfire became the hearth and created in due course the home. The

preparation of food became the civilised and civilising meal: food prepared and shared and eaten in the family and among guest-friends. How could the hearth fail to become the altar if it had not been that before, when the dead were remembered, fathers and heroes and gods tutelary who shared in the feast? Whoso beheld the gathering must have noted the glow in the faces of them that were assembled in a reverent circle about the altar-hearth. The glorious symbol speaks for itself.

As man found, perhaps by the chance of volcanic eruption, how to forge the metals, he interpreted the fire element in terms of that amazing craft of the smith. The volcanos themselves, Vesuvius, Ætna, were tremendous smithies, sacred smithies of the gods. In them the Titans wrought. Under them they beat the metal till the mountain shuddered. The God Vulcan, and his many congeners or aliases among the different peoples, became their master, or learned from them the craft and refined upon it. Bringing together those thoughts of fire as the freer of man to think, and the fashioner of metals for weapons and tools, with the lightning bolt that licked up the offering on the altar, that set ablaze the sacred oak if struck (such fire, holy and kindled solemnly at every altar or hearth by the torch brought thence, or, if the fire was ritually produced by friction, the very woody substance of the oak manifested its mystic co-substantiation with the lightning bolt, and the blazing sun); all these together in various degrees fashioned the tragic tale of Prometheus, the friend of man, in rebellion for man's sake, against the god idea still claiming monopoly, though long outgrown and ever more cruel and

offensive; the good Titan who suffers for his championship an atrocious long-drawn-out revenge on the stormy summits of Caucasus.

Always the setting free of man to think has brought in the anguish of thought. Always the thinker has been at war against the thoughtless who think they serve God when they mechanically continue custom and wont. Always in the name of the social God of yesterday is the Saviour of to-morrow done to death, or tortured at least to give to all posterity proof of his sincerity, and enthrone him in the praises of after time.

These and like tragic thoughts well up concerning forethought, thwarted forethought, afterward adored in the very glory of the pyre on which, as Heracles, we burned him alive, with Joan of Arc, and Giordano Bruno; and together with them appears one, in likeness as the Son of Man, to accuse us so that we cover our faces for shame.

Everywhere we have some kind of Promethian legend. From Zeus, the God in the zenith, the Lord of the lightning bolt, the mysterious whisperer in the branches of his sacred oak, who concealed his spark in the flint (symbol of the Almighty Father in the ritual of the Great White Rock of the Omahas, for instance, and for the matter of that anywhere else on the earth), was the fire stolen, and so was independence declared for man. He could now kindle as he chose. He had the flint. He had the sacred firesticks. He might carry the flame from the altar whither he pleased, and put fear into the brute creation, declaring the lordship of man.

No sooner has Prometheus, the Titan, the fore-thinker and provider, accomplished this feat on behalf of the race, than he is assailed by new torments and tortures and horrors, subtler, more persistent, against which there is no protection, and the beak of Zeus' eagle rends day by day the vitals of the god-man. Against the brute eyes the fire might prevail, but the leisure by the fireside is assailed by hauntings of thought, cosmic fears of the unknowable and incomprehensible order; and, most intimate and paralysing yet, the fear of the lurking brute in ourselves, the Satan, the Suti, the Ahriman, the devil unloosed that can with fire do things more terrible and wicked than with the weaponed hand of wrath. He thinks of the burning of the temples and shrines of Troy, which entailed the vengeance of the Gods on the hosts that had with their approval laid siege to her; of the burning of Rome, and any other centre of civilisation by Gaul, Goth, Vandal, Hun, or infinitely wickedder, the German; of whatsoever may symbolically represent the new fear associated with fire, the hell, man can impose upon himself, when he wields the new power that sets him free from wild beasts and paralysing cold and dark, but frees also something within him that escapes his control.

It is an ancient story with a thousand variations. Guy Fawke's Day in great Britain is its comic remnant; the bonfires of our street urchins ignorantly memorialise it. A solemn Biblical remembrance to which we have alluded is the three children, walking in the midst of the fiery furnace, and with them one, a fourth, in the likeness of the Son of Man!

Now the second major association of red is with blood. In blood, from primitive times, the life was believed to inhere. Hence various taboos among various peoples, concerning "the blood, which is the life thereof," and the use of blood in purifying sacrifice and atoning rite. Since Harvey's discovery we know it to be all that the savage had divined. Although we describe the process of its function more intelligibly, it is the blood that bears and distributes the nourishment of the whole body. With our microscopic learning we are not much wiser in one respect than primitive man: to live one must slay, it would seem. Terrible as it may appear to us, to live means to capture the materials which inferior organisms (now known to be akin to us, as primitive man so universally believed) have themselves in turn captured and transmuted. To slay for food was to shed blood, to display the red, secret sources of life. The battle for room upon the earth meant slaying the fellow man. The prowess unto victory, even more than the wrath of the fierce, of the jealous, and the envious, gave its meaning to red. The red-blooded man was the man that shed most of the red blood. Yet if the red slayer think he slay, in course of time, divining rather than discovering the mysteries of kinship, he knows also that the blood he sheds is after all his own. The courage of the slain enemy is coveted. The display of the red blood of the foe is prophetic to him of the time when his own blood will be shed. "Seeing red" does not then necessarily mean being full of wrath. Your barbarous Achilles may

for Patroclus' sake mishandle the body of Hector, his gallant foe; yet it is not long ere his mood melts, and he realises that he must follow, himself, in the footsteps of the slain. He yields the dead body willingly, at the plea of the old man Priam, the bereaved father of the defeated champion. Little by little the barbarous meaning of blood-effusion becomes mystic and religious, passing into the rites of spiritual adoption and divine communion.

3

Very early indeed is blood associated with *kinship* and the adoption of friend as brother is carried on by some transfusion or simultaneous effusion of blood. If the mother's blood, shared ere birth, cannot be shared now, then brave men may shed their blood together and mingle it sacramentally, ere they mingle it again on the same side in the common fight, for whatever they may deem the paramount interest of life. Who can tell how soon the organic miracle was pondered of the change of mother's blood to mother's milk, the red turning to white, the fire of heroism transmitted from generation to generation, becoming the innocent tenderness at the cherishing breast, even as the white flintstone was the seed of the lightning? Primitive man pondered, at all events, we know, these things deeply; and derived thence many rituals and sacraments, intimate and convincing, for secret initiation—rites of adoption by transfusion and mutual transubstantiation, which degenerated finally often into mere dogmatic miracles—or a stated method for the decoration of a public ceremony with formal pomp

through the media of secondary symbols, which must be treated as what they manifestly are not.

4

Having spoken of fire and of blood, both as that of slayer and slain, and that of kindred, the other meanings are clear of themselves. If blood was the life thereof—then red was the blood of the blood, and whatever was bloody, sprinkled or smeared with it, or merely tinted with its colour, became alive and life-giving.

So, the dawn and the sunset got their tremendous ritual values. Take the instance of the Vedic worship of Agni so beautifully domestic—the head of the house rising to kindle the fire on the turf altar, with the two woods, or earthly parents thereof, so as to impart life to the Dawn and offer to it the golden butter wherewith the day should be made glorious! This is surely full of a poetry we can understand even thousands of years later in our urban or suburban sophistication. Similarly in the ancient Persian religion one of the six cosmic elements, or archangels surrounding, clothing, obeying, and manifesting the Lord Omnipotent and Omniscient—is Fire, seen in the surviving more ancient sungod Mitra, Mithras, and he himself is the spiritual law that melts the metals of the material kingdom of heaven. This may be less immediately intelligible—but is not, when understood, less inspiring. To this day the disciples of Zarathustra, who was born and reared near Lake Urumiah in the mineral-oil district of northwest Persia, are called fire-worshippers because of the sacramental use of fire. Moore's "Lallah Rookh" is not so much read, we fear

to-day, but, alas, neither are the Gathas or Psalms of the Great Prophet much more generally known than a century ago!

At all events we can all understand what the Pawnee high priest, Tahirussawichi, means when he tells us, commenting on the red paint used in the ceremony of adoption, how the high Life of the Sun is to take possession of our thoughts as the red colour is spread over the forehead of the initiate.

Red lips, red eyes, the glow of health, the glow at the altar hearth, speak for themselves; so does the red gorge of the wild beast ready to devour; and red Hell mouth yawning its scarlet maw to Heaven; and earth in the sunrise or sunset glory,—all these speak directly to us still. The blood of the red-blooded man who sheds blood to live, but, remembering his mother, mingles his blood with his fellow, dies on the gory field for his folk and their cause, or ascends his pyre as Heracles or Jeanne d'Arc, and mounts to heaven as Elijah in the chariot of fire drawn by the horses of fire—the very lightning and thunder of the cosmic storm—all this needs little elucidation to be brought home to our hearts.

We can summarise then. The red of our stripes is the fire of our zeal for hearth, home, and altar, the new sanctuary created by reaching into heaven itself for the releasing lightning bolt, so fencing-in domestic and civilised privacies from the brutal wilderness without; and it is the blood, the zeal of the heart shown in courage and self-sacrifice, outpoured for the ideal.

Our red stripes consecrate our fire and our blood, and they wave alive in the wind of God for the cause to which we are called. Not the might of Assur, or

Rome even, shall prevail. Hun, Vandal, even German, however steeled against a spiritual understanding, must learn the greater might of the heart of love! The virtue of Regulus was greater than the hate of Carthage. The hate of the foe—like Hamilcar's and Hannibal's—was terrible indeed, but how much more terrible is the hate for the fiend in the foe, which scorns to soil the soul and weaken the creative hand by considerations of revenge as such?

The enemy cannot assimilate us. We will tread the winepress alone. If we ride on in majesty, and the cry of our garments be crimson, it shall not be his cry of destruction turned against himself with which they shall be eloquent. Yea, we shall be red, and see red, but we shall not be dyed in the blood of victims, as he. We shall glow rather in the glory of our own, like that of the dying God in the West, who dies a victorious, vicarious sacrifice to rise again more resplendent and lifegiving in the East.

And at the final rising of our glory shall even the enemy fall down and worship. He shall curse himself only for his madness of hate and lust, for his destruction of treasures of culture, and holy shrines, the unique creations of departed genius. He will cry to the mountains "fall upon us!" But the mountains will refrain lest they crush him, and abridge his torture and his redemption in hell.

He shall see red—ay, the whole heaven shall be crimson for him.

And he shall cry terribly in anguish, "Where may I hide my shame from thy dawning Beauty, thy Mother Love, thy Pyre of self-oblation, the Fire of immortal divine Life?"

CHAPTER IV

THE HOLY NUMBER SEVEN OR IMPOSING ON THE EARTH THE RHYTHM OF HEAVEN, THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

BUT our red stripes in the flag are seven! Our stripes, our stairway upwards, yes, up and out of the very flag itself, lead through fire, and demand our blood.

But why are they seven? Seven steps? Must they be seven to rhyme with heaven? That were English only, and our flag utters its passionate commission in an ancients tongue.

Now in order that we may intelligently use this flag of ours, remember always that it is not what it is by accident. At all events, it is meaningful in colour, design, and also in its abstract number relation. It constitutes speech addressed to the eye. If words themselves are meaningful it is because meanings have been arbitrarily associated with certain sounds. The appeal to the eye is just like the appeal to the ear, only more immediate. As we have seen, primitive man thought entirely in pictures, in metaphors and symbols. He expressed his desires, his aspirations, his yearnings and fears in the terms of familiar animals and plants, which stood to him for certain appetites, virtues, vices. He saw and felt about him certain presences, the air, the water, the earth, the fire, ulti-

mately called elements. When he wanted to talk of human spiritual things he substantiated them in terms of air. Life borrowed its expression from water or fire. For the cool and reflective type, water served; for the passionate life, fire. The earth was the mother of all living, the storehouse of food. The heavenly bodies became a transcendental language of good fortune, the constellations were a text book in character definition, pleasing to the Gods or else not lifted so on high for eternal view and worship.

But the colours presented probably the earliest pigments for the expression of the passions. Red stood for blood and for coals of fire, and later for hot metal. Yellow was the sun and the salted flame; blue was the sky, and it might be light blue of day or the dark blue of the clear night as men began to notice the difference of shades, and distinguish blue from grey or black; white was primarily the cirrus or cumulus cloud mounting to the zenith; the cirrus clouds perhaps suggested the angels to primitive man; but white stood also for the stainless hoar frost and the broad glare of the noonday. Green was inevitably the benign hope of spring vegetation, and at times it bore the malign connotation suggested by the eyes of the wild beast. Brown was the colour of dear mother earth, of the bark of the trees, of the hulls of the nuts upon which man fed. Grey stood for the clouds when they usher in the rain. These then constituted the ordinary ritual language of man. When later he became more intellectual, as we say, and began to think more abstractly about things, even then they helped to shape that vocabulary which continues to this very day on the lips of the most civilised.

But numbers amazed man more than colour. Here there was indeed something extraordinary. The same number might apply to men and trees and wild beasts alike. One might use the same number concerning one's family, or the stars in the sky. To primitive man this was truly dumbfounding, awe-inspiring, this detachableness of numbers. True, colour could be applied, but one needed some material pigment for the operation. Number could freely be separated from things, and reconnect without alteration to itself or to the things themselves. Its operation was truly mystical. It was *ghostly*. So the thinking man of the very earliest time used numbers for other purposes than notching scores. He visualised them, as known in their most significant first relation, for naturally his pattern of predilection tended to impose a meaning on the ordered units, since he had no abstract arbitrary numerical signs to desubstantiate and dehumanise them. So moral ideas and spiritual ideals therefore got themselves uttered in primitive times through numbers. Now this is very hard for us to understand. We don't seem at first to adjust ourselves to the point of view it implies. Is there anything colder, less concerned with man's welfare and desire than number? Arithmetic surely has no soul of poetry. Yet it was not always so, and it is quite certain that one cannot understand our flag unless he is patient, and goes back to those primitive associations of the numbers employed in its design and composition. But with the initial patience, one will soon find that to recreate the vocabulary of primitive man is fascinating sport.

Now to early man number did not appeal as such.

It was merely a way of stating the rhythm of motion, or the arrested rhythm he perceived in the world that shammed at being dead. To him all was essentially like himself, alive. If the everlasting hills didn't skip like rams, it was because they were resting, engaged in meditation or sleep. If the forests remained rooted steadfastly, it was that they had satisfactorily chosen their homes, their society, and didn't care just then to rove. Rain came to them, and sunshine and the animals and the birds, for company and gossip. And their spirits could float forth at night, like a man's in his dream, and visit the world's farthest corner. All was then to primitive man movement, actually proceeding, or suspended for the nonce. Things "froze," lest they be detected in their more intimate spiritual life.

To man, therefore, there was no such thing as chance. Here were two of a kind, three of a kind, four of a kind? Why two, or three, or four? If they were alive like man—perhaps the same reason would apply to them that applied to man? Why two men? three men? four men? six men? Perhaps the motives of men and the habitual moods of men would explain the rhythm of the world.

On the other hand, once number was found to prevail unchangeably and regularly, it had a new importance.

What the number humanly meant was exalted and exhibited to impart meaning—to convey command. Surely then the four seasons, the four points of the compass, or rather corners of the world, the twelve signs of the zodiac must have a message, a mystery to convey to the devout initiate.

Like to like, man found. Birds of a feather flock together. If we assume the number of a heavenly phenomenon, who knows but the spirit of it will possess us more readily? If four men hunting together remember that they are four, perhaps they will magically include the corners of the world in their survey, and get game as they couldn't alone. Perhaps if six nations banded together, they would be more capable of fighting the great fight of the Red Man—just because they were six, and six is the number of the earth, together with the Zenith and Nadir (as we say in Arabic terms), the place of the sun at noon of day, and that of the sun at the noon of night, the places respectively of the uttermost light and heat, and the unknown underworld, the mystery after death.

To arrange things then or acts in the rhythm of a certain number or form, did at least impart a subjective colouring, and that sufficed to verify for man the whole magic of number. If he notched the number or inscribed its form-symbol, or even made over it the sign with meaningful intention, blessing or curse—the object or man was “numbered” in a spiritual sense. To place the Number of the Beast in the forehead of the evil was to damn them. They were branded as his by right; but more, the very character of his number took possession of their essential being.

Now it is not safe to despise primitive man for such so-called superstitions and absurd over-beliefs. They did, as all beliefs tend to, create their own proofs. Start me out on Friday the 13th of the month, and let me take berth 13, and sit down with 13 men to a meal, all in the same day—and suppose I believe

that Friday and 13 are unlucky, the sheer fear and melancholy will avail to bring into being mischances, to give a malign turn to events, if only by my hesitation, my self-consciousness.

Had I, on the contrary, been told that Friday was the day of Freya, the Goddess of Love (as witnessed by our name of the day in English and German), the day of Venus (as witnessed by the French *Vendredi* and the Italian *Venerdi*), had I been told that 13 was the number of the original United States, of the stripes in the flag, and the very spell-binding symbol of our unity; that further, to the Christian, Friday is always a lesser Good Friday, memorialising the day on which the God-man died to relieve men from the damnation of their gross misconceptions of God, their Father, and that He, Jesus, "made good," and the day was His as hero—and was good; and that 13 was His number when, seated at His last supper, He himself broke the bread of life, and passed about the loving cup, so that 13 meant His holy presence, giving the love of His high manly heart and the contagion of His godly sacrifice—well, dear reader, how would our friend have fared who started out on his journey on Friday the 13th of the month, with pullman berth 13, to sit down at a chance meal of 13 souls?

So thoughts are things.

So expectations create.

And so numbers were to our forefathers, for whom they were endowed with meaning and magical power, verily and objectively predestinating mysteries.

Let us consider now in order a number of ancient

associations of seven, constituting its supposed sacred power:

1. The consideration from popular chronology, or the practical unit-measure of time;
2. The two suggestions derived from astronomy; that is from the planets or heavenly "roamers";
3. From the chief constellations near the arctic pole;
4. The meaning suggested by the colours of the rainbow;
5. The religious tradition of our own Pueblo Indians, explaining the original choice of sites for their mesa villages;
6. And last, three senses that inhere in the supposed constitution of number, and the mystical power of it, as a meaningful sum of meaningful numbers, themselves endowed with power.

These six instances of the special sacredness of seven should suffice us surely as inquirers into the latent meaning of the patent fact—that the red stripes of the flag are seven.

I

THE WEEK OF SEVEN DAYS

That time—the stuff life is made of—must be measured, goes without saying. Save in the arctic zone, there are day and night; there are in the temperate belt the more or less markedly distinct four seasons; there are the four phases of the moon that make together a month, and offer ready to hand a week of seven days. But man has not everywhere, by any means, accepted that arrangement. As the necessity

for measuring time didn't arise in the heavens, but in practical affairs, it was in them that the first unit of measure was sought. In other words man didn't observe a periodicity in the moon, and like young lovers,—good lunatics—calculate for the full moon to fall at a convenient time of night!

The need of rhythm is too deep for analysis. Yet one can observe its function. Things are not all different in appearance. I note naturally what is like its predecessor, but less carefully than it. One cow. Yes. Two cows. Of course. Three—well, why bother—unless they are mine, or my neighbour's in my corn? But differences strike the attention more forcibly. One rabbit, ah!—a skunk—then a fox—then a bear—that's exceedingly interesting, and gets told by the campfire.

So then similar experiences might be mistaken for the same; and with the sense of sameness the mind becomes incapable of attention, but for the supervision of that ordering of like experiences in a recurrent rhythm. Who, for instance, on a long weary march has not some time in his life counted telegraph poles to ease the way? Who has not, counting fence posts at a distance, organised them, for the eye, in groups of three? Here we touch the profound principle of rhythm in its practical function, so primitive and universal as to require no explanation. At all events, without stated periodicity, of some sort, such as is brought into life by seasons, life would be incredibly monotonous. How one misses in California their accentuation by real weather contrasts! The still larger rhythm, made by the ages of man, would, of course, escape us, except in the count of generations.

For practical purposes a lesser rhythm than that of the seasons is necessary, and man early creates it for himself by imposing on the flow of the days some arbitrary measurement. Seven seems to be, in the long run, on the whole, the victorious number for this measuring out of time, the stuff of which life is made, into easily calculable periods.*

Whatever one's Sabbatarian notions—whether Puritan, Seventh Day Adventist, or an advocate of the continental Sunday for rest only and recreation—makes in this connection but little difference. Seven means to us the week—the rhythm brought into our work-a-day world, and the vindication of “Jack’s” right not to be “a dull boy,” for play he must have; a check on economic pressure of such as work for themselves, lest they, being their own masters, become the worst slaves. Whatever our fate at church, seven means for us the day off from school when we were children. All this, and ever so much more, any one can recall will suffice to make the “seven” of our flag seem interesting.

So in harmony with the normal *rhythm of man's life* shall and must be the ascent up the “stairway”

* Much learned information may be had, some not a little humorous, in Hutton Webster's *Rest Days* (Macmillan 1916) where are recounted as well as can be told to-day the stories of man's efforts at the establishment of some practical rhythm in that astonishing institution, the week. Three, and four, and five, each had its chance of choice. Its popularity was tried extensively. But seven superseded all rivals.

At the time of the French Revolution, the decimal system having been made a sort of token of reform (the older systems survive in English money, and in our weights and measures) the week also was to be of ten days. But the months remained to make the system difficult. Renaming them very picturesquely, didn't change them to ten, and soon the whole plan lost favour, and France returned to the Babylonian week which the Jews brought into the mediterranean world.

through fire, and blood, passion and power, enthusiasm and sacrifice.

We can't, and we shouldn't, try to make that ascent a matter of spurts, of spasms; of day and night sleepless self-nagging and pushing and hawling and lashing unto weariness, disgust, giving up—or unto despair and suicide. Up, ever up, in an orderly, sensible, rhythm-governed way; because letting go at night, working harder by day; because of the holiday, putting hope and joy and the spirit of play into the work of progress.

2

THE SEVEN PLANETS OR HEAVENLY ROAMERS

Now the very reason why the Babylonian week prevailed is to be sought doubtless in the heavens. Shepherds watched by night, so shepherds became astronomers. In dry lands like Egypt and Mesopotamia the stars are very conspicuous. Farmers always found the science of astronomy of service to them. To this day the old almanacs circulate, with their odd freightage of folk-lore and gossip: always the ancient signs of the zodiac and the planets indicated—memories of astrology, and of an intimate affection for the appearance of the heaven. Unluckily for us, modern astronomy is so eruditely busy with spectro-analysis and all kinds of remote mathematical calculations, that we forget the “friendly stars” as friends and fellows. The poems of Arnold and George Meredith on the subject of “how they calm the soul,” and how they assure man of a “universe akin to him” are only for the learned. “Twinkle, twinkle, little star—how I

wonder what you are" and "the big dipper" is about all most folks seem to have at their fingers' ends nowadays! Pretending to the science of astronomy as taught, or not taught, in schools, they have lost the art of telling the hour by the constellations, of distinguishing the planets from the fixed stars!

But primitive man knew his fixed nightly display exceedingly well. All the stars were numbered, grouped, the groups fancifully united by outlines, and these likened to objects and creatures and persons—and named accordingly and loved or feared.

Every one could at a glance distinguish the planets or roamers from the fixed stars. They were—the golden sun, the silver moon, red Mars, tiny Mercury, white Jupiter and whiter Venus, and yellowish Saturn, to give them their Roman names, substituted for older ones, designating Gods and Goddesses of curiously equivalent attributes or function. Now that we know the earth not to be the centre of the universe—she becomes a planet too; the moon is our earth's satellite and very dead, they say, and has lost her man with "lanthorn" and faggot, her white rabbit on his haunches, and the fair lady; the sun is a fixed star, and no planet, worse luck, and not nearly so much interested in us as men used to think, though our interest in the sun grows day by day; Uranus and Neptune, on the other hand, have been added to the number of the planets, so, without the earth, we still have seven: Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune and Uranus. We surely are in luck in not having this association damaged for us moderns. To be sure we are not counting the earth; for she we stand on is not by us, think as we may, felt as a heavenly roamer,

a planet. Being celestially invisible to us, she falls for us into another order of being.*

So then our ascent up the stairway by passion shall be in accord with the law of the planets; they are roamers, each having his own apparent path through the heavens, but all return by a law, in rhythm. Indeed, leaving Ptolemaic for Galilean astronomy, our moral becomes all the clearer.

Let each planet fly at its own rate in its own orbit about the sun. Its own orbit is the only right way for it to travel. Let not Mars folk, the martial; malign Mercury people, the mercurial; or Zeus persons, the jovial, jeer at Saturn mooners, the Saturnine. Even Venus-devotees manage to keep in the running, and look very handsome, though they pass through phases like good lunatics.

Our progress is not stiff, chartered once only, ordered by a single norm. Our progress must, viewing us as a people, be according to the seven planets, none left out, and each in his due place, and held in equal honour.

3

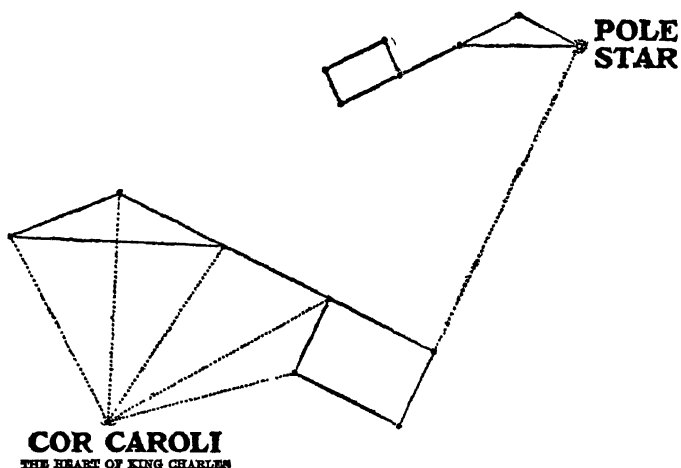
THE NORTHERN CONSTELLATION

But even ere the planets were distinguished, and their apparent movements chronicled, another influence must have already been exercised to make seven sacred or sinister. (Incidentally let us observe that to "primitive man, "sacred" and "sinister," or men-

* Observe that "seven heavens" are derived from the planets, and give an added feeling doubtless, since we speak of the "seventh" heaven when we mean supreme divine ecstasy.

acing are not contradictory ideas. What is holy belongs to the Gods and is to be feared—the contact avoided or carefully regulated, lest their wrath be aroused never so little through offence or neglect.) Yonder, see, about the polestar moves the most conspicuous of constellations circling to guard, or vainly prowling to attack and destroy, that little star of guidance, the only one that is steadfast, about whom the whole heavens move.

In our days of back-stoop, family water-bucket, we called it the “dipper,” with which we scooped up what refreshment the celestial spectacle had for us; and the ancient Egyptians saw in it the constellation of



Suti, the Destroyer, their Satan, the ox-leg, or club; or even fantastically figuring out the lines (with all the usually ignored lesser stars of the constellation) of his wild ass, or of some hybrid monster, half crocodile, half hippopotamus! Many were the uses and

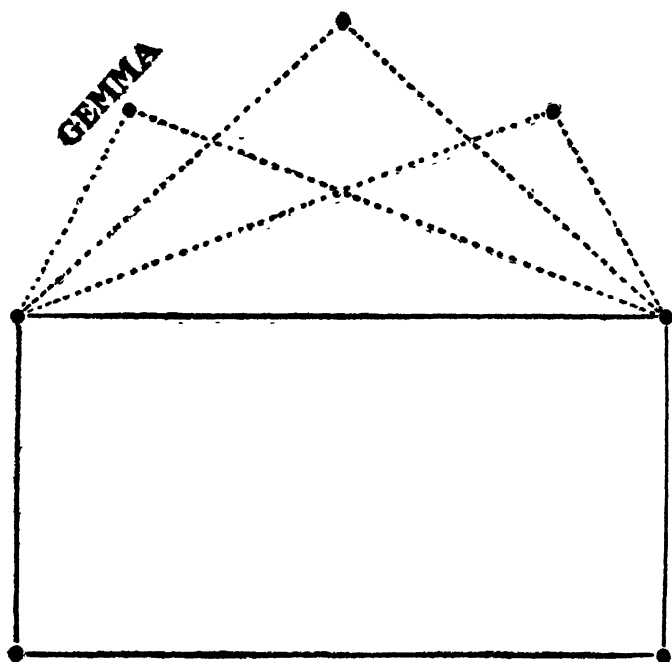
interpretations of Septentrio. This constellation was King Arthur's, and Fiona McLeod has written the last word on that sweet Celtic myth. But unalterably the star had a certain figure, a square or diamond of four stars: four as the points of the compass, two of them serving as pointers to the pole; and away from them lead three in a gentle curve, or, disposed, if you please, in a very flat triangle: three, the number of the family,—father and mother and child; a little over them and equally near to each parent. The foursquare world, that is to say, and the family; there were the two components of our constellation: the square, and the triangle nascent out of the straight line.

But more astonishing to the primitive mind, the pole star is the last and loneliest of a similarly numbered and shaped star-group, and as for relative position exactly the reverse of Septentrio, except that it opens in the same way as the dipper to scoop up the water of refreshment. There they face each other, Ursa Major and Minor—to the Latins the great and the little bear—in identical form and opposite position.

But there is not far from the Pole a lovely constellation, with little Gemma as the most brilliant of the fellowship, quite in the shape of a royal crown. That is significant—a long rectangle, and three distinctly in a shorter straight line parallel to the rectangle, or conceivably organising a system of three triangles with its upper side as base; and we get seven again by the same sum of four plus three.

Not far again lies the vast club, or mace rather, of Hercules, to protect the polestar from the assault of the Dragon or the Great Bear, should she turn surly against her cub. It consists of a large diamond

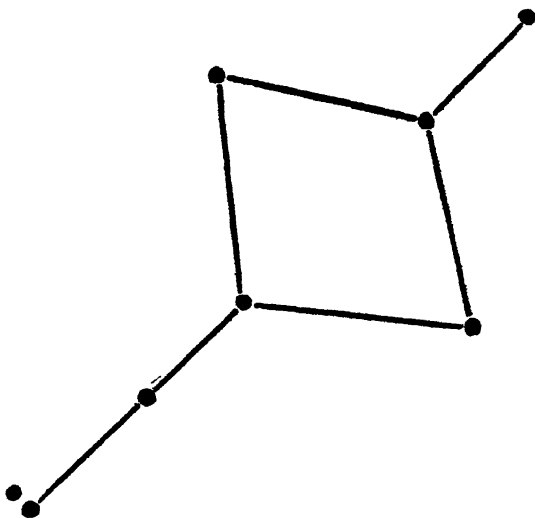
—a bit the worse for wear (clearly Hercules has had to use his mace frequently through the ages, and perhaps who knows, in defence also of the crown?) and to the diamond are added two stars toward the pole, making the handle to the mace, and one star appears



CORONA

on the side away from the pole, as the point of a spike to make the mace more deadly. Here again we have four and three, but the three this time is ordered to include the four. The world delivers the blow, the parents of the family swing the club, but what wounds the dragon and defends the crown is evermore—the child!

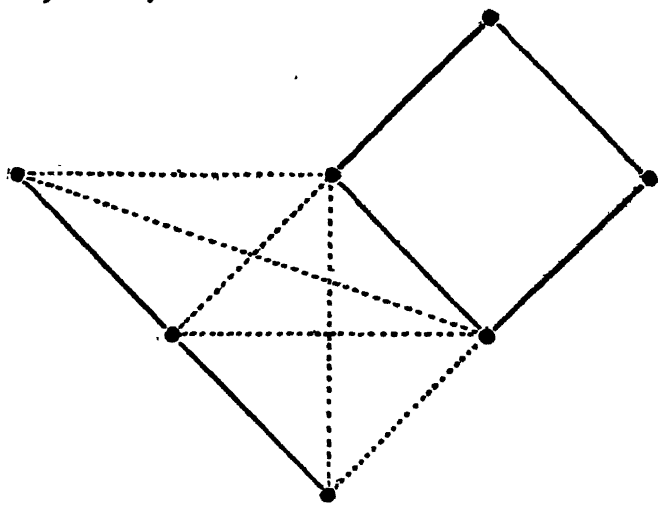
Cassiopeia, guarding the pole, on the other side from that occupied by Hercules, is a beautiful figure often called by the casual admirer a W. It is also supposed to consist of a square, the glass of Venus, and of a crooked handle. But taking the figure that results from connecting with lines the most conspicuous stars, we obtain a square and three stars in a straight line, parallel to one side of it, at about the



MACE OF HERCULES

same length of interval from each other as the sides of the square. The straight line, divided in two equal parts, can define four triangles on the base of the line—or three on the base offered by the nearest side of the square. Here a glance at our diagram is necessary. We are, of course, only taking into consideration the most conspicuous stars, so in verifying what is here said, it is best to scan the heavens before the

night has quite set in, when the stars of less magnitude are still invisible. Many other figures could be drawn with the same points fixed; but if your mind is possessed by the spiritual significance in primitive times of square and triangle, by the sacred numbers, four and three respectively, the figures here drawn would inevitably suggest themselves as we find that they actually did.



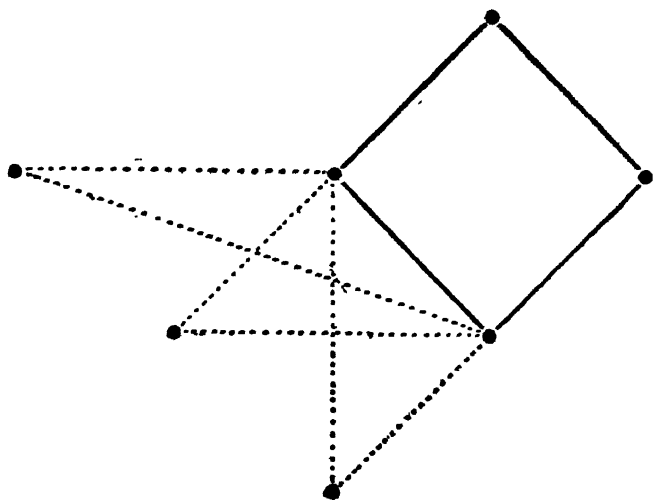
CASSIOPEIA

The great conspicuous constellation Orion seems to be designed on the same general symbolic plan.

We shall call a halt here as to the constellations. Suffice it that in the North, whence man took his orientation, the number seven conspicuously prevailed. So, being interpreted in terms of this striking phenomenon, we read our seven stripes in the flag again:

Our progress is to be upward through power and passion, but it is to be guided by that region of the hea-

ven which appears to change the least. What is most steadfast—the pole, its aggressor, its defender and the crown of him who guides himself by the star, and the mirror of one's illumined countenance, wherein one can see the true divine beauty ;—these will and must bless us in that toilsome upward progress, with the one intention they so insistently reiterate, the four-square world and the threefold family, held in relation



CASSIOPEIA

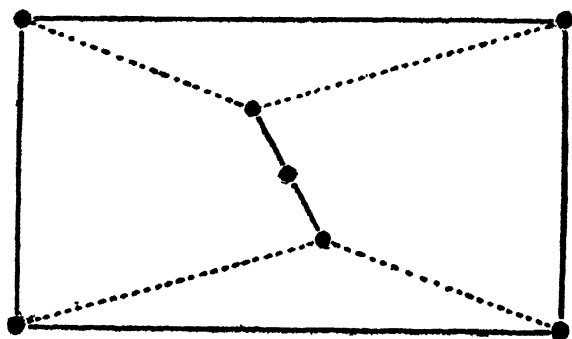
one with another, achieving enterprise, defence, glory and mystic self-knowledge.

4

THE COLOURS OF THE BOW OF PROMISE, OR THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS

But we must hasten to enumerate two more, of less special and literary, and therefore of greater surviving

validity. There is a rainbow in the heaven. Long before the story of Noah called it a token of a covenant with his children by the Semitic God (who, weary of his own creation, had spleenfully destroyed it all, but for one single man Noah, preserved chiefly as an ancestor for Israel we greatly fear, rather than by reason of peculiar virtue) men did love and devoutly study that ravishing elusive loveliness which spanned the earth after storm, of all heavenly phenomena (but for the auroras of the polar regions, unknown in the temperate and subtropic zones having therefore exercised no important part in myth) the most startling and worshipful vouchsafed to the rapturous eye of man.



ORION

It was the bridge from earth to heaven for ancient Persia and for ancient Norsemen alike; it played much the same part in Indian mythology. Its use in the Books of Daniel and of the Revelation is known to all. Look at it directly: it is red, it is yellow, it is dark blue (indigo), three primary colours; between the three lie two natura¹ mixtures, orange and green,

and if you carry the indigo around to the red you would have purple, or violet, that hovers actually at the scarce visible edges for the eye. Seven colours of the rainbow? Yes, if you include the white of the day, and exclude the opposite black of night, the inky black of the spent storm. The divine totality of goodness and its opposite of evil? How suggestive of the Supreme Ormazd and his six archangels of light, lords respectively of metals, fire and living souls, of earth, of water, of plant life, hovering outside the red edge!

Here again we have a whole drama of the spirit. No wonder if the emerald bow (only hope—the green—named) surround the very throne of God in the vision of the Persian-taught Daniel, and the later prophets of his school, like the authors of the Book of Enoch, and John of Patmos.

Now our meaning thence derived would be: our progress as indicated by the seven red stripes must be governed by seven also, in so far as seven refers to the “seven colours of the rainbow”; governed, that is, by variety in unity, by the perfect arch of heaven, through which the hosts of angels pursuing the demon of the storms do pass in triumph by the bridge from manhome to Godhome. It is by hope, by believing no cataclysm can wipe out our deluged race ere it attain to its perfection, by an exquisite variety in unity, the world “four” emanating as it were from the “three” of the family,—it is from this hope and this radiant faith that we derive our highest courage to mount that stairway of fire and blood up and on out of the very flag itself.

THE PUEBLO QUEST OF THE TRUE CENTRE

Our Zuni friends have much to teach us in their pueblos. Theirs is perhaps the most astounding "Book of Genesis." Their dances have attracted the painter as well as the student of ritual. Perhaps, however, their single most characteristic contribution is what we shall call their "doctrine of the Right centre." North and east and west and south are the holy spaces of the heaven. To be equally near to the rise as to the set of the sun, equally near the place of heat and drought and the place of cool and refreshment of winter storms—that is well and good. One can only, however, be sure that one is nearest to those four spaces when one is also nearest to the zenith, where hovers the divine presence in the sun's noon, and to the mysterious region below, we call the Nadir, where dwell the "kaka," and all those that have gone before, like the chthonic deities of Hellas. To seek that equidistant point, to find it, to settle there—at the True Centre, that was an ideal which caused the people again and again to treck, and leave behind, mesa, village, tillage, roads, cisterns, rock stairs, storage chambers and irrigation ditches, and, worse yet, their sacred places. At last it was revealed to them that wherever the right minded and right hearted worshipper stood, there, and there only, is that sacred spot, the Centre nearest to all earthly points, to the heaven of the living God and to the home of the dear departed. Here we have once more our seven, and, in a way, that is essentially Babylonian and Egyptian

quite as much as Zuni; and its cosmic message is clear at once.

Our ascent up the stairway of fire and blood shall be seven also in this, that we are reassured as to each stage of the progress. We need not be in feverish, anxious haste. Wherever we are, if we seek to knit our ties to what is sacred and to God in especial, there, on whatever step we stand, though the lowest, for the time being there is for us (since *there* it is we alone yet can be) the place where it is good for us to be (though not to tarry), the nearest for us to all that is good and holy. Every step of our progress, then, is as an inevitable step in the stairway equally fit to rejoice in and triumph through, and just because it leads on to the next, and the last would bid us pass beyond.

6

THE MEANINGFUL DERIVATION OF SEVEN

We have now to state our last sacred association of seven, which can and should impart meaning to our crimson stripes. Seven we saw, incidentally to the form of the polar constellation, was as a number got by the sum of four and three, the numbers respectively of the earth and of the family.

But it is also derivable with even greater social interest by considering the working week with its tabooed day or sabbath. Six means work, aching self-consciousness in effort unto brutal fatigue and temporary death each night. The added unit, making it seven, provides for rest, family life, social recreation, worship—rapture passing to ecstasy; and the week was supposed to be got perhaps through dividing the lunar month of 28 days by its four phases—the num-

ber four of the earth's cardinal points or corners—yielding *seven*, which had so acquired in this other way a far more human interpretation.

By our ascent up the stairway of fire and blood shall we arrive at our Sabbath, our true Sun-of-righteousness-day—our attainment of that for the which God bids us mount.

But lastly the number seven is derived also by adding three to three, and then super-adding one. This seems at first just the same as the last, but it is for primitive and mystical man nothing of the sort.

One family? that is well; a social unit, father, mother, child. Another family? That is better—it enriches the world. But these two families under one roof? The proverb needs no comment.

The strife of man with man becomes the severer, because it is competition for game, hunting and fishing grounds, involving in each case the life of a child. Tigress and lioness are proverbially far fiercer than their males—when the fight seems to be for the young.

Closely associate three to three then, and your net result is such bitter fighting that extermination, if they are equally strong and clever, must supervene.

Now add to the six—signifying embittered strife between two families—the seventh: a common ancestor God, the Father of Light, or a common child (grandson, offspring of their children, scion) the Son of man,—and your “seven” becomes one larger, more resourceful and powerful clan; and it signifies the family of God, in virtue of a divine visitation, past or future, yet either way still the visitation of the genius that generates and is progeny unto immortal life.

What we are fain to climb, that steep but steady

ascent—that stairway heavenward of fire and blood—all that the red means for us and that rings vibrantly in the cry of crimson, is by the sevenfoldness of its order made sacred; it causes us to become aware that even now our God abideth verily in our midst. He, our Whence and Whither, also the Indweller likewise of our here and now, the Allayer of strife by the spiritual rest which He procures for us in the day holy to Him and which He imparts after the work, that must else degenerate into mere drudgery, base slavish tension of muscle and nerve. All discords find presently their resolution in His anticipated concord. All oppositions and rivalries, suspicions and hatreds dissolve in the peace of the union which His presence realises for us as Father of us all, who furthermore seeks to be incarnate in the ultimate child of us all, in whom all aspired-to progress has its fulfilment and sublimation.

We can now readily summon to ourselves a consistent and complete vision of our seven red stripes—the stripes that are red and seven, as a unitary symbol. In form and pattern it is the logs of our first forest cabin and home. It is the fence of our first clearing for the safety of our garth and croft. It is a stairway for ascent by degrees, step-by-step progress (not by one volcanic leap or a chariot of fire) out and above all that the field of the flag stands for, toward the “totem” symbol, that is our eagle whose flight is to the zenith.

A progress upward. *Excelsior! supra montem Dei! ad astra!* So much for the form, the pattern.

But the progress is through danger, defiance of battle to the bitter end; the shedding of blood of foe and of friend and self thereto; through the loyalties of

blood-transfusion and loving adoption; through the inspiration of the eternal life, that rises and sets again and again in the glory of passion and heavenly sacrifice.

So much for the light and the colour!

But the progress upward to the Divine ultimate height of aspiration, the very throne of God, is to be by the imposition of the rule of heaven itself; the rhythm number of the week, the number of the heavenly roamers, the eccentric geniuses that nevertheless know each his own orbital law, by the spirit of family tied to family in the common ancestor forefather, or the common scion or reconciling child, the common holy of holies of the God approached and shared in one communion.

So much for the celestial rhythm and mystical number!

Now the form and pattern, the light and colour, the celestial rhythm and mystical number, all three agree in one.

The Red stripes of the flag bid us upward and onward by an earthly path, that is ever the same, although ever refining the path of first battle, and then of sacrifice, then of the blood-brotherhood of adoption unto participation in the larger and ever deeper tribal and national experience of life. They bid us order our regular work, our exceptional genius, our residence on earth and even our inspiration after union with God, according to law; the law namely that is writ plain athwart the heavens themselves, as also deep in the inmost heart of man, for that it is the very law of God himself, of his manifest being:

Orderly growth, organic, specific, typic and social evolution!

CHAPTER V

ON BEING WHITE, AND LIKE THE BRIGHT AND SHINING ONE

ALL our popular phrases, our really vital slang, have much to teach us about ourselves.

The "drummer's" "delivering the goods," the miner's "striking it rich," the young man "going out west" and "making good,"—all these are really precious symptoms that tell of America's health.

As we approach the white of the flag in the six stripes and in the five pointed stars as well, we can do no better than take up, first and foremost, such phrases of our own popular coinage as:—"being white" and "treating another man white."

They come to us from the fact that part of a superior race has become guardian to a part of another one, which never, on its own continent in historic centuries, has been able to travel far toward culture and civilisation. Their inferiority is clearly witnessed by many ascertained facts in comparative physiology and psychology. The fact, however, that their little children approximate the likeness of the Caucasian, as the young of the higher apes approximate theirs in turn, to recede later toward their own adult type, makes evident to the naked eye what is the evolutionary line of progress.

I *The "Colour" Question*

In days before men thought of equal rights, black men were bought,—prisoners of war, else doomed to torture; then the stronger among them soon engaged in slave raids for profit; the white man of America was short of "hands" and "feet" and "backs" for burdens. Here were hands and feet and backs. No one asked for brains. If an Ashantee happened to be brought over with the lower-brained Congo, he was a "bad negro," because he resented slavery.

This chapter of chattel slavery closed with us in blood—civil war—and, worse by far, reconstruction orgies of graft and oppression; and they in turn left behind them terrible difficulties of mob-violence, as acquired in the period of self-recovery throughout former slave-states; and, worse still, perhaps, the hypocrisies by which the enforcement of rash Constitutional Amendments (premature, and intended to be punitive), must be systematically evaded, to the great harm, in civic morality, of the white race.

But why recall to mind the unpleasant subject in this or any patriotic connection?

Locking a skeleton in a closet is not wholesome. Out with it into the sunlight! Be a painstaking, shrewd detective, and find out whose it is. Do justice, and then bury it decently. Probably there will be no more ghost to haunt the honest denizen of the house.

Really, if we would see it right, this is not an unpleasant subject. Granted that our war of the States like all civil strife had its dark sides; granted that the effort to reform the South, conservative and agricul-

tural, through the forced uncompensated removal of a—to them—profitable institution, and by those who had been rid of it themselves, not thanks to moral reform but through its becoming, in their climate and economic system, unprofitable; and its proving soon altogether superfluous, since “hands” and “feet” and “backs” could be had by them cheaper and better from a European immigration, which brought “brains” and kindred habits to boot and constituted besides a desirable lower class, reinvigourating the blood of the earlier settlers; granted that all this was indeed outrageously unfair, yet how else could we, but by civil war, have been brought in the South, after years of obstinate angry sectional politics, to *free the white race* from the immediately agreeable and, to the few, highly profitable handicap, which is involved in a complete personal guardianship of an inferior race?

The white man was after all the real slave of the black; that is, he was bound to the conditions of his mastership. The slave could be disciplined or coddled—and in the long run advanced; but the master was in any case retarded;—and his children—free children—were foster-mothered by slaves, and the best slaves took their unconscious revenge.

Ah, how we can breathe free to-day!

It is all over, that nightmare which tormented our fathers, North and South and West, continually, for half a century; and which cost a half century afterwards of Southern recuperation, and of Northern slow but sure submergence under wave after wave of immigration—till it is to-day the South perhaps alone that preserves, still alive and self-reproductive, the elder Americanism for the nation.

But out of all this more than sectional, really in its reactions altogether national misery and shame, we have got some precious good. Wherein has it benefited us? Compare us then to England, to France, to Italy. We are far more acutely *race-conscious* than any other nation. While we passionately believe in the freedom and civic opportunity of red and black and yellow and brown, who are among us and politically of us; we do not believe in miscegenation. We want free men of pure breeds, so far as that is desirable for the best human values. So we resist Japanese invasion, Chinese invasion, Hindu invasion, or any other, that seems to jeopardise this ideal. It is no question of relative inferiority—as to which is the superior; it is a question mostly of differences too profound to permit of social admixture. This is to be a white nation we say, and mean what we say, every syllable of it, with a conviction born of bitter, costly experience. It is to treat black and yellow, brown and red, as “white” as may be; but “white” for all that, ay, because of it, we shall see that the nation remains! We can have black and yellow and brown and red; at all events here they are. We can’t annihilate any variety nor export it. Yes, we can be polychrome, and in some measure we can glory in being polychrome; but we can’t be the dirty drab nondescript mixture—without clarity of instincts and pride of blood which some belated Rousseau theorists and some sensational demagogues seem to regard as desirable—always, mark you, for others than themselves!

Now all this sort of “race purity” instinct has been awakened in us by the formidable presence of a fast

increasing negro population; and hence it is we are on our guard against race-deterioration in a vital way, as no other nation.

Notice, "being white" does not however involve being literally a man of Caucasian blood; it only requires that, because of purity and pride of blood, one affirms the Ideal of the Caucasian. In that only sense, which supremely counts, we Americans are compelled to believe, by our most cherished political tradition, and our undying optimism, that black man, yellow man, red man and brown man, who are here already, will eventually become "white" in this figurative and moral sense, if they aren't; and, to make them become "white" as fast and furiously as possible, we must start, to be sure, by "treating them white." Remembering that we are "white" in our conduct toward them, we must behave as "white," as "lily-pure white." In plain speech: we must "treat them white" to "make them white," and to keep ourselves from being untrue to the "white" we profess, and do physically proclaim.

Perhaps, to all Americans the word "white" means first of all race-opportunity by co-operation of races; each free to be itself, each freed from the desire to be the other, and therefore to adulterate its blood with the other, and so enter inevitably the path of degeneration and race-suicide; each proud of its service as a race to the family of folk from diverse races which is to constitute this most miraculous experiment in human association called the United States of America.

Oh, for the belated self-respect of the Black Man! How can we speed it? What a boon is Brer-Rabbit!

How Vachel Lindsay's wonderful reconstruction "On the Congo," helps us! How the genius for rhythm that prevails in African blood, when the soul of the negro is free and passionately eager, delivered from the imposed self-contempt derived from chattel slavery, and it doesn't secretly desire to be "white"—in the sense of *untrue to stock*—even at the very throne of God,—but yearns instead and prays to be of the proud lustrous black, "black, but such as in esteem," "might beseem," "that starred Ethiop Queen," "too bright to hit the sense of human sight, and therefore to our darker view o'rlayed with black." * On this subject, how unlike abolitionist propaganda, how wholesomely consoling are the dainty little songs of Blake (A. D. 1797), on the chimney sweeps, black, because they do other men's dirty work of cleaning flues; black because he needs yet to be shielded from the fierce sun, but who has nevertheless an equal place at the Father's knee with the "little white boy," whose brain overtops his heart, and will want his black brother when he's grown.

2 *Mother's Milk, the Flintstone and the Shining One*

But white had meanings very beautiful and holy for all mankind long ere this thrilling, peculiarly American sense was given it by our double-raced nationality.

White is to us who know about the prism the mild and lustrous mother of the colours. Out of white they all arise, and in the white they all cohere. White light is indeed the mother of the rainbow. That this was long divined is clear from our study of the use

* Milton's *Penseroso*.

of colours when Deity is being imaged. Always, at the core of cores is white, but the blinding sort that constitutes "sheen." He is not even golden as the sun, not silvern as the moon, or the lit still waters. He is the intolerable white Shining One, who blazes; before whom man veils his eyes lest he perish of the too beautifully intense Vision of glory.

But the red is the eldest child of the white; eldest by man's prime notice and interest; eldest, by the fact of its being of the lowest vibration, and easiest for the eye to discern; oftenest and in greatest profusion thrown over heaven by sunrise and sunset. But there was a mystic reason for believing all this and more of white. Was not the flint, the seed of the lightning, the Father of the red flower? By Omaha rituals of the so-called "Pebble Society," * this is made convincingly evident. Why else in the Apocalypse was the "white stone" given to him that overcometh, with his name written on it, a "new name"—save as the magical invoker and flinger forth of the divine Bolt in the name of purity? So, also, was not the white milk of the mother's breast the red blood-to-be of the child she nursed? Of her red blood is distilled the white milk; and she in turn knew her mother—the milk of human kindness; till we go back perhaps as in Egypt to the Nile in the sky, the freely spilled galaxy of divine kindness, the Milky Way of Heaven!

True, there is an evil sense of white that lies close here to hand and view. What of him in whom the mother's milk remains milk—the "milk-faced"—the timorous "mother's boy," who could not be "weaned" and initiated into the play and work of man? whose

* See *Leaves of the Greater Bible*, Vol. I, Brentano's.

lips, whose face turn ashen as the leavings of the camp-fire, when the light of wisdom and the heat of courage are spent? and only the false white—the refuse grey—remains?

This however is not really white. The absence of red is not white—it is undefinable grey-brown. The absence of courage is cowardice, not kindness; the sentiments of anemia and neurasthenia are not a higher product of the soul. The strong alone can be truly tender. He alone has the reserve energy, allowing of self-imparting, and difficult self-control. The weak, the tired, if they act at all, are violent. So by natural law only the “red” can have a right to become “white.” The red is on the straight road to white. See the metal heating: first red, then yellow, then white! Only through the red can one arrive at the real white, and by no honourable short cut; no starving, no blood-letting. All life-hating and life-bating and ascetic life-choking, and poisoning at the source, will not and can not help. For red is the legitimate child of white! No hybrid, no bastard, but a bouncing, full-blooded, formidable, proud and proudly avowed child. And in turn he becomes white, and is the shining white child of the glowing red!

By this line of transcendental reasoning concerning colour-kinship we have reached a valuable interpretation of the white of our flag.

The white of the superior, true to the obligations of its privilege, imparting them nobly, so far as may be, to those who are less fortunate! The white of the mother’s milk, of the flint pebbles—the lightning seed!—the white that is not the white of bloodless coward-

ice, but of the superior heating unto the lightning, unto The Shining One, the very Father of Lights!

3 *Direct Nature Associations*

But there are many nature associations of white, each exceedingly precious, to which a mere allusion suffices.

The bloom of Spring—as we see it—dogwood and wild cherry and plum in the forest, everywhere; the white violet and the parnasia; azalia and laurel and rhododendron,—touched with rose, but still white in effect; the daisies, the yarrow, the lacey cow-parsley, and the hardier fennels; the asters in summer and fall, as reminders of the outburst of loveliness gone by at the prime of the year.

The wool of lambs, the silk of kids and calves, of the select stocks preferred for sacrifice, without blemish; the down of birds to keep warm their young; the eggs of hen and goose, and duck, which spoke to the common folk the mysteries of resurrection, reserved else for royal or priestly initiates. See the golden fluff of the sun-coloured chick issue from his white shell! How the ancient Egyptian loved to meditate on this! And since, our own Easter-season has made the egg a holy symbol, but has forgotten (to gladden the children with colour) the earlier sense of its natural white.

The foam of rushing waters, very woolly white when clean and sweet;—all composed too, see, of iridescent bubbles, each a world in itself;—the foam patch a terrestrial fragment of the skyey galaxy? a

child of rainbows—teaching the holy integrity of the white light?

The hoar frost—breath of spirits at night—who would keep the world warm? For see, in the dry cold, my warm breath turns to frozen tracery on any smooth surface! Strange, the subtle wizardry of Jack Frost. No Jack at his trade he! Very delicate, very intricate, very white indeed.

And the snow? Catch a crystalline flake of it. What close kin of the hoar frost. Down as of milk-weed, if ever so much more miraculous in varying design; but always very pure and white, though it drop from the breast of a lowering grey cloud.

And the little trailing mists of the lowlands, the soft blanketings of our dell where we camp, to keep us safe from some evil star perhaps? some secret creepy pestilence?

And the clouds that give no rain, or hail or snow—the clouds that float up for sheer sport,—those toppling mountains of cumulus high to the zenith? Surely the spirits of the brave and pure so mount to the high Father of heaven! Or those floating white isles? Surely they are the isles ferrying the blest from sky to sky! And those little flocks of fluffy cirrus, and the ray-like stratus astray in the sky, line upon line—like step over step, or rung over rung? and those mare's tails, and those silver shoals of the moon-steeped mackerel sky? All these are counsellors surely of the White One;—they are the spirit children romping at airy play; they are the fancies of the blessed—materialising for our consolation and enchanted gazing; frolic fairies and silvery sylphs like the very foam of the vasty seas of azure!

But there is the white of lonely sky-piercing mountaintops man dare not scale. No game there. Not the mountain-sheep or goat, not the chamois, not even the eagle adventures thither! Thence comes the avalanche with sudden ruin to whelm the forests of the steep flanks, and even of the valleys, with thunder. It is the white top of inspiration, known only to the men of God,—for the gods dwell there, or God there condescends to manifest His secret splendour to the genius, the lawgiver, the seer, the “sent one,” whoever he be. See the peak, lofty, lonely, pure—about which the radiant clouds gather to keep it alone with God! There is white—rare, incandescent, blushing with rose, and veined with blue;—white—marvellous, worshipful!

But there is a sheen that is white, and more than white; that is argent, and more than argent; that runs up the scale to white-hot metal; to the vivid lightning; the sheen of quiet waters, the glare of the fiery furnace seven times heated, in which walks One like unto the Son of Man; the Shekinah, that is—the intensest vision of the Shadowless One, the very God or Spirit of the orb of day, throbbing through the burning mass of sky,—there, there, is the divinest white!

In the connection of that wonderful preciousness of sheen, we remember the “raiment white and glistering” as “no fuller on earth could white them,” when the sense of divine power in the present made the regime of law, past experience codified, and the regime of hope and vaticination, the future forestalled and prepared for by zeal of the seer, seem both relatively

unlovely and dull. The Son, well pleasing to God, is more than Moses, the would-be Redeemer of life by will, and Elijah, the would-be transvaluer of values by viewing the present as a mere preparation for better things to come.

Moses may be red, Elias blue, but the Christ of God is white; luminous, radiant, so that whoso beheld him wist not what he said—for his overpowering wonder at the white fire of light.

These whites of nature, one and all, speak of innocence, remoteness, subtlety, tenderness, with power always abundantly in reserve. Think of it, the power of spring! the power of storm! the power of water! the power of light! Who can doubt of such breathless, mystically withholden, power!

There is nothing maudlin, nothing weak, nothing silly in white! Oh, what a wonderful manifold revelation! And such, ay such, shall be the white of the flag! Our mounting of that stairway asks of us a chastity, a charity—that pass all words to suggest.

As we look at vernal bloom, at the young lambs' gambol, at the egg of immortal life, at the foam of waters, at frost and snow, at lowering mists and sportive cloudlets, at the sheen of rivers and seas, at the dance of the forked lightnings in the black of the sky;—all—syllable for us together one word of intensest loveliness, for which all spoken language fails; and we know that through such things alone and their like, can we pass up worthily, from stage to stage, from rank to rank, to serve the Cause of our heart, the Gleam of our adventurous spirit, the future of our Country.

4 *The Light of Man*

Now as man pondered on light, it was the shadowless effusion of the sunshine, sifted through the clouds and diffused evenly, that made it most impossible for the evil, and the danger to lurk unseen, for a man to stumble or err unwittingly and unwillingly. Hence he speculated as to what it was, which in the social world corresponded to this physical illumination.

To see things in their right relation, a clear white light is necessary. What corresponds thereto in the moral order, is translucence of character or rather transparency of motive, got through perfect sincerity and candour, a courage that disdains indirection, a pride that will die rather than deviate from ascertained fact one hair's breadth through considerations of advantage. It was late in the history of man that veracity came to be esteemed as a virtue. Camouflage, as we call it to-day—protective colouration and the blur of sharp outlines—was necessary to survival. To tell the truth was a sign of "innocent" incapacity, of deficient inventive imagination. Remember Homer, and observe how spontaneous and often quite gratuitous are the dissimulations of Odysseus. He lies first, and afterwards wonders how, if need be, he can make the truth itself appear no lie. Yet he does not really blush to confess untruth; rather is he proud of his ingenuity and apt presence of mind.

Yet moving in a world of simulation and dissimulation, there is inevitably suspicion and counter-suspicion. Ease there cannot be. In time it must become irksome and shameful to a refined sensibility.

The first race that inculcated truth-speaking as a

manly virtue were the Persians from the high tablelands, always lovers of the Sun-god Mithras, who demanded truth;—the herders of kine, and tillers and waterers of the soil, as religious duty; to whom every natural element was sacred, but in chief, the fire, the sun, and the more transparent atmosphere of the highlands. There they know no Scotch mist to throw awesome enlargements of their own selves against the vague; no quivering desert mirage, no *fata morgana*;—all was clear, distinct, vivid, self-revelatory. So they lived in the glare, almost the blare of the white light that is cruel to whatever is sordid and unclean, and seeks cloak and veil, . . . and that truth, that specific accuracy, was light, and they walked worthily, lest if their deeds were ignoble, or merely shabby, it should appear unto all men what manner of men they were. The white light—was righteousness, veracity, candour.

But mere truth, in that sense, will not secure the loveliness nor the peace of social life. So man came in time to know that love in the end is the light of man. Hatred reveals, to be sure, the weakness of the enemy, but conceals his more important virtues. Gluttonous cherishing may do the opposite, and conceal the vices, and choke in their incipency the manly virtues. Hence primitive man distrusted a mother's love. It overlooked blemishes too partially. It increased faults to vices by cloaking and coddling. But the love which desires the best interest of the beloved;—that gloats on the virtue for him, and does not begrudge the price he must pay for it; that seeks to discern the fault, the flaw, to cause it to be outgrown; that adores the perfection and endeavours to mediate

it—to make it accessible, alluring, contagious, and cries impatiently: “how long? how long?”—until the divine in thee be revealed—that is the veritable father-love!

And the exercise of father-love by brother toward brother, from elder to younger if possible, that he may soon have the nobler helper and fellow;—ay, from younger even to elder—that he may the better “look up” to the first-born, and have a worthier second father;—such love is the sole establisher of moral solidarity on sure foundations.

They that so love—are in the light. They cannot stumble, for they do not misjudge. To them their environment, and their fellows that move in it, are all clearly evident. There can therefore be no unforeseen collision. No real enmity can arise.

Such is the white light in which God dwelleth, to whom virtue is native, and its exercise a pure delight. Such is the light of love—that fills with the love of light. Who would be dim-visioned, blind to overlook errors—when there is the better hope of the light, that white light in which errors vanish away of themselves?

Perhaps man came to such high considerations by two experiences—one industrial—and one very personal and tenderly pathetic. First then—the art of bleaching wool, or the linen woven of the flax-fibre, in the sharp sunlight. There was light imparting its own whiteness to that which by washing sought it, but could not wholly attain. Was not this a parable worth the hearing, and the heeding? But why bleach? Why this effort to escape from the easier, safer, more serviceable buff or grey? It is clear that the gar-

ments of priests were white on purpose that they might shew the very least soil, and so secure the most faultless conduct of service and sacrifice; and symbolically therefore that stainlessness in the man might be at least proclaimed by the stainless attire for the holy act.

Naturally the victims of the sacrifice were, therefore, most perfect when white—the snowy lamb, the white-haired goat, the silken bull, the milk-white steed. Rarity adds to preciousness. Care to preserve from taint adds the virtue of the giver to the rarity of the gift.

It is therefore on white horses that the seer of Patmos sees the fellowship of the Shining One ride the victorious hosts of the blessed.

It is a tragedy, we think, if men are hypocritical. Well, hypocrisy is rightly called the last homage to virtue; while we loathe it when we are very young, we come perhaps in the end to despise a cynical shamelessness more, that is reckless in debasing and deflowering the charm and grace of life for others. As the white garments of the priest guarantee purity, ceremonial at least, and in some measure moral by imputation first and then by symbolic consecration, it is soon discovered that purity may be cheaply affected, slapping on a coat of whitewash over the soil, without the trouble first of cleansing.

It is not easy to forget that withering rebuke: "whitened sepulchre—all uncleanness within." One wonders how we affected whitewash so insistently in meeting-house—on board fences—and deemed it something almost sacred! Hence perhaps our persistent incredulity as to the Greek love of colour. White is

indeed beautiful, but as a mark of cleanliness, not as an outer layer upon the slothfully retained foulness. White is indeed beautiful as a climax in a scale of light; but when used indiscriminately from sheer lack of knowledge, and a fear of the conspicuous richness and variety of life as idolatrous (the dread of self-commitment to what might betray our own lack of discriminating taste, once we ventured to abandon our panacea for all error) under such conditions white has lost all merit, and become akin to hypocrisy. Such is not the white by which men rise in the moral scale. Hypocrisy and whitewash deceive no one so much as those who resort to them for the deception of others. But no amount of hypocrisy can make us sicken of true worth, no exposures can discourage our worship. We believe in the white all the more because fools and devils take to whitewash. Every persistent abuse but testifies to the exceeding preciousness of that from whose right use we cannot on that account refrain. We may have been often deluded, but we shall never, God willing, become disillusioned and cynical!

Besides this industrial parable of bleaching, and its horrible parody of whitewash, there is the human parable of greater poignancy. Youth has the strength, age has the wisdom. True, old age brings quaking hands and feeble knees. It entails dull sight perhaps and hearing. Yes, one access after another may close to this our world. One means after another weakens with which control may be exercised therein by force. But there are with the good and true, great and wondrous compensations. The eye that is blind looks within. Blind Homer alone sees Troy. Blind Tire-

sias alone describes the future. Old age is privileged if noble, having come of strong and chaste years through suffering to sanity, through self-control to wisdom. Old age sees little but remembers much, and foresees everything. Old age is, therefore, self-garmented by God's grace, after the likeness of the Ancient of Days, with the hoary locks and the hoary beard down to the very feet in the dust of the way.

It is Wordsworth's case of "the young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks." The old Father, the old Mother of the tribe, are clad as with lamb's wool, as with kid's glossy pelt, as with the silk of kine, as with the down from the breast of the brooding bird!

It is very strange, very tender, very holy, this virginity of old age, this eternal child, this ultimate evolutionary ideal of the breed revealed in the sweet aged face, smiling so calmly in holy poise!

Here then we garner in our last suggestion for interpreting the white of the flag.

Our progress, up that stairway of white stripes, is not all by the grace of natural perfect purity; it is by a purity imparted to us from the natural Source of life, when we have ourselves done our best to wash our hands in innocence and make clean, spotless, our garment of praise.

This particular chastity is grown indeed by the ripeness of years; for no chaste youth is as young as the Ancient of blessed days—days made blessed by a growth in gracious goodness and calm content. Such natural purity can be got only of them that walk in the light, of a love that is but the application to others of our own aspiration after perfection—the love that passes understanding, that sees intuitively and serves

instinctively,—avoids this, touches that tenderly,—and always prays whatever befalls for the complete shadowless diffusion of the light that is the sensible presence of God.

Only such chastity of priestly service, such wisdom of age, such walk in the full light, will bring us to realise in ourselves and for the nation that glorious White of the flag, on which we dare cast no shadow, spatter no mud, which we dare run the risk of defiling with no infirmity; for we could not get it clean again and spotless though we washed it red in our own heart's blood! Only the intolerable light of God could bleach it once again to its purity, when we had washed it clean with the tears of repentance and shame!

CHAPTER VI

THE WORLD AT WAR UNTO PERFECTION, OR THE SECOND DEGREE IN NUMBER MYSTERIES

WHO knows what we do mean when we say that things are "at sixes and sevens"? We imply some sort of disorder—but why? Do we mean to assign it to the awful cause that people have ceased to know the difference, mystically, between six and seven? Or, are we imputing to the powers-that-be an arithmetic inability to get beyond the crow's proverbial count of three, so that six and seven are both, therefore, tantamount to infinity, and harmlessly interchangeable?

On almost any one's lips, when he tactfully tries to compose an issue and difference between disputatious friends, the phrase arises: "Why can't you fellows see—it's six of one, and half a dozen of the other?" Yet what a shock have we here to initiates in the ancient accepted mysteries of Number! Six—the same as half-a-dozen? God forbid! "Six," got honestly of adding three to three, tender family to tender family, so that we have two rival *ménages* under one and the same shingle roof, compounding badly to a social explosive? Or "six" got, quite as honestly, if less romantically, by adding to four—the corners of the stable earth—that fateful contradiction between Zenith, the climax of noonlight and vital aspiration, and Nadir, the pitchy gloom on the other side of the solid sphere, the place below of the ghostly departed, and of

Dante's damned? Either of these sixes equivalent, nay, equal to "half a dozen"—the dozen indicating the full complement of the heavenly houses, in which our blessed prodigal golden sun, our cosmic multi-millionaire resides turn about, along this giant's causeway, the Zodiac? The same as "half a dozen," that is, one half of these monthly stopping places, or hunting lodges, furnished, aired and dusted for temporary residence, on just the annual circuit of gaiety and good fellowship? What? Can we be ignorant enough to assume that "six" and "half a dozen" are unrecognisably identical?

Plainly, for us scrupulous inquirers, there is now no escape whatever. We must take our second degree in the mysteries of number. We must read, mark, learn and inwardly digest what "six" essentially is (or rather was) ere we can be too sure that we dare interpret the inner stripes of the flag, which are white indeed, but, what is quite as significant, it would seem, neither more nor less than six!

In our forelast chapter we ran over lightly six good reasons for the traditional sacredness to mankind of seven. As we pondered them we must have felt we had entered a new world of holy gloaming—much like that which Milton, for all his Puritan bias, commends as "the dim religious light" from "storied windows richly dight."

When we took then our first degree we were dazed, we shivered awe-struck, confronting some of those early cryptic ideas of righteousness and holiness; but in doing so we were again and again assuming that righteousness and holiness do not just "happen," and that we cannot hope "to happen" upon them "happily"

often or for long. We may be theory-mad, having conceived of some absolute, literally omniscient, omnipotent and all-benevolent One; and, because we can't reconcile such a superb assumption (convenient theologic major-premise, though we admit it to be) with the insurrectionary facts of experience, we may have gone further, and denied altogether the validity of the experience! That is hardly prudent. Or, we may have denied the goodness of life, of the whole scheme, and order of things, and become dogmatic pessimists. That is more unwise yet and reprehensible. Or, we may have given up the idea of any Source of needed supply for our spiritual demand, and any Resource in time of trouble! That surely would be the most foolish conclusion of all.

The probability is, there are temperaments that thrive on any and every conceivable theory, however disastrous to others and sinister. There are souls, it would seem, so choke-full of poisons already, that they positively dote on deadly antidotes, which merely serve to keep them reasonably thrifty and able to get about in mild weather! For all such exceptions, however, one should state as the general rule, taking our chances on the abnormal, that healthy diet the year round is best in the long run for normal man. Now, healthy diet in thinking, on the practical problems of life, would be the habitual thought which is true enough not to deceive us, catch us unawares and unprepared, and is capable besides of furnishing us with adequate desire, will and energy to "make good" under ordinary and extraordinary conditions.

Hence primitive man was always a frank dualist. There was good and bad, friend and foe, God and

fiend. He instinctively felt that one knows anything anyway only by contrast. One can't distinguish the like from the wholly alike in matter, form, time, station, and rhythm of movement. A picture that should be all one red is not a picture at all. A picture of various reds *is* possible, but it soon fatigues the eye. It's hard to distinguish. The contrasts aren't sufficient. A picture all black? A picture all white? Nonsense. Contrasting black and white is evidently the best, because the contrasts being extreme are quickly noted. Now if for the nonce white means truth, purity, goodness, bliss, ecstasy, then there's no escape from the logic: the opposites are necessary, if only to make the preferred one of the pair by sharp contrast, by vital contest, clearly discernible, exciting and passionately desired.

Does any red-blooded man seriously want to live in a cosmic arrangement that excludes on principle all danger, pain, sin, evil, death, devil and damnation? Why, how could he get his daily thrill? Imagine poor St. Michael reduced to standing idly upon a good little bah-lamb, instead of tense and poised on a real wriggling, would-be-rampant, fire-spewing dragon! What a cruel and boring situation for him, and for the sympathetic bystander, the spectator of the fray!

Now granted the evil is; what one should think about that evil is quite another matter. If evil is to be overcome and serves by its very overcoming to distinguish, and heighten the relish of the good; one of the signs of superexcellence in the very scheme of things—is that its supply of evil seems almost inexhaustible just yet. We've got a deal to do merely to keep it within reasonable bounds. As soon as one

evil is quenched, another appears; and odder still, often enough, what we called good, and aspired to the day before yesterday, is a bygone good to-day and is recognised as a rank weed and an intolerable nuisance!

Perhaps then, all evil is good in its function for the good man; and perhaps for the evil man also, though in a different way. Perhaps, and here doubtless we moderns have a great advantage, "evil" is only a left-behind "good," something once seemly and now superseded, or something off to one side, suitable for differently routed travellers.

2 *An Evolutional View of Good and Evil*

As an instance in point, consider one moment the morals of the black bass. So relentlessly and thriftily self-nutritive is this fish—the big living happily off the little, and producing billions of wee ones to grow up into digestible tidbits, or into gay digesters of tidbits! Viewed in the aggregate, it does seem that, as a species, the black bass have a very self-respecting, self-sufficing way of getting along and improving their breed. The species its own improver, by devouring all that weren't the very spryest when minnows! There is here absolutely no waste of protoplasm, no loss of momentum. Now this, it would seem, is excellent black-bass morals; and the big bass that goes to devouring crayfish instead, or grasshoppers, is wicked, or careless at least, neglecting to perform his bounden moral and religious duty by his peculiar species!

But what should we say if "Ludendorf and Hindenburg" and their fanatics took to similar morals with system and seriously? Would they then be super-

Huns—or “devils”—altogether reducing our vocabulary to sputtering anathema—or would they be just very proper “black bass”?

Any one can see in dear Henri Fabre’s wonderful books on spider and mantis, on moth and ant, on cricket and wasp, on cicada and grasshopper, that if we only look about diligently enough almost every conceivable atrocity is somewhere and somehow in this universe entirely “good morals,” altogether religiously adorable “virtue”—but, notice carefully not even for a Prussian Junker in Belgium, or an Ottoman Turk in Armenia! We can see too how if a process presently at each stage of it has its own technique, by which it got where it is, and keeps from slipping back to where it once was, and doesn’t want to be again, it must also have its probably quite different technique, by which it advances, impinges on the next stage and ends by actually passing into it and beyond. In such a world then, as we here sketch and do, as a matter of knowledge, live in, all things indeed are possible, probable, admirable, divinely excellent—but with one discrimination premised, the all important proviso, namely: of one stage at a time; and another, as to the strict regulation in any and every stage of backward or forward looking time and intention.

So the real charge against the Germans is that (under cover of debased Christianity, or rather a reactionary Judaism, as camouflage, with a rococo Mohammedan veneer and arabesque for decoration) they have attempted to establish for mankind the morals of the irresponsible machine, of the volcano in eruption, or of the tidal wave on a seismic spree. They themselves don’t, of course, profess to contemplate such

morals as a permanent German accomplishment at home among themselves, but as a "war measure" to terrorise, panic-strike and disorganise the rest of the world, that was flirting with a sort of super-"common sense" morality, suitable for angels on a picnic under the Tree of Life in the Garden of Eden, right where the four rivers ran, at the time Adam was yet keeping company with the animals, and busy naming them ere Eve should arrive to re-edit the blue-book!

So then, viewed from this remote high ground, what we have against the Germans is not so much that they are individually wicked. We suspect they are largely victims of a theory officially imposed by the clever use of the reptile press, and by thoroughly organised propaganda. The great crime consists in the deliberate lapse from human morality. The morals of a machine, of a volcano, or of a tidal wave do indeed awake a sort of awe-struck admiration when followed by those to whom they naturally belong. When affected, however, by men, they are so profoundly resented, with such disgust, horror and detestation repudiated, that they don't even terrorise, panic-strike, or discourage and disorganise. On the contrary, as proved by the public reaction of France and England, they merely make men resolve en masse to die or do, and not merely the possible, but the utterly impossible; to give up their homes and fads and whimsies and settle down grimly to the business of proving beyond a shadow of doubt to the Germans how exceedingly mistaken they are in presuming that such methods will work to win, or even subdue other peoples, who have so long ago given up the morals of the "black-bass," they really can't believe the Germans are altogether in

earnest or sane when they brag of their "divine superiority" to all other folk, by the very resort, as a "national policy" and "measure of war," to the morality of the machine, of the volcano and of the tidal wave!

There's nothing wrong with the world so much, as some would have it, but there's a very great deal damnably wrong with the Germans. If there was anything much the matter with the rest of us before the war, well, the Germans have got us taking the cure like good fellows. "Mollycoddles," "pussyfooters," "chicken-livered pacifists" and moon shiners à-la-Tolstoi, are going to be eliminated, or converted at a very shocking rate—very shocking to the Germans.

Now this evolutional, common sense view of morality is not yet popular, we fear. Many think only hate and revenge is seemly in the injured or in the innocent bystander. They still believe action and reaction should be equal—but not contrary. It should be alike in kind, identical, indeed. If you're mad, it's my duty to be mad too. If I can get the best of you by being sane—well; it might be a good policy, but it's poor sport. The "bully" thing is to be like the bull; the leonine thing is to be like the lion. To react—with calm understanding of what's the matter with the German, and use all energy of brawn and brain to defeat him, disarm him, and exterminate him (painlessly of course for your own nerves' sake) that is too angelic a proposition to seem "practical morality" and "patriotic loyalty." Every one thinks he could manage it himself, but you could not trust George, you know, to be decent on that construction of what the situation requires! Only angels and Frenchmen

would regard it as "practical politics." You see—and the chief harm of it is—it isn't noisy, flaring, smelly and spectacular enough for the man in the street, used to baseball, football and the movies!

This modern evolutionary view of morals we have attempted to expound by contemporary example, making good and bad a matter of relative stage and degree, is one to which very few sages attained among those whose philosophy of evil one generally quotes and discusses with respect.

Shorter cuts were taken across lots and unplotted wilderness. More exciting double and treble summersaults were turned in mid-air. Of course, imposers of the ideal on poor, unwilling human nature had to attract attention by hairbreadth escapes from the fiend. One had to stir the witch-brew, and get it to boil and bubble up vermillion devils and lurid hobgoblins for a Sabbath on the Brocken. What was indeed the use of being a medicine-man, a mystic initiate, a vertiginous metaphysician, if one couldn't get up something more likely to impress and awe the crowd?

Now plainly, we gave away a while ago the whole secret of Dualistic Morality. Man loves contrast when he's resting after meals; but nothing short of battle when he's well fed, and well liking. To see the problem of good and evil as contrast only, maybe is æsthetically satisfactory; to see it as the devil and his angels carrying actual war into heaven, and giving God and the archangels the time of their lives on the skyeye battlements,—that is something that appeals—not only æsthetically—but, far more important, as doctrine for the "training table," as a challenge to the fighter, as a good working hypothesis for men who

want to breed and develop brawn and brain. And we would like to put ourselves on record as regards the stout belligerent, categorical view. This statement, while not scientifically true, acts as the truth itself would, if men were now altogether ripe as rational beings. It's what they need yet, and therefore want, and must and do popularly get.

"Six," as we have seen, stands for the world, together with and including the principle of remorseless opposition, of essential providential, in the long run, beneficent wars to the death, involved indeed in its very primal constitution. It's what the Gathas, or psalms of Zoroaster, teach; it's what the Norse Eddas teach; and it's doubtless an entirely wholesome doctrine for the general public still, since Jew and Christian haven't been able to do away with hell, or permanently put the devil to sleep. Why, our own estimable Mrs. Eddy even has only contrived a new and very polite terminology, but she has not, according to the latest news, exorcised Ahriman, Satan, Loki, Diabolus, Beelzebub & Co. in any altogether final fashion. One hears at least that dentistry and surgery are sneaking in by the back door into the favour again of the very inmost elect—think of it, even of flourishing practitioners!

3 *Pythagoras and Number Philosophy*

Now there was once upon a time a sage, who declared that the essential principle of all things is Number. That seems absurd, doesn't it? But wait a minute, consider it again. We heard that he forbade his disciples to eat beans, as a matter of religious principle.

That proves beyond peradventure that he had never heard of Boston, Massachusetts, and there's very little hope for his sanity, is there? But the wisest Greeks, down to Plato, regarded this Pythagoras as wiser than they, and that, you know by your own experience, does imply a great deal. Besides they had his works or, at least, a reliable continuous tradition of his doctrine. We have only some technical fragments, and "The Golden Words" in which the moral teachings of his sect, at its latest revival, received popular statement. So, on the whole, it would be well for us not to decide too hastily that Pythagoras was a fool, though he did live so long ago, and never saw the United States!

Summer before last I planted my war-garden, and got a good deal of valuable exercise. What was more I was able to prove to all my neighbours' satisfaction that Pythagoras knew exactly what he was about when he forbade the eating of beans by the initiate.

Plant a bean, and then see what it does—black, red—or from Lima, Peru, it's all one. Watch closely. One fine morning you notice a crack in the earth, running in tiny zig-zag, straight from one end of your bed to the other. Next day the crack is appreciably wider. The third day, out peep the very beans you planted, no worse for burial alive. An innocent "party" saw this happen, I was told, and promptly covered his rows with three inches of loam, to keep down such a disgraceful resurrection—with fatal consequences mostly to his crop. But supposing our amateur reverently left things to nature? The fourth day would see the bean lifted bodily out of the ground, and crack itself open. Out of the crack, in a day or so more, would spring the green shoot with its two

unwrinkling leaves. Ere long the now-unnecessary sheltering two halves of the bean would shrink and drop off. Life had done its work completely, and triumphed, not only over, but with the very help of, death!

To this symbolic drama of Nature, Pythagoras called reverent attention. The bean was the paradigm, and therefore properly reserved to its metaphoric function, its sacramental service. Whoever has seen this happen, may not agree with the practical injunction of that great Hellenic seer. I for one do not. I heartily eat beans. I can, however, fully understand the motive of the injunction, and will not feel like calling the master senseless for it—who doubtless knew the human nature of his disciples and converts better than we!

So, also with his doctrine of the kinship of men and animals, and his strict injunction against flesh-foods, in order that a “fellow feeling” may make us “wondrous kind”—that is akin, and therefore kindly—and that we may not glide by degrees to the moral system above described as that of the “black bass”! Having perceived now the practical common sense in two injunctions of the great old sage, that looked to us very much like nonsense, let us bravely return to the first quoted doctrine: that the essence of everything, its permanent reality, is Number.

Modern science has come in a way to assume a very similar view. Here’s a certain amount of water. I subject it to a certain treatment, and I obtain two gases—oxygen and hydrogen in certain quantities. I find it takes two units of the latter to one of the former, and adequate heat, inducing what we call com-

bustion, before I get the liquid water, by the combination of two volatile invisible gases! Science expresses the relation of these elements in the compound by the little figure 2 below the initial standing for the name of the element. So the popular word water is dropped, as too popularly misleading, and H_2O is substituted for "aqua pura."

Similarly if I want to know what red really is, I'm told it's a wave of ether, a vibration, and a number of many figures is given me to toy with in idle moments. That figure is the essence of red? It isn't my sensation. It isn't the energy. It isn't the source of the energy. It isn't what's energised—that's the theoretic ether, a million times more elastic than rubber, and harder and more stiffly resistant than steel! But the figures define red as compared to blue, for red is 686.7 and blue is 486.1, the wave-lengths reckoned in millionths of a millimetre. In short, science resorts to number as a record of relations. The number of my house isn't its size, or material, or colour, or comforts inside, but it does identify it better for the delivery-wagon or the letter-carrier, than all those eloquent details put together. I reside at number 23. That is my dwelling, presumably my castle, temple, home and heaven.

Again, I hear that such and such are the consequences of such a line of public conduct of affairs. I am sure the weather is very exceptional. I believe the country is going—to the doleful dumps. What is the answer? Numbers! Statistics!

Statistics don't furnish brains; they summarise data, eliminate what is, for the present inquiry, irrelevant. Maybe they sometimes therefore mislead. But the

cure for statistics is not less, but more numbers. Charts covering say a million cases will offer a fairly reliable material for intelligent consideration!

If science is really getting every thing's and every body's Number, why have we ventured to poohpoo poor old Pythagoras? The pity of this doctrine of Pythagoras is after all, that numbers, used as a language, are very convenient, and often very suggestive. If instead of a long explanation of the present war and its causes in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia and the two Americas, you just say it's a case of "*sixes and sevens*"; is that not most eloquent and edifying? It's *cosmic strife* exemplified in the society of man, in which modern conveniences and conveyances have increased intercourse a thousandfold, without a corresponding improvement in what gets into sudden touch, and too intimate and indiscriminate combination. It's "*six*" and yet it's several "*sixes*" at once. There are really two or three tests of strength going on simultaneously, so that millions are being involved where formerly thousands or tens of thousands would serve to settle the bitterest international issue. It's "*six*" then written through with three capitals S I X; but it's more, it's at "*sevens*" also. Several ideals of righteousness and holiness are at stake! It's really a war of "*sevens*." It's "*sevens*" with a bad case of the "*sixes*"! The result, we believe, will be a S E V E N, a rule of human things in our little globe by what will be found on account of the very big SIX, to have been really all along the heavenly law, as exemplified in planets, and northern constellations, in rainbows of promise and the social law as shown long ago in the creation of the coherent kindred out of the two social

units, threes or families. So Pythagoras could really—were he with us to-day, and acquainted with our popular phrase—say to us all, "I've got your Number. You're horribly at Sixes and Sevens!"

Plato, following the Spartan folk ideals, associates music with war. To die is not terrible for a man. Every man must do it sooner or later somehow. But to do it (when so final a thing, about the last thing any man sees or hears of him), to do it in a slovenly, haphazard, nondescript, insignificant, topsy-turvy way—that's to say the least, unfortunate, or reprehensibly ill-bred.

To die in fine form is the thing that counts; to do it consummately, handsomely, inspiringly, and, if the worst comes to the worst, amusingly—that's what rates the man as magnanimous, great of soul. So old Solon said—wait to judge a man fortunate, till you see his end. He might die badly, inelegantly, that is, without that supreme something which makes the happy ending—a fine expression of his person and character in fine form and style.

We see then that to the Greek the matter of form was so much, that naturally enough, number so far forth the best precise indication of form, and the most eloquent language for moral and spiritual ideals—can not in their opinion be so foolishly termed the "essence" of things. And the pith of Pythagoras has vindicated the rest of him.

The essence of anything to thinking pre-scientific man was substance, matter, form or outline, colour, name, number, mental image (or idea of it) and conscious thought (or its own idea of the world and itself). These seven attributes determined the thing.

The name of a thing, for instance, called to mind its image as it summoned a person. The perfect mental image, if caught, could deceive, could make its presence certain, as in the case of dream-visions or ghosts; but the substance then was lacking. But of these seven attributes, determinants, Pythagoras thought number the most important.

Now what you and I think about this matter is not in question at present. We are only concerned with justifying the mystery of numbers to our common sense selves, so that our reason isn't insulted by our flag analysis. The importance of number was, however, originally perceived by the Greeks in their study of music probably, before the beginnings of a higher mathematics. Strike the cymbals of the wild Goddess Cybele, and you heard—not its jarring shriek only—but a shriek, and an aftertone, a tremolo ghost of another note. Take the lyre of Apollo. Twang the string—listen intently. There's the haunting of another, an interference. Divide a string, by pinching it. Its pitch runs up an octave. Divide the half again, you have it run up another octave. Divide it sharply at certain intervals between these points, and you get your scale. But at these critical points, the halves and quarters, you need not pinch, or press down tightly. A mere zephyrous touch suffices. You have caught the harmonic, the overtone and it is all vibration, and vibration has clearly its number basis. Besides, it was found that notes which bore a certain number relation to one another went better together than the same note on divers instruments. There was harmony—the third, the fifth!

But the very most vital essence of music is not

pitch and tone colour. It's not melody and harmony. It's rhythm, after all, that catches the crowd and fills it with emotion. And what is rhythm? It's a fine relation marked off by intensity of stress, a time relation made interesting by pitch and tone, but is always essentially stated in numbers: 1 2 3—1 2 3 or 1. 2.—1. 2.

But there is yet perhaps an important arbitrary, irrational overlooked factor, in our effort so far to revive our respect for a number language.

Numbers were in highly civilised days without distinct notation. The letters of the alphabet were used in their arbitrary sequence by Hebrew and Greek alike, to denote rational sequence of numbers. This led to all sorts of queer confusion of thought. Let, for instance, $a = 1$, $b = 2$, $c = 3$, $d = 4$, $e = 5$, $f = 6$, $g = 7$, $h = 8$, $i = 9$. At once one can see we get a stupendous opportunity for self-mystification. The word *fad*, written $f + a + d$, comes to seem $6 + 1 + 4$. If now these numbers have meanings, imagine what would become of your common sense and mine! Let us translate the component numbers. We read then *Fad* = world strife + the unattached and meaningless individual + the world. Take an individual without social commitments and common sense, set him between the ideas of strife as inherent in the world, on the one hand, and, on the other, a world with its four points of the compass, as they are, leaving him wholly free to choose his own guidance, and the result is—a "fad"!

Of course, a little ingenuity has given us a fairly sensible result. But think of the possible nonsense, the danger of fraud. $ABE = 1 + 2 + 5$, that is, an

unsocial individual, plus strife, plus practical wisdom. That's only half the truth, however, of our martyr president! Besides, think of him as primarily an unsocial individual! What absurd nonsense have we not reached in this case? Our old abc, so interpreted?

4 *A Provisional Translation of Several Numbers*

But before the danger arose leading to such cabalistic speculations (to-day all but incredibly complex and misleading) there was the effective survival in the most cultivated mind of the first notation, by arrangement of pebbles or sticks. These, of course, while likely to prejudice the mind, making it carry over to all uses of the number, the first and strongest use in a given arrangement or design, had at least the advantage of exhibiting the essential relations of addition and subtraction and multiplication.

Now a consideration of these more or less inevitable arrangements and figures, suggested associations, which would often agree with and sometimes overbear the meanings derived from ordinary use. Let us now quickly state the simplest meanings of the numbers, giving so the elements of number-speech, as we have been able to understand it, and which in our explanations hitherto we have anticipated.

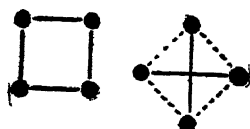
One is the unattached, the unrelated, the outcast,—the social nonentity, bound to perish from the earth.

Two means good and evil, matter and spirit. It is the great ancient antithesis of friend and foe; it spells fight, as we can discover even now in any backyard or cattle-run. Anywhere where two equals appear there is a fight, or at least a rivalry, a challenge to emula-

tion. Damon and Pythias is indeed a very late development, and early friendship was after all an annexation of the weaker by the stronger, rather than the union of equals, as seen in Achilles and Patroclus.

Three means the *two* foes or rivals brought together, at-oned by a shared interest. The greatest common interest in the long run is the child uniting the male and the female adults. So three comes to mean unity; two brought to union. Three has always meant organic union, whereas the single unit meant the solitary, the lonesome, the outcast, the person in coventry, so to say. Three means the person duly attached. It is the smallest number that can stand for society. "Two is company, three is none"—clearly belongs to adolescent psychology. On the contrary, wherever there are two people together, there is a quarrel, or a controlled dislike, unless they are harmonised by a common interest. Mischief, gossip, sport may be that common interest; construction, war, art, science, commerce and trade; but a unifying interest there must always be.

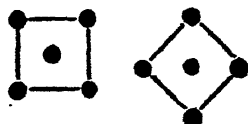
Four derived its meaning from the apparent course of the sun above this horizon plane on which men seem to dwell. It can be arranged for us in a square, or as



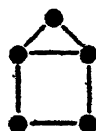
a cross. We get the east and the west from the apparent course of the sun, and from that we derive the north and the south. If we pattern four as a square, it means something stable, enduring, reliable; for, ob-

viously, with the foundation of the rectangle were man's earliest houses built whether of logs or of stone, or of brick. But the number could be arranged in the figure of the cross. It means, then, men's thwarting, the cross-roads, sacrifice. It is so universal, that in the Chinese glyph for evil, above what seems to us a mess of lines, stands a carefully drawn cross. But four in either design, with either meaning, designates this world on which we lead our material existence.

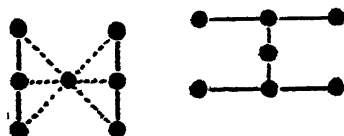
Five is but the centring of the square or the circle of the horizon as suggested by either design:



When the fifth point is placed above the four it would mean that wise relating of the four points of



the compass was not by and in man in the midst of the horizon, but from the mountain top summit, pointing to the zenith, and standing for the zenith, as in the ritual form of pyramid, temple or tomb.



Seven we have seen is the knitting up of two threes as five is the knitting together of a four of two twos.

It yields us the form of our capital letter H. We are already familiar with its most important association.

Eight is two fours, one above another; two worlds, an earthly and a heavenly; the number of the beatitudes, which, when put in the order resulting from the comparison of the four in St. Luke and the eight in St. Matthew, placing first the four that are common to both in the relative order they occupy in St. Matthew, and then closing up the four found only in St. Matthew yield us the amazing result—four experiences the Master had on earth, and four reactions he exhibited to those unkind actions of his human environment.

Nine is the birth number from the months of human gestation, and predicts society, by being a multiple result of family (3) by family (3).

Twelve is the signs of the zodiac, the perfect round of the heaven, of which only one half—six—can be seen at any one time.

We have left six out in order to give it now more particular consideration, so as to recapitulate more clearly what has been said heretofore of it, and lead to our summary translation of the six white stripes of the flag. We shall have to beg forgiveness for some incidental repetitions, made, not to be tedious, but extremely clear, and cause this chapter to stand fairly on its own feet.

Take three and add it to three, and by addition you think you have increased; but no, for we reckon in terms of life, not in arithmetical but in algebraic sums. If adding three to three, *family to family*, there should arise a rivalry, and rivalry pass into strife, three plus three might become nought = 0, each three neutralis-

ing the other 3, or only a fragment at best surviving of the available energy.

But six is not merely the sum of $3 + 3$. It is also the result of 2×3 , and forcibly suggests, therefore, *the two male providers fighting* over the prey, or the two males fighting for the additional dam. In other words, strife of a more severe type, for it is really two threes, two families, two organic unions, in mechanical mutual touch, without connecting interest; two families under one roof, which means family arrayed against family, the *competition*, the fight of the males increased by the bitterer feud-feeling, the direr threatened destruction involved in the passionate jealous family affections and loyalties. If, as we have already seen, you add to your three and your three, their common ancestor, God, at the highest, or, at the lowest, their common emergency, and seven becomes fraught with meaning, the simplest statement of the need of organisation, $3 + 3 + 1 = 7$ in virtue of that added common interest, that organising unit, symbolically the child, or the shared ancestor hero, or God.

By still another way does six mean strife, and in a larger and more thrilling fashion. If you derive your 6 from 4 plus 2, you have the world number, and the strife number, each with two possible differentiated stresses. The world may be seen as the *square*, the *solid foundation*, of the house of the gods, practically immutable, or it may be viewed in the terms of the *cardinal points*, as the *cross*, with its associations of specific choosing, and therefore sacrificing opportunities not chosen: of thwarting therefore, and denying instincts and interests that conflict, which are in them-

selves right as parts of our nature, but not capable of indulgence at the same time with the preferred.

Whereas the *two* may mean strife horizontally, as in the mad onrush of the two deer, of the two bulls, indeed of any two on this level plane of earthly work and competition, so the two may be interpreted as strife vertically, *cosmically*, as the contrast and conflict of the *zenith and the nadir*, the place of mystery, Sheol or Hades, the dissolving shadows where later Minos or Osiris judged between the good and the evil, whither Dionysos descends yearly to renew his youth; whither Orpheus travels with the hope of regaining Eurydice; whence the Chthonic Demeter recovers year by year her daughter Persephone; Tartarus and the Styx, where the Titans writhe in torture—where Satan, Ahriman, Diabolus, or the Pan-devil of mediæval imagination, lie in the horror of great darkness.

In earliest times, men were astronomers in a rough and ready way. They began by using the moon to mark out periods of time.

Now, *six* is the number for the earth, four, to which are added the zenith, for heaven, and the nadir, for hell; the world of the gods and the unknown world of death, added to the world of man's natural life. Six may mean two families at strife, namely three and three, the two proverbial families under one roof. Usually six suggests something cosmic, while at the same time intimating the opposition of good and evil and propounding its problem. But six is also the period of the working week. You hear it in the commandment: "Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do." Now, there was nothing

more horrible to primitive man than work. The civilised man likes work only moderately well, when rewarded, decorated and disguised; but the savage detests it, except when altogether denatured for him as sport or war. So the six days are conceived as the days of a divine cursing. They are the days of the slave-drive, the days of labour. Then you obtain, of course, the contrast also, the relaxation on the seventh day, the Sabbath, so that seven would naturally seem to free toiling man as a holy saviour from work.

Four, the world, plus two, strife,—gives us the six days of work, and the seventh appears as the seventh day in which ordinary work is tabooed for the exchange of products, for the fellowship in the discovery of mutual needs, and of the mutual need besides of specialisation, for the play unto new work, or for the shared worship of a uniting ideal, a common source of newly needed power. But “six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do!” There is from that commandment no possible escape. Add to what primitive man must have felt then to be the great divine curse of work, as witnessed in the story of Eden, the seventh day of rest, the market day, the social play day, the day of worship and you have reached once more a validation of the heavenly seven, but you have not provided any escape from the curse of six. Six precede, or follow the one. No, we cannot get harmony with heaven as loafers on earth. If on the seventh day God rested, he had before worked six days and was honestly weary. “The Father worketh until now, and I work,” said the great superseder of the Sabbath. So great was his revolutionary love of the six days, that he interpreted the seventh indeed

in terms of the six! As a result his Church abolished the Sabbath after the week's work, which argued that God was tired of creation; and substituted a Sunday, named after the sun of righteous work, who rose on the first day to get his strength and valour and divine prerogative well in manifestation, so as to work gloriously without let or hindrance for a creative period of six days!

Here was, to be sure, a new gospel for the working classes. In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread? The divine principle is the spirit of work, the creator; so his incarnate human representative must be the never tiring working man!

And yet what nonsense has been preached in his name of a "dolce far niente," a sweet do-nothing forevermore in a fool's paradise! So slavish have we been, so hideously have we ordered our labour, made it brainless, without inspiring loyalties, that the prevailing ideal is to minimise work and maximise pay. The ideal of drugged lotus-eaters—for men? Ay, an ideal for apes rather, or swine! One can't afford to lose any stress on this point. Labour should be human and divine; but no man can be long human without strain and pains, when like a greedy carp just gluttoned with ill got gains.

Six are the *workdays* of the week. Six are the days of slavery without which a civilised world is out of the question, and unsanctified, unless the seventh day, one of rest, of social relaxation and religious worship, be added. *Six* days shalt thou labour and do what thou hast to do! Ay, ay, from this there is no escape!

We know that there are dreamers among us who

think a world without labour and strife, without urge and drive and anguish is possible. Perhaps the innocent Bolsheviki, and their kinsmen in folly this side of the sea, who would like to go back to the native Adam and Eve and the Tree of Life in Eden, have failed to consider the path over the rainbow to the republic of the birds of Aristophanes is hard to find, and quite too insubstantial to travel. With the vast number of human beings upon the earth, existence can be maintained only on condition of well directed organised work, much of which no individual can enjoy for its own sake, and to which he must therefore be driven, or must drive himself. Drudgery and slavery can be esthetically and morally mitigated, and by consecration transfigured, but can never be eliminated. This real lion in the path of the Sun-bath hobo will not yield to any absent treatment of Utopians, Quietists, Pietists, or other lovely lunatics. It is backward through famine and slaughter, or forward on to the increase, rather than the elimination of drudgery that the human race must go! Our stairway up—is 6, has six steps or rungs of the ladder, and without a doubt it does mean labour, anguishful labour, which, cheerfully accepted, spiritualised and glorified, alone distinguishes and makes possible the continued existence and progress of civilised man.

5 *An Interpretation of Our Six White Stripes*

Let us now undertake to summarise the meaning of our six white stripes. Only a few words are necessary:

(1) There are stripes in the flag that are red—

an earthly house, and a heavenward stairway of passion, fire and bloodshed and kindred sacrifice. But there are also stripes in the flag that are white; fewer, but if possible more sacred, for they are within the others, and enclosed for protection.

These stripes are, and shall be, white, easy of soil the slightest failure noted; they shall be kept clean, as priestly linen; they shall be washed clean in our tears of contrition; they shall be bleached, exposed to the sun of glory, the very God of life, who can alone restore their sheen "white as no fuller on earth can white them," candid, vivid, chaste, transfiguring raiment as of glistening angels.

Our inmost ascent, the ascent of our inmost, both of self and nation, is by purity, integrity, spotless pure soul radiancy, as the white of spring bloom, of first snows, of clouds climbing the sky, of clouds surrounding and indeed luminously swallowing the sun; as the shadowless light of truth and love; as the shining garments of transfigured man and angels; as the hoary wisdom of age; the white horses which the redeemed ride to spiritual war; as the head of the very Ancient of Days.

(2) But let not our white be cowardice, anemia, neurasthenia, ashes! Against that we are guarded. For enclosed in red, even ashes glow in the midst of fire; even cowards are made ruddy by the blood-bath of their brethren, and the threat of the foe.

Besides, our white is six—the number of perennial conflict—social alike and cosmic.

The whole theory of escaping or legislating contention out is, to say the least, premature.

Our "white" is enclosed in the "red," and it is "six."

There is no way up for the unreal psychopath, abiding in hallucination. The way up is by strife.

(3) Ay, let our "white" stripes be "six" indeed, in the fullest sense thereof.

We accept the conflict; but white nevertheless it shall remain, for all that, though all the fiercer, white hot. Some shall so endeavour that our strife be for a world that is wise and fit to live in (our four of the six shall become five for the seven); others shall so endeavour, that they do away eventually with strife at its very source, by allaying it ere it arise, by uniting the contending rivals with common new interest; (our two of the six, become three for the seven).

So shall "six" become "seven" in due time—in the Millennium.

Meanwhile we shall not fear to take in to the full the two, distinct, sublime meanings of four.

Four is the foursquare world, man's solid house of life. We must see it builded, like the heavenly Jerusalem, so that the height and length and the breadth of it are equal!

Four is the diamond, indicating the points of the compass, the orientation which always defines the cross, a thwarting by choice, omitting other possible ways and passions, begetting by anguish of such self-discipline and crucifixion of the divine in us unto resurrection and ascension.

But although we would thus realise the six as a cosmic evolution to a higher race type, we must not forget to realise also the harmonious solution, whereby, of the contending families, tribes, nations, whose strife is bitterer of necessity than that of rival individuals we shall in the end, ay, as soon as possible, realise the

larger family, our two threes in battle array against each other shall yet be seven.

Each unit of the two threes drawn together by the one divine mediator, the common cause, or God.

The human race must realise its glory, not only by suffering unto a higher type, but must humanise the very process itself—living beautifully.

For six stripes are white, and at each stage the morality and honour and integrity and purity of that stage, shall be rigorously asserted—not out of regard for the adversary, but for one's own diviner self as individual, family, nation-race.

Surely, of such noble doctrine, we have no need to be ashamed!

Let us be very pale, with the blinding revelation of it; white-hot with the enthusiasm of it, and luminous; shedding it abroad into every rag of gloom or cranny of twilight left anywhere in our land!

And lifting our eyes bravely up to the flag, let us cry our salutation of reverent worship, and self-commitment to the Six White Stripes of Old Glory!

What? Does it turn out, that our summary is unintelligible?

Let us put it if we can more tersely, less mystically careful of detail.

Our six white stripes represent our upward progress, possible to us as a people and nation.

As an upward progress by labour, by battle of family against family to be sure; but a battle even so for the world, both as a foundation, bearing the solid house of the Gods—and as the inevitable anguish of choice and sacrifice, as involving a judgment between good and evil; and since it is upward, of course, we

know it is an "excelsior" to the zenith, an escape from death and damnation and the darkness of mystery, which are symbolised by the nadir.

Perhaps we can put it all into one brief sentence:

Let our white—all that it means be for us, invariably a battle (2) for the world (4).

Let our six—our battle, be always white, pure, chaste, true and sincere, inspired and godlike!

What more do we need, as we go forward into battle, to meet whatever victory or defeat are in store for us personally, than this—to know that, up that stairway with us in the van of mankind, our God is marching on?

CHAPTER VII

THE SQUARE OF MIDNIGHT BLUE FOR ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN

LEAVING out of consideration the quite possible debates as to whether the thirteen stripes are the flags of the states or of the United States, which surely was settled so far as the spirit goes, if not the letter, when the flag was restored from 15 to 13 stripes, and later in the issue of our Civil War, it is beyond cavil clear that our forefathers felt acutely the need of symbolising the active, uniting principle; that principle by and through which, the vital union should be effected and securely maintained, with all regard moreover for that liberty they had fought for so bitterly and long. The lack of any imposing precedent doubtless must have made it seem at first uncertain how they should construe and express that integrating power. The English people had had, as they still have, for the symbol of their union, the *crown*. But it was against the very crown that our people had revolted. Should we have then some synonymous substitute, some equivalent for the transferred sovereignty? One cannot but imagine that the thoughts of the fashioners of our flag, or rather the choosers thereof, must have run along such lines with considerable perplexity. *At that time no one clearly knew what should and could unite us in any objective and institutional way.* So far as the colonies had held together at all, it was under the

spell of a common dread of a primitive recrudescence of tyranny and the execution of their leaders for high treason, which dread was, of course, relieved the moment victory had surely come. The original tendency, then, to fall apart in petty rivalries, jealousies, and flattered prejudices reasserted itself vigorously, as it had never indeed ceased to operate during the war for independence, visible to the most casual observer in the very conduct of the Continental Congress, which had been all but the despair of such patient men as Adams, Franklin, and Washington.

Surely a symbol for the active principle of our national union must be adopted and set to do its potent work, and it must be itself a symbol which could occasion no debate. Such a symbol was found in the square field of midnight blue set in the top left hand corner of the flag, nearest the staff, and furthest forward toward the foe as the banner advances. Its size and placement require that six alternate red and white stripes shall run completely across the field and lie under it as its foundation, causing the other seven alternate red and white stripes, abridged for the canton itself, to appear to stream forth from the same. Now, this symbol derives naturally from the Union Jack, the meteor flag of England, cantoned in the commercial flag, or, rather, the East India Flag; but it acquired immediately for us, one would think, a special meaning. As it appears in the Union Jack of England, it is not conspicuous. The eye is held by the interlacing crosses with their startling effect and the midnight blue hardly challenges attention as in itself significant. It is a mere background and setting, so to say, for the real effectual symbol of union,

the crosses namely of England, Scotland, and later of Ireland too.

But in our flag with originally no more than its circle of thirteen white five-pointed stars, it was very conspicuous indeed. Once the interwoven crosses removed, it remains there in its prominent placement, all but square, and deep, midnight blue, to provoke contemplation as the very symbol of divine union.

This mystical symbol is too primitive to be translated adequately into common prose. It haunts our mythology. It constantly reappears in our lyric poetry. The very ancient Vedic seers in Northern India personified it as Varuna, the God of the unseen sun; that is, of the heaven when the sun dwelt temporarily in the world below. That was the time when men's consciences smote if ever, so that to Varuna were lifted up all prayers concerning the desire for personal righteousness and holiness. In the Greek Olympian pedigree it is Ouranos, the firmamental azure blue, who is the sire of Kronos, the God of time; Ouranos, the starry heaven that is to say, who by his movement metes out time for man. He antedates the stars, for the starry order presupposes that firmament, vast, vague, indeterminate, mysterious, infinite. It is the eternal that orders the temporal. Thence in turn proceeds the definite purpose, the determined limitation to the social leadership of the divine talents, powers, aspects, and he is symbolised by the father of the Olympian family, the wielder of the thunderbolt (Sanskrit, Dyauspiter) Zeus-piter, Jove, father, Jupiter. The worship of Ouranos is far back behind the golden age for our historic Hellenes, Etruscans, and Romans, already all but forgotten by the time the heroes battled

before Ilium. But the beginning, ere man asked for definition, specification, when he was satisfied with awe and reverent worship of the akin Unknown, the heaven or firmament was the symbol for that wondrous Mystery, that unseizable Reality behind and within all human experience. The hemisphere of the blue dome resting on the circle of the horizon, adequately suggests that sense of the indefinite and therefore of the infinite. It is the evermore stable; clouds may come and clouds may go, but the firmament remaineth, to uphold the stars and assign pathways for the sun and the moon. When the Hebrews evolved national institutions to include and supersede the loose tribal federation, their Jahweh, became Jahweh Sabaoth, the Lord of hosts, translated in the Septuagint, Ouranios, the heavenly, the firmamental. And what else did the Chinese mean with their Heaven, and their Son of Heaven as the sovereign overlord?

But this symbol of the heaven, one would think, should express itself in the circle rather than in the square. And so, for aught we know, originally it did. At all events, circles of ritual limitation, taboo barriers against access, are drawn about the holy place, that are not without the more or less conscious meaning of the horizon.

But note, a circle would suggest more familiarly the sun, because man's concern with the blue was remote, as compared with his constant interest in the doings of that splendid companion and Lord of Life. The points of sunrising and sunseting, fixed as an imaginary line, one was drawn at right angles to it, reaching from the pole star to the Southern Fish; these four points create a cross that, overlaid on the circle,

would serve to distinguish the disk of the sun's symbolic orb from any other circle.

But the prime conception of four had been arrived at, probably before the conventional cross of the compass was evolved, by setting two twos side by side, instead of setting them astride and athwart each other. The figure of the square was doubtless the very first



typical notation of the number four. It was ritually in use in altars, in thrones, and also (or in its multiples) for temples of the Gods and the houses of kings.

From such a well established conventional image there was hardly any possible escape. Hence the circle had to be squared. Then, too, one could not so easily draw a circle. One did not much need to use a circle, except for ritual purposes. It was a mysterious, baffling figure, without beginning and end, suggesting the self-swallowing snake, the symbol of eternal persistence despite death and destruction. The square was older, cannier, more useful, easy to draw, early fraught with moral associations.

Everything must have inclined man to the adoption of the square. The heaven was the house or temple of the Gods. Why not really give it the shape man used in construction? The heaven had four points of determination and orientation? Why not then really the shape of the figure so determined? The circle was the phenomenon, the appearance; the square was the noumenon—the rational reality that escapes unenlightened vision.

So, to this very day (not without Biblical authority) in despite of the round horizon and the apparent dome of sky, the phrases are still current, the "four corners of the earth," "the four corners of the heaven."

Our approximate square of the midnight heaven in the flag would seem to indicate, then, the Divine Mystery, revealed in a form that is the pattern of the earth seen in the mount by the intelligent eye of man. It is not meant to be the square of the earth imposed upon the heaven, though it doubtless is that. One presumes it to be the greater, more real square of the heavens which makes the earth itself in reality square, though in appearance to the eye it be round; for, of course, we derive our cardinal points from the phenomena of the heaven, not of the earth; from the apparent course of the sun and the fixed pole star, hanging in that point of the firmament where the heavens are steadfast forever,—since we did not as yet surmise the movement through the heavens of our apparently fixed earth.

2 *Midnight Blue*

Now about the colour of our canton a few words may not be unwelcome. Historically it derives to us from Scotland. Her bluebells are amethystine, delicate violet, rather than pure blue. Her heather is a ruddy purple, or white. But with her mists, and her sombre mountains, her denser atmosphere, she can achieve, more often and entirely, a general blue of landscape, of the darker hue, than any other well-known country. At all events, her white cross of St. Andrew, like a good sawbuck, bestrode her blue flag,

and sternly bade all and sundry be timbers for the hewing and the sawing, to go into the fabric of her more solid political house. She had clan loyalty in plenty and battle-love to spare, but little or no ability to find her national union and integrity.

Now, when Great Britain became a political reality on the accession of the son of Mary, ex-queen of France and hapless Queen of the then hapless Scots, the "Union Jack" came into being (nicknamed Jack, for Jacobus, James, abbreviated as J A C. R E X) the blue canton of Scotland definitely displaced the white one of England, since the red cross of St. George was visible against the blue, but the white of St. Andrew was quite invisible on the white background. It is pleasant for the great Scotch-Irish body of our citizenship—comprising all our mountaineers, our "wild cats" of deserved war-fame, to remember, perhaps, this merely historic and accidental origin of the canton of our own flag.

But the colour should be considered in and of itself, since it speaks to all directly and with primitive emphasis.

Blue has evil, doubtful, and good associations of which the latter enormously prevail, so that "true blue" seems warranted, and doesn't for one instant leave us in doubt as to its sense.

There is the phrase "beating black and blue" which gives us its evil connotation. Contusions may be blue—but more commonly black, fading out to a livid green. Hence, however, "blue devils" that beat one "blue," and close of kin to melancholy, the black mood, described as "blue."

There is the blue sheen of the black crow and raven

—birds of evil omen—associated with the fetid battle-field, and with the uprooting of the young corn.

These constitute the principal derogatory senses. The ambiguous association is the blue of the rain-cloud. In the arid Orient "the former and the latter rain" is desired, ushered in by the storm clouds—blue verging on black—and when inkiest and most threatening bringing rain in abundance and incidentally, perhaps, sudden creek-floodings and crop ruin.

The blue of the sea, especially the Mediterranean, is of good omen to the mariner. It is the reflection of the cloudless sky. Though Jupiter may hurl his bolt from the "serene" it is then a miracle, for the confirmation of the godly and the confusion of the godless.

Those who have seen the Dead Sea's steely sheen, or that of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, realise how intensely blue a briny sheet of water can be. The blue of the sky—"sereno," as the Italians call it, "celeste" (from cielo—sky) the sky's hue,—is the source of the smiling sea's deeper dye.

It is the symbol of divine peace above the strife. The winds are still or gentle. The clouds are absent, or they pile up like skyward-stairways, or float about like Isles of the Blessed. This is the hue of the French blue of the Tricolour, of most of the blue flowers, in particular the "bleuet" or "bluet" or "cornflower" (called Kornblume across the Rhine) the appropriated floral symbol of France. It is the colour of our larkspur, of the darker forget-me-nots of black marshy soils, of the lubelia, timid but vivid, and of the wonderful acres, sometimes miles, of Rocky Mountain

pentstemon, giving the blue of the summer noon sky a fairly adequate terrestrial exemplification.

But blue of the intenser sort is rare on earth. The sapphire may dartle it, or the dewdrop from its grass spear; but it visits us discreetly and shyly. As for the midnight blue—it is absent among our familiar flowers. Our heavenly hope, it would seem, does not bloom on earth; it is only yonder, aloof, remote, above; not even on mountains, that wall in our earth at the edge of heaven, does it deign to rest, or only to hover, as an atmospheric veil hesitatingly dropped from above.

In the ritual uses of Christendom, following here the gorgeous traditional colourings of the ark in Ezekiel's ideal and read back then into earlier times also as belonging to a Solomonic temple and supposedly devised by Moses for Aaron, among his Levites—the blue is more particularly the colour of the Divine presence. In Anglican use we have usually violet instead—a mixture of the red of human passion and the blue of divine serenity. The Red Indian used dark blue, a clay mixed with charcoal, to indicate, in ceremonial body-paintings the sky of the night, whereas for the lighter blue, for the happier, more personal sky of day, a clay did duty, significantly unmixed with the darkness, got of the charred wood.

On the whole, then, blue speaks unambiguously of what is beneficent, perhaps even the ugly contusions of a wholesome chastisement (alluded to as a possible association) being so viewed.

The blue of the rainstorm coming to bless the earth; of the calm seas with promise of fair passage; of the noon summer sky, giving man his golden sunshine in

abundance, and summoning him to be glad of his life, in the light that cannot deceive; of the rare flowers, prized the more for their very rarity; of the midnight firmament—far from the hue and cry, from the jostle or rude jest—calming, inviting to meditation, obscuring superficial differences and divisions, assimilating all varieties in one blessed aloofness from labour and rivalry; the sleep of man, who, thanks to the fire, is lord of his abode.

An observation is now in order concerning the darkness of the blue. All of the human environment, all that man himself makes of it, his own personal form and features, all are abolished for him by the night, which becomes thus especially the symbol of the solitude of the heaven, of aloneness with God, the exclusion of all but the Divine Life itself from the quickened consciousness of man. Well does Whitman sing this,—he, the nurse of so many, the lover of so many, but the adorer of this nation in particular, and therefore not blind to her faults (as witnessed in his immortal prose oration to his people entitled “Democratic Vistas”), well indeed does Whitman sing as the only hope of genuine democracy, the “divine dark” that abolishes petty differences, even the too insolent affirmation of self-identity. If all sorts and conditions of men are to be drawn and held together, there must be a charitable veiling and gracious embrace of the tolerant, undistinguishing Dark. Midnight blue offers a charitable welcome to all alike. Superficials, externals, vanish. Internals are affirmed, quickened, got to radiate. Eyes shine. So do souls. Oh, the blessed, all-including hospitality of our heavenly Father, many dwelling places (mistranslated

mansions) in his one house for all, and home! There we have it: the very creative essence of democracy! Every soul has a like chance and right to approach with confidence. In the sight of the Perfect, what is thy talent, thy prowess, thy virtue, thy genius, to put me out of countenance, to shame me, and bid me hold aloof? We are all alike, all one in the sight of that divine Dark, which we set aloft above us all as the unifier of the diverse, the healer of breaches, the bridger of chasms, the includer of all worlds whatever—the Midnight Blue.

But of so great interest is this meaningful, vital value of Blue, that perhaps ere we dismiss the subject for that of the form of the canton, the reader will doubtless allow the enumeration of some minor suggestions which should perhaps modify what we have already said above.

In the glade against the green wall of woods, the spent wood-fire smoke arises, in the still air like the wreathing incense of the peacepipe, and hangs gently—as the votive offering of prayer—strangely blue.

The distant hills of Beulah are blue—with a bloom that vanishes as we draw near—and we conclude that same loveliness, so evasive to view, dwells also where we are, invisible to us, for the joy of others afar off,—this haunting blue that will not be intruded on, yet gently mantles the distances with mystery.

In the silhouettes of trees over drifts of snow, the depressions and wrinklins are etched often in vivid blue. In the strong sunlight of arid regions on the yellowish sand where the glare is broken, "the shadow of the rock in a thirsty land" is blue.

The clefts of the glacier, the light sifted through

the cliffs of ice to caverns within them, is brilliant cerulean.

In the deeps of sheltered lakes and pools, the cool refuges where the world is strangely inverted—the mossy growths—produce at times almost a turquoise sheen. The bloom on plums, on blueberries is a pastel blue. The dragon fly, hanging near canoes on inland waters, darting by the fisherman, the bluebird in woodland retreats, and the glorious Rocky Mountain jay, the alarm raiser for the shyer birds, the guardian of their fastnesses, is of a brilliant lapislazuli.

And when we speak of shyness and modest hauntings, who wonders if the blue veinings of the translucent skin of children and maidens, should have given rise to the legendary "blue blood" like the ichor of the vulnerable yet immortal Gods, witnessing the heavenly flow through these delicate flowers of our human earth?

Some say that, taken all in all, blue is the prevailing colour of the landscape; yet, if so present in the seerlike eyes of the Gods—of Milton and Shelley, of Apollo and Athena alike—it is subject to moodish withdrawals, even as the divine favour occasionally rewarding the devout vigil and mystic elevation of the spirit; and all these and kindred lesser associations easily mingle and merge in the major before enumerated, hallowing with a subtle tenderness the canton of our flag.

3 *A Uniting Ideal the Principle of Our Union*

But the joy of the colour is pre-empting our attention too long. The square as the shape imposed on the midnight blue, is all but slipping out of mind.

It is a house, a frontage; a foundation that we hold in front of us, as if it were a shield of defence; it is our façade—and face enough for us! It is our foundation and all else can securely rest on it alone.

What deceives and baffles then—the incomprehensive, the eternal—manifests for us in the form of the temporal, four square, the foundation for all that man may build, in this creative spirit, as the home of his ideals.

Now the question is, if upon the foundation of our enthusiasm and our purity, we build, or rather cause to manifest, the divine mystery, and from it shall in turn proceed our ultimate world-order; if, hallowing the holy name, we shall realise the kingdom, at least in the mind of man, and thence by will and prayer through the ages realise it in our earthly order, personal and social, ay, and physical; if so exalted an ideal as our motto, "In God we trust," is set up for us by our flag;—can we and do we in deed and truth believe it? Here we are to-day, theists, agnostics, materialists, even atheists perhaps; professed Christians of various degrees and denominations, scaling from Romanist and Mormon to Unitarian and Christian Scientist; Jews, Buddhists, Vedantists, perhaps (one hears at least of such), and Bahais; and perhaps the largest body, after all—floaters, indifferentists, who thought they were something, and, so far as they know, aren't anything in particular any more, if they ever were, and who postpone jocosely or pathetically the day of reckoning, mere drifters and shifters, spiritual parasites, sippers of optimistic anodynes, who depend for their decency on social pressure, on atmosphere, created and maintained by others

of more will and stamina than they. Ah, yes, a motley crew we are, for this our ship of state! And yet, one would venture to say that, for all our shortcomings, our sins of commission and omission, our canton does speak really and truly for us, each and all, at our best. "In God we trust" says our motto; not in a philosophic Absolute, of course; not in some dogmatic God-conception, some surviving scholastic schema or thought-form; but really in God, the indefinable Mystery; the undiscernable and yet perpetually experienced Source of supply, to whom we unavowedly address our instinctive demand; the desire of the soul, ay, and the hunger of the body, as recognised or unrecognised prayer! In God, in this God, alone we trust: to make real the union of our pure strife and of our holy energy and our "thirteen," our ever new start, our ever more perfect perfection! For what else, but just what we call God, can be conceived of as equal to holding us together without the sense of bondage, and driving us forward together, without shame at being driven, towards the common Goal which none of us can venture even tentatively to describe? In the confusion of tongues, incident to our modern extravagant individualism, on what else but the very deepest and highest can we count to organise a dynamic Solidarity that shall preserve, nay, encourage the uttermost individuation; jealous of specialisation, and yet zealous for co-operation, such as shall make each find his supreme joy in his sense of participation with the whole—a whole too great for him to imagine, much less to understand?

But, it will be said: what have we here but a mere religio-mystic survival! We inherit it; and, to be

sure, we do not like to get up and deny it. It seems poor breeding, to say the least, and, perhaps, to intelligent agnostics, a little reprehensibly rash. We understand quite well that "In God we trust," when retained on our coinage, does not justify, but rather rebuke the blasphemous idea, current at first jocularly, and soon in all conscience too seriously of the "Almighty Dollar," which seems to assert that all things are for sale and that only what can be dealt in profitably over the counter has value. So, we do not any of us viciously quarrel with the motto, when it does duty so quietly and steadily. Yet there are many among us who fancy we are far more importantly held together by our mutual needs than by any mystical idea or transcendental ideal; so that "Almighty Dollar" does, after all, have a real, significant worth. In other words, we are held together by economic forces, by hunger and the fear of it; by the sense of power, the joy of independence; the denatured, quasi-plutocratic caste system, and all that goes with it of æsthetic and intelligent privilege. Again we are held together, some would protest, more effectively than by economic forces through the operation of certain shared experiences. Economic differences to-day are risking the permanency of our social order. But our continental inter-ocean position; our frontiers perpetually exploited in oratory, so specific and geographically thrilling; our varieties of extreme climate; our flora, our fauna, and all that gives to America the special vibration or tang; these are actually maintaining our union and increasing our solidarity by a likeness in sentiments and tastes, as con-

trasted with foreigners however else akin in race, language, or cultivated tradition.

Others, moreover, will say that we are bound far more by our shared history and tradition, brief as to time, but peculiar, picturesque, and romantic, resulting in certain common prejudices, political and social vagaries of predilection, and methods of procedure.

Still others will contend that it is the language binds us, the language of Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, which transmits the soul of a folk, politically ancestral to us; and this all the better as time goes on, and more intimately mixes our kindred bloods. Whatever secondary tongues may wag for a season, it is, after all, the language of little old England, of the clever Queen Bess, that most profoundly fashions us; the buried poetry of its words; the shrewd and simple style of its grammar and syntax; the heritage of Chaucer, of Sidney, of Shakespeare and Spenser; of Milton, of Gray, of Burns and Blake; of Byron and Shelley and Keats, of Tennyson and Longfellow, Emerson, Poe. We would be the last to underestimate the value of the creative word, sub-consciously imposing common thought-forms upon the whole people, and choosing for them preferred feeling-trails, that become the lines of least resistance for the will. Are we so sure, however, that language can in future bind any one people together, when that same language is to be shared by several peoples of differing political ideals, racial mixtures, and physical environment and meteorologic bias?

Others again believe that our institutions constitute our vital control. Our constitution perpetuates itself,

reproduces itself with modifications again and again; a body of unwritten custom is building, far more tyrannous even than recorded precedents and authoritative documents, because it is left uncollated, uncriticised, uncodified. Our world of political habit then, it is clear, binds us more and more effectively into one. But are we then insured so heavily against revolution? What is to be after the great world-war? Just in so far as the whole civilised world is duly democratised, the federal idea set up and incorporated more or less everywhere, will not, as a consequence, similar habits develop and their distinctive values by degrees diminish, eventually ceasing to bind us together as being because of their prevalence amongst us, so very peculiar a nation? Hardly, one would venture to predict.

Last of all perhaps, there are those who trust to world policies setting us in definite antagonisms, binding us by specific treaty obligations to create and maintain a vigorous national consciousness by contrasts and contraries. In shared antipathies at least there surely is something that tends to consolidate. God forbid that we have teetering balances of power, playing at see-saw on the back of common humanity. God forbid we shall ever again tipple of that old Machiavellian-Metternich beverage, and pass about that bowl as a diplomatic loving-cup any longer, to make drunk with blood-lust the rulers of the nations! At that game of suspicion, Borgian subtlety, Bismarckian duplicity through a brutal candour, are estimable, nay, noble virtues—and decent virtues are vulgar vices. Such a double standard we hope men shall refuse any longer to endure. Private truth and hon-

our shall be public truth and honour also!—at least, nothing less august and exacting.

Now, we do not deny that all these above mentioned bonds do presently bind, that all these fences do, in some measure, shut in and unite. Doubtless, common economic need, geographic delimitation, specific history and language, institutional inertia, and surviving world-antipathies and antagonisms, and, immediately, the inevitable wholesome hate of the unsportsmanlike war-ideal of the Germans—their determination to rule or utterly ruin: their foul will not only to destroy, but to deflower, degrade, and appal and mutilate; this, for a while, compelling our nation to remain on the alert against treason within and against the lust of profits in trade (disguised as charity to the defeated) so sure to be urged by greedy aliens in our midst:—all these forces enumerated and evaluated here may be trusted to do something effectively toward holding us together, and perhaps they may do much more than any can foresee. Yet, having passed through the great world-crisis of this world's blood-baptism, would we venture to affirm very stoutly, that they could, even together, all twisted into one cord, be strong enough to bind us indeed forever? Is aught else really in the long run "the tie that binds," save a common sense of a divine Choice of us; an unfolding, yet mysterious, and therefore all the more alluring, peculiar Destiny? Only a common future, only a forward movement towards the same, can unite us, at least, of so many diverse and sundering pasts, and make us for good and all organically one. Who would venture to say in this hour of supreme trial, that our fathers have chosen for us as a unifying symbol, an emblem

that speaks too high a language, that asks too much of us, when it makes clear that the secret and mystic Manifestation to us of the Divine (to each in privacy, and so to all, with reverence one for another) is the best tie, the only tie that can surely bind, and that does actually bind us in a secure and imperishable Union?

What then shall the union be?

The principle of union, that is, shall be indicated by our Square of midnight Blue. Perhaps our forefathers weren't guilty of a slip in grammar. Perhaps the union "is" that spiritual ideal—and that alone, euphoneously called by our Omahas: Wakonda, the Mystery; and by the Pawnees: Tirawa Atius, our heavenly Father.

But if He be the Mystery to others also, the Father to all, wherein are we peculiarly privileged? What is our distinguishing advantage? What is our necessary selfishness and singularity to achieve a practical union here and now of sovereign states and, worse yet, of races (naturally hostile in the presence of each others' masses) that must be also federated?

To each, the God of all is and must be his own.

To each, an adequate statement of what God is to him would have to be peculiar.

That there is a Reality, akin and responsive, that is common; but what manifests as kind and quickening is especial in every case. A billion saints know a billion gods; that is, the One Eternal enters into personal relation, and no two souls are identical, even though they be equivalent in his sight.

Now, as of persons, so of nations.

The nations have their singularity, and so to each,

God is its singular God. Only so can each nation get a call of its own, it can passionately answer. England is not asked to be France—God forbid. She would make a poor France. Then, too, there would be two. Why two nations of one kind when there can be two instead, each of its own kind? Each nation shall glory in what she alone can be, different from each, and therefore useful, ay, indispensable to every other. In that eternal democratically accessible midnight Heaven, there is a Unifying principle, because there is a specialising Call; and so again to each section, each state, each county and town; so to each race, each stock; so to each hither-transferred susceptibility to ideals, and genius to realise them creatively. We are right. Only in that Square of midnight Heaven is there real Union for an enlightened people, a federal nation, and later still of a federation the world over, we trust, of federal nations.

High then, let the flag float, and highest in it, nearest to the staff, since the best interpreter of the eagle, stands firm the Blessèd Mystery,—Varuna, Ouranos, or, better, Wakonda, Tirawa Atius; in whose common upward dynamic drawing unto him we do experience also the lateral attraction; for only in the Fatherhood of God, can we make sure of our fellowship one with another—our brotherhood as co-initiates in that supreme religion of the flag!

CHAPTER VIII

OUR STARS OF DESTINY, FIVE-POINTED AND WHITE

I *The Mystery*

OUR last chapter dealt with the doctrine of a true federal and national union. We could be united in and by our highest only. In everything below the highest, inevitable opportunities for strife, contention, schism, secession and civil war must needs sooner or later appear; but in our very highest, which is unrealised by any, and realisable only in and through an infinite progressive process, and to which each can, therefore, freely help and further all, and all can help and further each; in our goal, as it were, in our ultimate evolutionary tendency and destination we may find a reconciling and unifying power! But the Square of Midnight Blue adequately symbolising that world-power, or rather cosmic power, of ideals, leaves the grand dynamic mystery itself wholly undefined. Its infinity seems to reside in indefiniteness. For our religious and emotional selves this would surely constitute an advantage without mitigation, since the indefinite is the supremely effective symbol for the infinite; the unspoken for the rapturously unspeakable. What could there be better to unite us than the Square of Midnight Blue—the honest and honourable surrender of any particular understanding of the mystery, of the yet invisible unintelligible cosmic Ideal, which

we apprehend best, all of us in profound solitude, unimpinged on even by blessed memories of heroes and prophets, when the intellect is silenced, in abeyance, and the soul yearns towards its own higher and ever nearer and more luminous manifestation?

But after all, we are dealing with men as they are, and not with men as they are going to be in ages to come. Even when we are primarily concerned with men as they are going to be, it is with men as they are we must deal to realise even an adumbration of their possibility. The most eager futurist must take into consideration, primarily, the present, which so inevitably conditions his future and which has been itself conditioned by the past. While indefiniteness would be emotionally satisfying, and assists us to the most blessed illusion of agreement, and seems, therefore, to render co-operation easier, whatever gives the intellect nothing definite at all to bite, so to speak, results, we fear, for most people in a kind of somnolence of that same intellect, which somnolence soon reaches, by an inner contagion, the moral sense! What can't be defined seems too readily to be something that doesn't greatly matter. At all events, what can't be defined appears to have no inherent right sharply to define for us, definite personalities, our conduct, and establish an often only too painful control over our specific inclinations.

Hence, therefore, throughout the ages, tribes, families and individuals have been immensely preoccupied with the development of some definite God-idea, some symbol or symbolic group, visualisable ideal, eidolon or idol; all indeed, more or less well-known to be mere playthings of intellect and of sense, mere substitutes

for inexpressible unattainable Realities, but nevertheless absolutely necessary to give moral, because intellectual, tone and vigour to religion, as the vital concern and pursuit of the whole man.

We here come then upon the opposite interest of the intellect and of the religious nature proper. Most modern materialists promptly cut the Gordian knot. They are for the intellect, and mysticism is declared a nuisance, although one does have to admit that nearly all that we value has its springs there—but, thank heaven, only its springs! Sensible people, they insist, can substitute a moral code, a book of ritual etiquette, a theology, an institution, a set of once magical forms (now quite deodorised but spectacularly useful and convenient for the handling of the immature) and so be rid of the whole source of much discomfort, shame and vexation of spirit. But let us see. When I am at leisure and want truth—doubt is absolutely the most valuable state of mind. When I am, on the contrary, involved in eager critical action—doubt is damning. Its confusion arrests. So then here's an inevitable conflict of the will and of the intellect. Think first, and then act? God forbid! If we were strictly conscientious we should never get through thinking, and so never get around to acting at all. Fools rush in, blessed fools, where pusillanimous angels fear to tread. A man learns by his folly. Up and do—and think after, if you survive;—and your rash attack of the problem will do you a good turn next time you have to act without any time allowed for reflection!

Candidly then, we must reconcile conflicting claims of this our complex human nature. The techniques of thought and action are all but mutually exclusive.

So also the need of man for religion is not confined to his private life. He has to work together, suffer together, will and sacrifice together. He can sometimes be at his best, then, or as a genius always do his best alone. But the average of mankind demands urge and stay, uplift and social rebirth. Only in the processes of mass-psychology do we find what we need. The crowd, of course, in turn profits greatly by the religious experiences of saints, heroes, geniuses. But it primarily asks for organisers, makers of rituals, compilers of hymnbooks and devisers of disciplines, of methods and orders, that it may think, feel and act together and imagine it has thought and seen and heard each in that social whole, the Divine itself.

For this practical necessity of mankind, "Wakonda" and even "Tirawa Atius" do not suffice. The Mystery must be, if only for the time being, interpreted, however much it may have thereby to suffer, in breadth, in depth and height; the "Father in heaven" will have to be brought to earth, so to speak, for sense contact, and heart passion, and will service, even though he cease thereby to be heavenly altogether to the mind of the rare humans who are more spiritually advanced.

2 *The Need of Definitions*

This is the terrible necessity. Our Square of Midnight Blue may not and must not remain solid colour, or it may seem vacant, and be filled then by who knows what unauthorised and even unconfessed emanations, horrible projections of debased and disordered minds. If one looks hard and suddenly in the dark, one may see a devil—one's own distorted countenance, merely

hallucinatory, but apparently real enough to scare one out of one's wits.

It is wise and kind then, humane and good pedagogy to fill the Square of Midnight Blue with something more specific and heart-satisfying for our ordinary moods. Hence, it is clear, men did and must attempt the impossible—to define the Indefinable, and this they will forever continue to do, with more or less frankness or self-deception. By this process arose the specific gods.

Unluckily, once those gods are projected or evoked for their invaluable service to intellect and will, they imposed themselves unnecessarily on mystic ecstasy and affection. The Illustration was taken to be the Thing Unseen, and ever so much more really and sublimely It, than Its own Self could be. From the consideration of these gods, together with customs and rites, arise what are called religious systems, which are then set in rivalry and opposition, and generate wars; or effect curious amalgams, simplifications and dove-tailings or substitutional equivalences (as when Egypt arose politically out of federating "nomes" or provinces) lest mankind be smothered by the very systems it has evolved and perfected only to give itself the upper air by the lungful—and space for the soaring imagination.

When in course of time anything like a broad survey of religious ideals and practices and doctrines became accessible, quasi-identifications and reconciliations were found in pantheons or in metaphysical syntheses, the supreme instance of which we have in the doctrine of the Trinity. The variety in unity which constitutes the ideal we cherish of the cosmos and of

ourself, must, it seems to us, arise in the very nature itself of God, the simplest symbol of which vital unity is expressed in the ancient organic triad: father, mother, child. To assume the doctrine of the Trinity, state it in scholastical hard logic, and regard it then as a scientific theory, or as an adequate revelational statement of transcendental fact, is, of course, preposterous and unworthy of serious discussion. Granted that any particular archaic form of the doctrine has become intolerable, it still remains clear that our God-idea must at least appear to furnish the essential ground, not only of unity, and of variety, but furthermore also and rather, of variety in unity, which is our most organic and creative conception of union.

For the mind cannot for long contemplate what is single and undifferentiated. It cannot remain awake in the contemplation of what is vague and indefinite. We must supply variety to the unity, and, as we said, definition to the infinite, although we know this is merely a practical procedure by which the intellect subserves the interests of life, individual and social. As our Parsee friends well expressed it, we must have "a thing opposite us," a "kibleh," an occasion and instrument of concentration, like the crystal for the crystal-gazer, or the sun in the heaven, the fire on the altar, a focus of attention, a kibleh; and we dare not for the sake of large sympathy and gracious mystical rapture let our symbol of the divine remain unitarian, solitary and unsocial—the individual not self-sufficient; nor on the other hand thrillingly undefined, resulting in pantheistic orgies, premature and immoral, of self-fusings and identifying with the Deity—to

which Sufis, Hindus and even so-called Christian mystics have been verily disposed again and again.

3 *Our Symbolic Defining of the Mystery*

Now what should subserve this so important purpose in the case of our Flag? That is the question next under consideration. The crescent moon? The uncoiling rattlesnake? The green tree? The circular chain of linked rings? The circle of clasping hands? The truncated pyramid? They were all suggested and considered and had been variously experimented with, as in some early flags and coins, and in adopted designs for the Grand Seal of the United States. The objection to them all is that they are too local, too particular, or too ingeniously recondite. Something was wanted in the case of the Flag not too high for the lowliest to identify at a glance and accept; and something at the same time so high that even the most audacious and gifted could not out-think it or outfeel it. What is wanted furthermore is quite obviously something that does actually "belong," as we say, in our Midnight Blue.

Now for this the sun might have been chosen. That was left for new Nippon. We were more modest. We chose the star.

That we may have had it suggested to our makers of the flag by the Washington arms is made more probable, by the fact that our star has become the very sort of one which did appear in the uppermost bar of the shield naturally dear to the Father of his country. I for one do not resent this supposed historic origin of it. But for my part, I think rather

that the appearance of the star also in the Washington arms served to commend the new proposition once made, rather than to originate it. Men in those days were, of course, not so prone to worship George Washington and accord him superhuman pre-eminence as we are. Many jealousies obtained even in Virginia; and for all his magnanimity, he often met with abuse and enmity, even with the suspicion and opposition of a great man, of different temperament, like Jefferson. Few, then, must have known what the Washington arms were; many wouldn't have cared. Some would have resented the use of anything so non-democratic as an imported heraldic shield of a Virginia family, as the suggestor of the supreme expressive symbol for the Flag.

And why rack our brains for any historic origin? Why seize upon a mere coincidence with such avidity? Were our forefathers so dull, that—wanting to place in a midnight blue (or navy blue) canton a symbol worthy to define the only ideal that should unify us—they couldn't possibly of themselves have hit upon the childishly obvious idea of the star?

“Westward the star of fortune takes its course.” Napoleon did not invent his star. The star of the Epiphany summoning the wise men is a Persian idea, the Greek erroneous etymology of Zoroaster being the “life-giving star.” But long before then had there been “stars.” Alexander had his, of course; every great king, ay, every princeling, yes, down even to every star-gazing shepherd, every hind on his honeymoon! Because man had from the earliest days of Egypt and Babylon a science and art of astrology; because there was such also in Aztec and Inca Amer-

ica; because every roving tribe in forest and plain had its star-teachings; because every man almost, innocent of astrology and ignorant of astronomy, with an eye and a heart picks him out a favourite star, which he comes to associate with his peculiar soul-life and career—for these ever potent reasons, naturally and properly, was the star chosen.

The star denotes, always denotes, the particular personal destiny. If we are to be united as a nation by a star, that means we are to be united by a destiny peculiar to us as a nation. If we are to have rather a group of stars, or a constellation, that means that there are many to be united, each with his star, but that these separate stars always must appear together in the heavens at the same time, in the same arrangement, in the same relative relations to other stars or constellations. They would most emphatically express union and communion, while a single star might be solitary, unsocial, unifying us, by our common focusing of it, but without illustrating in its own pitiful singleness the glorious complexity of what is united. The constellation is of its nature the "many in one," the symbol so of true organic and organising unity. Here we have surely a superbly intelligent use of symbology.

A "new constellation"—one never hitherto observed? Of course, a new star appears now and then for men to consider (measure with other stars, "*sidera*" Latin for "stars"). It is not "disastrous"—of evil omen—to its own, however, it may cross the purposes—the orbits or apparent motions of others. It implies the entrance into the world of a new personality, a new nation, a new religion; so, very properly also a new

nation, intended to be a pioneer in human liberty; not to share the fate of Hellenic cities—democracies of Carthaginian or Roman oligarchic republics,—but to secure for all mankind the benefits of a free development in social life, by a new political system; such a new nation must evidently be united by an organised group of destinies, new in the grouping as well as new in the stars themselves!

Now that the stars should be white, goes without saying. Vega in Lyra is white, Antares in beautiful Scorpio is red; Aldebaran in the Bull is orange; and Betelgeuse in amazing Orion is yellow. But in summer months Vega is in the zenith during the early hours of the night. Why not Vega in the Lyre, in that symbol of Apollo's music, of Hermes' skill, of the stately Muses' supreme charm?

Yes, the blue and red twinkling of Arcturus in the shepherd's horn is very lovely: but for our nation give us Vega in the Lyre, the star of the summer night's zenith, the calm, steady, still white light, that compels aloofness, poise, serenity, devotion.

True, when we look for definite authority, we find, as George Prebel (*Encyclopedia Americana*) tells us, there was at first no clear legal description of the constellation, nor unluckily an absolutely unmistakable specification of the number of the stars originally set in the field of midnight blue. Whether our compound star-order should be itself star-formed, or arranged in circle, or in parallel lines, the design, that is, was "still left a matter of choice or taste"; but this much was for all time established, that only in the worship of a star, or rather of a Constellation of stars, (each one's star finding its own place in the grouping

of the whole, or the whole itself fixing the gaze of the adorer) could and should we find a moral and political urge to organic union. In the unconscious and, therefore, uncriticised deeps and heights of human nature, we should, as of old, be guided by the calm, ever-mysterious, heavens; but they should make their fiat for us explicit in our peculiar constellation of unerring, unambiguous purport.

Incidentally, it is not quite perhaps without interest to note that the words of the Resolution tell us how "the flag of the thirteen United States shall be thirteen stripes," etc., but go on to say, that the union *be*, etc. Have we here the imperative mood? Is rash identification of symbol with thing so intense and impatient that there is no room left for good grammar? Otherwise the words surely would have read "and that the *flag of the* union be," etc. Is this then a case of commonplace legislators—overcome by the syncopating passion of the inspired poet? Note, the *Union* shall *be*," not even the flag, as the subject of the sentence was at the moment remembered! The thirteen (five-pointed or otherwise) white stars, in the blue field, representing a new constellation (disposed in the circle of eternity, or the marching parade, or the star of stars) IS the union because it is to be itself by mystic gradual operation the effective unifier?

4 *The Special Star of Our Destiny*

But let us now take into consideration the form of the star, which tradition made finally beyond peradventure ours. That star is a manifestation, ἀληθεια (aletheia), a something no longer hidden, a truth, the

essence of the mystery flashing forth, for the guidance of man, in particular form and position. For who, obviously, without the star would become aware of the rotation of the heavenly dome? Who could be guided any whither, save in a helpless upward aspiration, were the midnight blue left starless? Who could divine his hidden destiny, his destination,—not his fate, mind you, his compulsion, but his organic, constitutional and hereditary and environmental possibility?

Now the star to the eye of man is not a mere point or tiny disk. The rays of light, twinkling through our atmosphere, or affected by the eyelashes of the observer, seem sharp pointed; and the number of the points is a matter of fancy, and fancy will express a mystical prejudice doubtless, an association with number or geometric form, which when defined by authority, will ultimately overrule the fancy's freedom and control the sense appearance.

But as this discussion of the design of our star and its symbology would for the present lead us too far, we should assume what is—namely, the star as we do have it now, five-pointed, one point directly up, and consider it as we so have it in the flag.

Everywhere when five is derived cosmically, from a consideration, that is to say, of man's environment, it must in the nature of things seem to conceal and reveal one intent and meaning, that is: the apparent drawing together at the midmost point of vision, of all lines from the horizon; the four corners of the earth at one, and at-oned, in the conscious centre of the observer. Early must man have learned the value of climbing a little hill for outlook, then the high hill, and the higher to the highest, for the scanning of

remoter horizons, for the plainer understanding and mental charting of his whole environment, and incidentally, at least, for the uplift of his spirit towards that high Centre above his head, which could and does doubtless unify a still wider sphere of reality altogether beyond vision across the extreme haze of mystery. The four points then of the compass, unified in the middle of the round horizon, first on the level of the flat earth, and then, by degrees rising towards the summit of the Mount of the Lord, which was often conceived indeed as the whole blue firmament, whose peak passes out of sight, beyond the quivering dome revealed to man. Earthly human Vision, anticipating charted travel and experience, then reaching up after heavenly divine vision; heavenly divine Wisdom then condescending to the narrower limits, as needed, of earthly human wisdom, this reciprocal living process would be the best interpretation of the number-symbol of our star when cosmically derived.

But several meanings of *five* may be obtained organically from the consideration of the human form. The Roman V symbolising the number 5 doubtless had once a shank much like a modern Y; at all events it is an obvious survival of a glyph for the human hand, the hand of man that fashioneth; not the hand of the ape, with an undeveloped thumb, that merely holds on to the limb overhead, but the hand with the pressing, creative thumb, as of a sculptor that imparts to the clay its form, and life and sense. Only what we do, or have done, do we really know; only what we hope to do, mean to do, would and do live and die to do, does it vitally concern us to know, and shall we be enabled really in the end to know. All else is

mere day-dream fantastic play of the mind; a leaping of shadows about the campfire or hearth; idle speculation, tending to idleness, and self-delusive egomania. So, *five* would stand for the human maker's hand, as sharing with the divine Creator's, its power to separate, unify, fashion and perfect.

Now whoever has seen early drawings, and compared them with what a gifted little child will do, has been astonished doubtless by the far higher and keener faculty for observation the cave man had for recording characteristic motion and gesture; yet the same naivety appears, the same reliance on the magic of design, that this or that line do duty not only to represent but to present, that is, to cause to be present what else were absent, or only in the inchoate world of man's desire. Primitive drawings and carvings were wrought to summon, like names, by inherent compulsive power, like that which the name actually exercises over intelligent living men. When, therefore, drawing serves as mere record, or conveyance of thought, it is well it should not be too real, too vital. It becomes more or less like the imaginative child's sketch of to-day. The man—is but five short lines—head, two arms, two legs—at almost equal intervals departing from one point—and we have the five-point star, familiar in Mohammedan symbology, and finally adopted for our flag.

Now it is evident that there is no fundamental contradiction between the cosmical and the humanly anatomical meanings of five. Both sets of meaning can interpenetrate, and relieve one another, without disadvantage to either. What is to guide us, as the emanation and revelation of the mysterious Square of

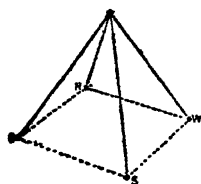
Midnight Blue, is a group of stars that shall be white, chaste, pure, and five-rayed, and pointed, representing wisdom; the best unifying intelligence human and divine; which shall not be futile, merely theoretic, but practical, creative; and shall have, as its pattern seen in the Mount, no hitherto unconceived design, device, but man himself, yes man as first foreseen in the



I



II



III

- I. The five-pointed star derived from the savage symbol drawing of a man.
- II. The unit for the zenith, or mountain summit.
- III. The five-pointed star derived from the rowel of a spur.

very beginning ere the travail of Mother Earth; man involved already in the protoplasmic gush, and wrought out from form to form, until awareness of the surrounding world of life duly passed into awareness of self, of its equipment and significance, and man drew his own symbolic likeness as his destiny, his star!

But our five-pointed star may have assigned to it yet quite another origin. In the language of heraldry, the five-point star, as in the Washington arms, was not a star at all, we are told, but a rowel of the knightly spur, intended by quickly inflicted anguish to cause

the steed to rear and leap into the air, and "devour the ground," rushing into danger without any self-preservative fear. How the horse has haunted the imagination of the Greek, as well as of the Norseman, is common knowledge. The glorious description of the battle-charger in the book of Job is also a classic, although a certain confusion in the pronouns in our authorised version may leave a congregation wondering whether it is a horse or Magog or God, to whom all the recorded wonders are ascribed! In Hellenic myth it is the steed with wings which represents a heaven-assailing inspiration. Pegasus leaps on the mount of Parnassus, from the "pege" he has caused to gush out, at a sudden blow of his spark-emitting hoof, to hurl his brave rider, the true poet, above the welkin, up the heights of Ouranos, Varuna, the vasty mystery of blue.

Now this last pedigree of our symbol from heraldry exercises no little charm of its own. The beast under us, however noble, may shrink from battle; and the rider, more sensitive to danger, but descrying better the nature of what he would assail, commands the impossible, and drives the spur into the flanks of the noble charger, and is carried through his adventure, and ultimately conveyed to his soldier sainthood in the hosts of Valhalla, into the company of the archangel Michael, leader of the hosts of the Lord,—or the fellowship of whatever other symbols are anywhere employed to make vivid and beautiful the supreme divine courage of the inspired hero and his holy goal.

It is not hard now to draw together our separate contributions of interpretation.

5 *Our Star Clearly Described*

What shall really unify our people is the divine Mystery of the Midnight Blue; morally honest and generously cosmic, the Square; articulating and specifying itself for man's encouragement as a Wisdom; exemplified in a Perspective—that relates the remotest corners of the earth, the farthest and darkest regions of experience to the human-divine centre of experience, of self-conscious progress; but this Wisdom, as the hand indicates, is very heavenly in its practicality and not, as we are wont to say, delusively “up-in-the-air,” barrenly speculative,—substituting idle schematic thought, or ghostly fancy, for the creative will of life; nay, rather exactly the opposite of this: a wisdom that like the Hand shapes to ever diviner ends the stuff of our racial experience. But those ever diviner ends are no alien ideal, not possible to terrestrial evolution, presupposing, therefore, miracle, escape from the sphere, its forces, its germ plasm, its inherent directing pattern,—but Man, just man, erect and sane, who sets head, thought and will, above; hands, work and fight, next; and both feet below, stoutly planted by their spread on the firm earth. Nay, but our star—a wisdom that shall indeed be driven as a Spur into the flanks of our hitherto developed animal nature, and supply us, when we confront the impossible with the anguished necessity of doing and daring it, and constitutes thus the condition of a new and inexhaustible Inspiration, so that man may not just stand but leap also and fly into and through the highest, conquering beyond after beyond. We worship a Star then, that represents the divine Descent of radiant

power, in response to human uplook and upreach; the Centring and Unifying of experience at the organic vital core; the Hand that fashions and commands; the Spur that excites, drives on and up, beyond human limits; and this Star must be white, pure, chaste, divinely luminous, lifted up in the heavens, above criticism, to beget, in adoration, our supreme Enthusiasm. One such Star of Destiny had been indeed sufficient for any of the elder countries: but for the new country there should be—with its vision of Free Federation as the right mode of vital union, and not a coercion of Conquest, such as had welded hitherto constituent parts or provinces into empires—for the new country, with this faith and hope in the right and duty of man, to social order, and to political charity also one for another—our symbol must be multiplied into a group, a Constellation; and that of such order, as the people should conceive and ultimately dictate; and which should like all other constellations keep its own privileged appointed place in the noble panorama of the Heaven.

Thirteen such stars—thirteen the “one better” than the perfection—expressed in the twelve signs of the zodiacal sun-path,—thirteen, the new start about the heavenly circuit, and with all its other mystical suggestions, and that in particular of the thirteen sovereign states freely grouped; not one such star, we repeat, but thirteen, shall ride the blue. Not in one such sublime radiance shall the holy all-embosoming midnight sky break into blossom; thirteen of them, then, with all that thirteen indicates, grouped in the Circle of Eternity, or else in martial star pattern of parallel lines, each running on to eternity without

meeting its brethren, ever equi-distant, ever reinforcing splendour with splendour; in such a constellation shall we find our National "kibleh," our sufficient means of concentration, our effective elicitation of the uttermost genius in us; which constellation so active can alone unify us all securely and freely in the divine!

And now it seems sheer bathos for us to recall what actually occurred. No, we shall be more considerate than to remember under what stars our professional "politicians," our delegated servants and would-be-masters for pay or honour, seem to have been born!

It was, let us rather say, bathos, pitiful, ignorant bathos to multiply the stars, demanding a new one for each state newly carved out of the nation's domain. It was unwarrantably forgetting that numbers have meaning, and are not merely commercial arithmetic, or the mechanical purpose of a National cash register! It is a pity, surely that this had to happen; and perhaps it is not altogether too late to hope that there may yet come a time, when we shall reverently revert to the original 13, and group them, as even they were best grouped after many experiments, in the beautiful Circle of Eternity, to be a Constellation worthy of expressing all that our Union, as a union, should aspire to realise in its political evolution! For in the worship of this constellation, even the state, however sovereign, cannot but vanish as such; just as the individual should desire to see himself abolished as such, in his home town, county or state. He is only of significance in so far as he may serve at any moment for a sensitive focal centre, become a means of contagion, of the passing on of the ideal

shock spark from soul to soul, a transient link between the eternities. Nevertheless, insignificant though the individual may be, if he does realise his citizenship in the Union of the States, with its ideal of realising actually and earnestly on this earth of ours all that the divine Ideal intends for man, every noble man or woman and child (awake and aware and worthy to live) finds the Constellation mirrored in his own private heart; and is well content to do or die, known or unknown forever, unto the Affirmation implied in the lifting aloft above federated states, that most radiant, national symbol in the Flag!

6 *The Design of the Figure and its Esoteric Meaning*

A line has just been drawn and a little space left blank. Let the weary reader take warning here—desist, and pass on relieved to our next chapter, or the after next if so he prefer. But such as are disposed to delve into esoteric lore are also most certainly worthy of consideration. With them alone in view, we add some pages here, containing a very curious suggestion, conveyed by the figure or design itself of the star, which was chosen for the flag of the United States by the taste and instinct, in the long run, of the people.

Left legally unspecified, the star might be constructed on odd numbers, and be three, five, seven or nine, eleven or thirteen pointed. But these were obviously harder to draw than those devised on the even numbers. A four, six, eight, or even twelve-pointed star required successive halvings or quarterings of the circle as the basis of the design.

Now each of these possibilities would have had a meaning of its own. Proposed for decision as an abstract question, we might vote in favour of the star with thirteen rays, in accord with preference for our national number. The practical objection at once occurs, however, that the more the rays, the less star-like will the figure appear when seen at a distance. Nine, the birth-number (to suggest that we were no political contrivance, but a vital development) might also commend itself especially.

On the other hand, seven was the traditionally holy number, well known to readers of the last and most picturesque book of the New Testament. The six point star, the star of David, was without further ado assumed, doubtless, to be also the star which the wise men of the East followed, till it stood over the manger-cradle in Bethlehem. But this star of Israel, though very easy to draw and remember, and already familiar—no small advantage in symbol speech—was, doubtless, because of this very association, rejected, although an unauthorised tradition assigns it as George Washington's own choice. This country was to be no second and better Palestine, no Judah Redivivus, not even a Zion of the Diaspora or "the Messiah," as some materialistic misinterpreters of the hope of Israel have not scrupled blasphemously to describe it. Because we have extended to all the disconsolate, homeless and vitally hopeful, a hospitable welcome here, the Jew also has found, from the very beginning, an asylum; and we do hope an adopted Motherland, enlisting his talents unselfishly, and evoking his total loyalty to something besides his race. At all events, the Star of David was not finally chosen,

and instead thereof we were given a star whose historic associations, if known, seemed too remote to constitute any objection; or rather, appeared, perhaps, considering the then fashionable strain of revolutionary "free-thinking"—a sort of braggadocio affirmation with brandished tomahawk and plentiful warpaint of independence from Old and New Testament religious tradition. For our five-pointed star, be it noted, was none other than the star of the Moslem world, which hangs alluring and prophetic between the sharp ends of its crescent! Incidentally, we may offer then quite unpremeditated compliments to our own annexed Sultan of Sulu!

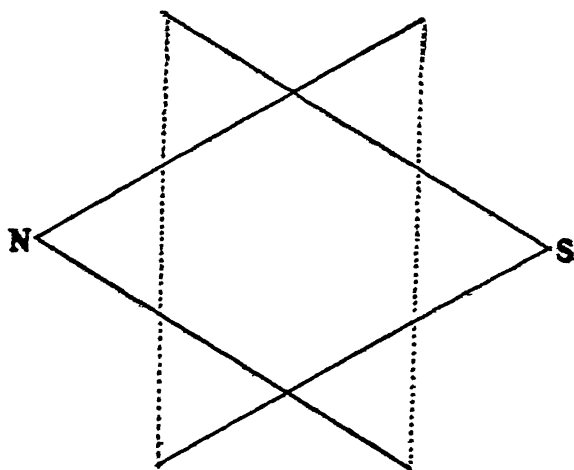
Now strange to say, the drawn figures of the six and the five-pointed stars are not wholly unlike in superficial meaning, with but one advantage in favour of the latter, that the design of ours looks when rotated always like a star, and has, in its two positions, either one or two points up,) two different yet complementary meanings.

The six-point star is made of two equal triangles that rush apex against apex, on one another from opposite directions, with equal force so as to interpenetrate evenly or half overlay one another. They would express then the simple truth: action and reaction are equal and contrary; and in our world, evenly matched conflict of contrary forces is what produces that equilibrium, that poise, which seems motionless rest to man, and is ever the harmonious light-giving star of his guidance.

Set the triangles, however, so that the bases are horizontal and one of them seems to rise from below—the level of the earth—and the other to descend

from above, from the line of the firmament parallel to the earth level.

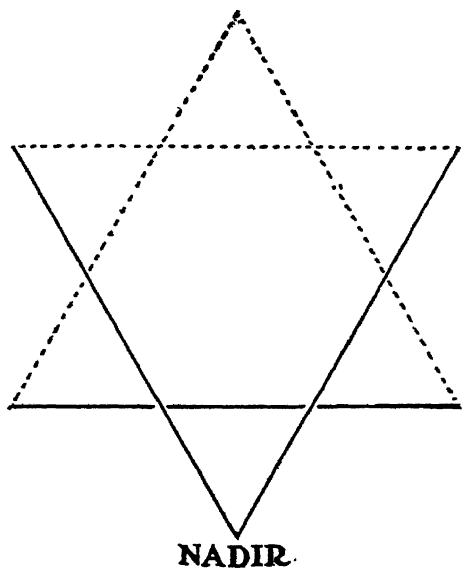
The triangles stand now for pyramids, each gathering together its four corners (one of earth and the other of heaven), for onset unto this mutual penetration. We have respectively the altar fire springing up, and the opened "windows of heaven" down-pouring to fertilise our heritage, the benisons of rain and



STAR OF DAVID: TWO POINTS UP.

plenty. It is from below the holy pyramid, the holy mountain, resting then on its foursquare, complete solid and righteous base, arising to the zenith, and actually piercing above the heaven to the very presence of God. It is from above the answering pyramid, its base open upward as a vast horn of plenty, a funnel to include the total of the divine nature and deliver it to the single sensitive central spot, where stands the worshipper in the holy of holies,—ay, and

to penetrate down far deeper yet toward the nadir, the gloom of Hades, of Sheol, the unknown mystery the other side of life below. Let us repeat, for the symbol is too noble not to be construed with complete sympathy, particularly since we rejected it for the use



STAR OF DAVID: ONE POINT UP.

of Old Glory: Man's aspiration, that of his whole nature, of all that his earthly environment allows, and indeed requires, is bound to strive upward toward the heavenly centre, where it must find its unification and completion in the Creative Will; per contra, the divine inspiration of every conceivable variety, all spiritual gifts and graces whatever shall conspire and drive down towards the unifying and so completing centre of the devout soul, in response to its cry

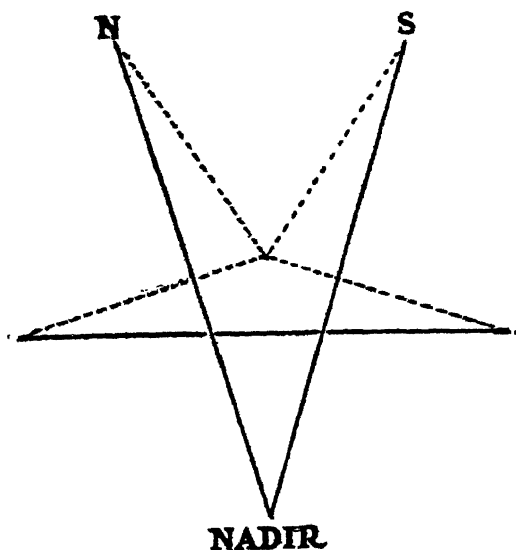
for light and power, even though such should proceed from under the earth that is, from such as stand in the place of the departed, ay, of the apparently damned!

Here is a doctrine surely set forth, worthy to occupy the devout thought of the faithful from age to age, and the end of whose wisdom is not yet attained. Should we even, who are not Jews, permit so sacred a symbol to adorn half the saloons of our metropolis? Can not our Jewish friends at least protest against such blasphemous publicity-misuse?

Now our own five-point star can not ever appear to signify that action and reaction are equal and contrary, for it is constructed of two entirely different figures; one a very broad based isosceles triangle—an obtuse angle at the apex of the pyramid it implies; the other an arrow head, narrow and sharp, bifurcated for the admission of the driving shaft, representing the energy behind it, an acute angle at the point, which passed by, overlaid, or rather pierced and clove in twain the opposite pyramid.

In its first position, that which apparently suggested it, the pyramid with very broad base,—desirous, so to say, of being all-inclusive—can aspire alas but to an inconsiderable altitude. We can roam far and wide, but we can actually climb but to a meagre height. Such indeed we are; and God can ask of us—our Job's comforters murmur—no more than he has fitted us to yield! Ay, for from two points far above, neither of which we aimed at, we who knew not exactly where the Living One dwelleth,—each situate immediately above one-third of our ascent,—he precipitates the response of creative energy which

includes the central fifth of the base, pierces and passes right through the nadir, as far again as it originated above the reach of our heavenward climb! The downward-falling cloven and cleaving arrowhead that smites on end the apex, what is it but a diagrammatic synonym of the ancient Egyptian hieroglyph—read Neter, God,—in the form of the felling axe, the bolt

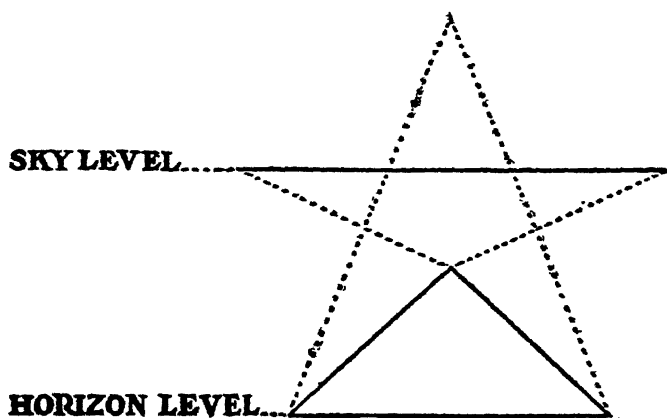


of Zeus-piter, the Bright Sky father, translated for Moses at the foot of Sinai in Midian as Yahweh, which an erroneous etymology reinterpreted, not altogether incorrectly, changing the “feller” the “cleaver” into the “I am that I am,” restating thus the dynamic as the static, the ever-active Creator and self-Imparter, who separates from his substance as the Existent and Absolute that which he creates or imparts.

But our star does not stand for us in this primi-

tive position nor, for the matter of that, in ancient Egyptian (2,000 B.C.) symbol protraiture of Orion. We must invert it then, and read it once again. There are, it would seem as we look now at our star, two kinds of aspiration:—that of genius, and that of the average man. The pyramid of the genius mounts twice as high as that of the equilateral figure or of the so-called safe and sane!

Now through a point just halfway between the apex of the two pyramids—hangs the level line of the sky—extending twice as far as the earthly bases of both triangles—just ever so much more inclusive and catholic! So much that on earth we actually exclude from our experience, because we have to, or wilfully choose to, has then, it would seem, its heavenly counterpart and sanction!



But notice, the zenith, to which our genius reaches, does not visibly respond at all to his thrust; its blessing is of the mystical nature, unmanifest to the material or rational onlooking eye. But from this half-

way point of aspiration (representing that common sense compromise which the very best Scriptures and systems of thought and morality can at their highest no more than hope to express) from that high compromise level the divine response descends; but not then to the base of the pyramid, only rather to its mere apex, and through that apex then can it be infused into the whole space, and transfused into the whole substance of our else uninspired, though earnest and honest, up-to-common-standard human nature, as it stands up in its supreme effort on its widest possible inclusive and fortifying foundation of experience.

Now here we do have a symbol, consoling and at the same time encouraging, to the average man. For aught he knows, the genius, who drives out of sight, is responsible for the generous descent of the divine gift and blessing; for it is clear that the average man never reached so high,—only it should seem some two-thirds of the way up! Father and mother of him together, so to speak, needed to be supplemented by the height of the unknown, unbegot and unborn, yet to be, so as to touch that level never so tentatively; the addition of posterity's aspiration is requisite to make the best of to-day attain its mark. But the upward thrust (the slanting sides equal to the base), so inadequate, was yet, thanks to heaven's bounty, sufficient! Yet, let no one—who remains in the base, or stops short of the humanly possible highest, expect to receive any valid direct conscious communications! The leader, the representative head, must and can alone receive on behalf of the body social and politic.

To the mind of the present writer the placement of our star design is fortunate as we have it, in that it

states more completely and without any exaggeration the spiritual relations of man in the attitude of earnest demand, to the Source of superconscious Supply; shows them to be adequate, and flatters not the proletariat, the intellectually or morally flat, with any expectations that are exorbitant of some direct and peculiarly personal revelation of the divine Will. It is a representative democracy we have hoped here to realise; and it is a representative society we have so far very imperfectly achieved; but these are nevertheless ideals, clearly within the attainment of present human nature, as we know it and exemplify it; so the goal held before our eyes does not discourage, or madden with despair, or with a too impractically vertiginous expectation. Here then has been unfolded this most subtle secret of the design itself, the most pregnant meaning we believe of our American star, our star of national desire and social destiny!

It represents, does it not, a sane—and safe—democratic ideal? a reasonable and holy hope? It sets our political mass psychology right? It discriminates between what is the office of the rare geniuses (so necessary, so baffling, so irritating because of the implicit insult they offer to the common average by their very mode of being and doing); and it states what is the possibility to which by skilful exploitation of crowd psychology—if we will but refrain and contain ourselves—we may indeed solidly attain and thank heaven, without any insane upset, which would result for us in no sane set-up within a thousand years! Children of a radical Revolution, we must believe in organised, regularised, rhythmical progressive revolution. That is our very system's intention, at least, as

we have striven so hard to fashion it; and however imperfect, it does approximate it so far that with brave urgent reform from generation to generation, we can give to evolution,—which is the law of progress, without alternate retrogression—the only possible opportunity for working on unto the best advantage of the whole race!

So we do part company with the Tolstoi dreamers, with the Reds of the Terror—with the advocates of some maximum-government, some machine-made bureaucracy for the benefit of an elate proletariat, that can't correlate—and can, therefore, only rally to the demagogue, and the patent medicine vendor for an orgy—preluding a grand lapse—*via* triumvirate, first consulates, grand tribunates, protectorates,—into new-named autocracy and comfortable graft!

We raise our flag the more proudly then, we men of self-disciplined mind, we patient, urgent never-surrenderers of the Cause; we abiders of the propitious times and the prophetic seasons,—but aspirers, conspirers always; we constructive meliorists,—able to bear hardship with joy, if need be, for centuries, that we may in the end arrive, all of us, co-educated, co-ordinated, and co-equivalent in diverse function—sworn brethren of all degrees, together! “Solidarity,” as Walt Whitman was wont to sing, the divine “*en masse*.” No other upheaval is to us an uprising. And for that we watch, and wait and work.

O star, if thou concealest in thy very being thy geometric loveliness, such lore—we salute thee with a new reverence; thou five-rayed human star; thou handsome handler of brute stuff—thou shaping star;

thou prudent gatherer of horizon vistas at the central eye on the level—the gracious unifier; thou lifter of the centre to the sky summit—thou star of the divine perspective, from the topmost peak of being!

O star, thou guidest us ever on; thou biddest us speed; yet thou advisest the “long way around” to arrivals—rather than the “short way through” into precipitous abysses and head-on collisions!

We salute thee again, O star of American Destiny—for we behold thee now with more initiate understanding: and thou alone art the star of our National and Social desire, our star of Old Glory, unto a greater new-world glory forever!

CHAPTER IX

OUR LUCKY NUMBER, THE SECRET OF OUR PERPETUAL YOUTH

OUR NEW APPROACH

IN chapters four and six respectively, we have expounded the holy number seven as involved in the red stripes, and six, the number of social and cosmic strife, as involved in the white stripes of the flag. On the latter occasion we did our best as a defender of the old number-speech—showing how sages were indeed believers not only in its use as a language, but surmised that there lay something more interesting than mere coincidence behind the associations, which fixed the mystic uses of number.

Not unlikely our reader will protest, "Can we not have done with this abstruse and noxious topic? one so remote from modern habits of thought? and perhaps unduly encouraging the recrudescence of noxious superstitions happily all but dead?"

Ah, but what shall we do about our "lucky" number thirteen, so continually blasphemed by the ignorant and foolishly afraid?

Six, and seven we have done our little best to interpret. Is now our "thirteen" to be regarded as only the fortuitous sum of our "seven" and of our "six"?

Why, the case was much more probably the oppo-

site, and six and seven the result of an effort to divide the thirteen as evenly as could be.

"The flag of the United States shall be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white."

So it is then six and seven, that derive for us rather from their sum; and their sum it is that constitutes the to us especially significant number as a national symbol.

If you hadn't read that paragraph, thrown in as an obiter dictum to illustrate the subjective power at least of a faith in lucky or unlucky numbers, you might, kind reader, have made the mistake of deriving it just from the historic chance that there happened to be thirteen colonies involved in the hopes of our nation. Franklin, when he wanted to bring vividly home to his fellow citizens the necessity of union, drew roughly the rattlesnake emblem specifically assigning the severed parts, but he didn't seem to remember on that occasion the accidental geographic number. Born in Massachusetts, he naturally made the head of the creature do duty for New England; mind you, New England politically unsubdivided and undifferentiated, possessed the poison fangs! He clean forgot Delaware, and he never labelled the rattle at all, but left it swishing, so to say, in the void, politically unattached; or, who knows, he considered that member the common property of all the sovereign states-to-be! But, on the other hand, thirteen had appeared already long before in the branches of the "tree of life" on the pine tree shilling! The Massachusetts coiners of that practical servant of petty trade weren't thinking, were they, of any thirteen colonies, later to assert equal rights, as federated nations, when they hit

upon or chose thirteen boughs for their design of that emblem?

The only legitimate suggestion of the prosaic sort which we can discover for our obsession with this so-called unlucky number, is the coincidence (was it that?) of its use in the British East India Company's flag, which brindled, as we remember, the English red field, to the tally of what was to be later our number. We merely followed the precedent—intelligently, one is disposed to believe, if not presciently.

Now it is due entirely to our system of conventional notation for numbers (not arbitrary at first, but become so by the lapse from memory of the first derivation of the symbols) the so-called Arabic numerals, that we have, in the present instance lost our precious racial continuity of thought and feeling; which doubtless the mathematician deplores not at all, since it furthers his sense of remoteness from human interests, and sets him in a mandarin station of authority, from which there seems to be no practical appeal.

But the danger from our loss of continuity, here and elsewhere, is felt by all who are interested in the humane progress of the race. With a diffused knowledge of the human origins, such superstitions and charlatanry as seep always under the surface, could get no headway and cease to be a menace as subterranean rivers and whirlpools. For instance, a Madame Blavatski—"half genius, half charlatan"—could not palm off on people conscious of spiritual hunger and thirst, her audacious and interesting speculations, in the false guise of a primordial "revelation," had we enjoyed in her day generally accessible accurate in-

formation as to the literary and philosophic history of Hindustan!

So numbers become dangerous magical counters only for such as can be imposed upon, through their complete ignorance of these inevitable primitive meaning-associations. Having perceived their origin in average human nature, one does not look for some portentous cause of the ascribed predictive fatality and tyrannous fiat, resident in some inscrutable Kabbalistic diabolism or spookhood essential to the poor innocent numbers themselves!

The whole "luck superstition" can be safely guarded against only by a humane consideration of those early values, that are so readily open, if not freely considered, to fraudulent misconstruction and exploitation.

Now the keys of our scale of meanings of numbers, as we have used it, are of two sorts:

1. Fortuitous and inevitable associations with the apparent condition of man, his physical world, and his social order or relative disorder.

2. The composition of the number itself, as viewed in terms of other numbers, of which it is the sum or result.

Always the first of these principles will assign the most universal, most deeply moving interpretation. Twelve, for instance, as $6 + 6$, or 3×4 , or 4×3 , or $10 + 2$, can never make the simple direct appeal to the imagination that it certainly does, even to-day, as the number of the zodiacal constellations.

Still addition and subtraction are themselves simple operations charged with emotion for man. Remember Browning's passionate exclamation:

"One less and what worlds away!"

Who, having experienced changes of fortune, the loss of a dear member of a family, the birth of some prayed-for heir, can fail to understand?

The family life yielded the full poignancy to these else cold operations of mathematics.

EMOTIONAL VALUES OF MULTIPLICATION AND DIVISION

The very moment, for instance, we view seven as a whole—and subtract one unit, not merely has the organic whole represented by seven diminished or become weaker by one—but the whole group of associations it had is entirely altered. It was before, let us say, the seven planets, it has now become the work-days of the week without holiday, the world at strife; or, to follow up the other meaning, we have broken up one household into two parties of three, two lesser, and necessarily rival, families. The inner peace is gone, once got of the several individual relations now severed, when we suffer the loss of the nexus, the seventh. Imagine, by way of illustration, a happy family having lost a mother—three survivors taking to spiritualistic seances for consolation, and three abhorring such practice, loathing the course of the others, and steeling themselves in a cold determination to forget or to accept death as final, and deny and refuse the communion of saints. Such things occur in life. In such a case, there is then not only the loss of the mother as such, but of the bereaved family itself. We have two sects, all the bitterer for the rage at their very division, the antagonism between those who once so tenderly loved. Each half of the former

whole is disposed to blame the other for the dire calamity, that has overtaken them all.

Now the emotional values of multiplication and division have probably their origin in the consideration of tribally organised society.

Additions become too many for convenience. One cannot say $3 + 3 + 3 + 3 + 3$ without risk of error. It is quicker and safer to count the operations, and say five times the addition of three to three, and reach at one leap, through the mastery of an experience-built multiplication table, fifteen!

But more than mere convenience as such is subserved by this multiplication. Sentiment evidently enters also. In the one operation there seems to reside more vividly the sense of the organic oneness itself of fifteen. The wholeness of it seems somehow better guarded. It was, so to speak, at a single assembly that the living sum-total came into being. A kinship group was got together, and its coming together was due in the first instance to its real or presumed begetting by one and the same ancestor hero. Looking back at things from the point of view of the unifier, the ancestor, one would predict: "His seed shall be multiplied." And the operation is visualised as continually going further from generation to generation.

When besides we reach the larger numbers they have none of their naïf interest inhering in those of daily primitive use. Although 169 for example has in itself no charm, yet when viewed as the product of a multiplication, 13×13 , it is startling and meaningful. So multiplication has a vital and optimistic emotional suggestion.

Now multiplication reversed, gives us division. And it indicates as compared with subtraction the greater tragedy. The result attained by the process is sudden, catastrophic. When 144 is viewed as 12×12 , we have a gain; but when we do not lose twelve in a battle—but suddenly all are dispersed in the twinkling of an eye by a sort of panic or a snapping of the bonds of innate loyalty—what a dire sense would not the division expressed by $144/12$ carry to the poetico-mystic dreamer anent such a cold mathematic operation?

EMOTIONAL VALUES OF ODD AND EVEN NUMBERS

One more observation is closely germane to the emotional sense of division, and that is the tremendous difference between odd and even numbers. The square table may have made the even number dearer to the hostess; the requirements of the counter dance, built up of couples—one of each sex—may have brought about the same preference to the indoor ballroom. But the consideration of organic and inorganic unity, introduced a different and more significant evaluation of odd and even. The even number would indicate a sum by addition, that was subject to easy division—breaking in half, the most easy breaking, as of a stick across the knee. The odd number, on the other hand, would indicate a sum by addition, such as we get when the parts strictly cohere and stoutly resist division. The glue has dried, or the dovetailed parts have swelled. Or the originally separate parts are separable objects no longer, conceivable as separate: two posts have become a cross, with all the uses and meaning of a cross, and are not subject to being wrenched or

broken apart, without a complete change in the present reality they constitute and the ideas they suggest.

Here then we have surely two very distinct conceptions of odd and even. The even numbers are perfect as commercial counters, for they divide equally by the simplest divisors, namely 2, as between rival claimants, or two friends or members of a family. The odd numbers never divide evenly. One must have more, and one less; or the odd remnant of a fair division must be assigned to a third party; perhaps the divider between them, the umpire or judge, or the God of both.

Now artistic or living wholes, that are indivisible without death intervening, or a complete alteration of nature and use, find obviously in the odd numbers, by their very nature, a mystical equivalent for the inherent binding "force," or their fashioning cohesive "idea." Hence when an even number has a noble association-meaning, it seems bettered by the addition of one more. Contrariwise the odd numbers seem to suffer by subtraction of one unit, changing not only the number-associations, but number order, since they have passed so from the vital odd, the divinely held together odd, into the class of the readily divisible evens—the "goods" easily lending themselves to barter and trade-convenience, by a share and share alike. So the garment of the Lord had no seam, and the soldiers could not divide it; they preferred not to rend it; they rather cast lots for it:—let Fate, Fortune, the Gods, decide to whom *as a whole* it was due, rather than have it perish altogether in two rags by an even division.

UNIVERSALITY OF NUMBER LANGUAGE

The real dignity and spiritual importance of this

number language lies mainly in its universal validity. The same ideas must needs occur to Arian or Semite, to Egyptian and Inca. It is not a question of travel and migration. It's far more interestingly one of independent occurrence—with temperamental and climatic variation in accent or stress. The second element of dignity—and one it has not yet lost even to-day for us—is the mnemonic or memory-fixing power for ideas of their number-expression.

Here is finally the reason for the present writer's insistence on what he conceives to be the right understanding of the number meaning of the elements in the flag design of Old Glory. One is all but physically unable to forget any piece of spiritual reasoning couched in such terms, or any so-expressed order sequence and peculiar coherence of moral ideas. We would not venture to dogmatise on the reason for the universality of number language, or mnemonic power of its expressive use; a divine intention, a sort of pre-established harmony may be piously assumed, if one must needs account so for the facts. Certainly we cannot see "evolution," as the "survival" of any sort of "fittest" along such lines, as a sufficient explanation. To be sure the mind of man itself is what it is, because by being such, it helped the race to survival and progress. Whoever thought two and two, not four, but five, was long ago "knocked in the head" and deprived of tainted offspring, or misled sectaries. Perhaps one can so explain our mathematical unanimity—our laws of logic for all alike, with curious specimens of exceptions factiously or perversely taken. But can one perceive any such advantage, bringing about survival or increase of progeny, accruing to those who

viewed numbers with such and no other particular meanings assigned to them? Hardly. That they who regarded number as meaningful, acquired authority in the capacity of teachers, wizards, priests, kings, and were thereby privileged, one can allow; but a reason for any particular set of meanings having got currency cannot to the thinking of the present writer be discovered.

The universality and mnemonic efficiency of the number-language seems to inhere in the likeness of man's organisation, man's organising experiences, and the likeness, on the whole, of his environment. Had, for instance, a gifted race thriven at the pole, four would not probably have been the world number for them; the cross would have acquired no sacredness at least from the cardinal points; and the circle or rather spiral from the sun's diurnal rotation about the horizon, might have conceivably replaced the square; the single long day and night of the year would have abolished the months as we have them in four seasonal groups of the temperate zone. But in fact, however, man has thriven in the temperate zone only, and that has settled the prevailing cosmic reference of the number for the human race as a whole. It suffices, does it not, to note the practical universality of number-meanings, without insisting on some hard and fast theory to account for the same?

Our national number *thirteen* is not then primarily due to the historic accident of thirteen colonies going to form our union at the start. It seemed to be present with us before there were thirteen states. It appeared in the East India flag already, which we found conveniently ready for adoption.

A meaning for this, our national number, then has a right to be sought in its inherent nature and in its primitive human association values. We must then consider what these can be, remembering especially the value of 13, as an odd number, and as a sum of six and seven, definitely expressed in the stripes of the flag, but also thirteen as the number original of the stars, when its value as the product of a multiplication and an addition ($3 \times 4 + 1$ or $2 \times 6 + 1$) would be most likely to have had a suggestive relevance.

And if we admit that our "doctrine of thirteen" cannot be just a wanton imposition and if we proceed to derive its meaning as a national symbol from its number function and composition, should we not arrive at something of value? If we should, could we inculcate Americanism and do so with great mnemonic pedagogic power? Our so-called unlucky number could convey such Americanism to any intelligent child as it were in mere play. Such a discovered use of 13 would surely be greatly worth our while.

Let us honestly proceed with a sense of the purely practical value of our inquiry to interrogate "thirteen," our national number; and consider it from all sides in the light of the interpretive principles hitherto laid down. We shall group our readings of thirteen under six heads.

(1) *Excelsior the Motto of Progress*

Does our number thirteen denote a spirit that is blasphemous, arrogant and therefore unlucky? True, perfection cannot be perfected. Twelve is obviously

the number of the zodiacal signs. Twelve designated therefore a perfect assembly, as surviving in the jury to this day, or in the Supreme Court of the United States. Twelve were the tribes of Israel. Twelve were the chosen of the Christ. When Levi ceased to be reckoned, Joseph was split into Ephraim and Manasses. When Judas fell, Matthias was added by election and lot.

Yet we can see how Levi became thereby the thirteenth tribe, diffused through all, cleaving to all, as his name indicated and binding so by priestly service all together as a people of God. Similarly we can see how St. Paul was raised up unforeseen, the thirteenth, to break the bonds of the apostolic college, and cause a Palestinian sect to explode in a world-religion.

Does an arrogant pride then lurk in our "thirteenth?" Is it what the Greeks call *ἕβρις* (*hubris*) the godless insolence, which requires catastrophe to rebuke it?

But is perfection, at least what we call perfection, ever really perfect? Is not always whatever we call perfect, the worst damnation of the world—automatically arresting progress beyond its own excellent self, and bringing about therefore inevitably stagnation and decay?

So the best we know is the doom of the better-yet which we might achieve, if we did really hope, believe and try. True, of course, we should have to suffer for it. There's always a certain sort of risk and fatality attached to daring progression beyond an accepted perfect!

To admit then of a passing beyond the perfect—to write 13 for 12 is not necessarily a manifestation of

arrogance. It may be merely a recognition of this vital necessity of progress—always past, ay, and over the dead body, if need be, of what has been accepted up to our times as complete and altogether excellent.

Yet the popularly current sense of bad luck in thirteen, derives, we are told, from its association with Christ's last supper. Thirteen sat down together, one was crucified as a blasphemer, and one hanged himself for remorse over the betrayal of his friend and master. Let us see whether or no that classic case was an instance of a blasphemous attempt at perfecting perfection.

Admit that thirteen sat at the last supper, and that it was expedient, in the mind of Caiaphas, as representing the conservative order, the perfect Jewish theocracy under cruel Roman overlordship, "that one should die for the people." Still, on whom, when we view the number as of ill omen, have we been riveting our attention? On whom of the thirteen who sat there at the sacred Passover? On Judas who hanged himself? He was indeed unlucky! On Jesus, who died on Good Friday (not Bad Friday) to continue so with the twelve, only more intimately, as a far more potent purely spiritual head, that is, as the divine thirteenth? If, with the foolish crowd, you fix your attention on poor Iscariot, the number is, one must admit, appalling. Rivet then rather your gaze on the Master (for there must indeed always be the willing sacrifice of the Best to hasten progress for the rest to and through the better) and your number thirteen becomes instead uniquely glorious forever!

Yes, perfecting the supposed perfect is always perilous. It attracts invidious attention, arouses wrath,

invites ridicule, is accused of dangerous revolution, of egomania and blasphemy! But God help us, for all that, the very inspiration of our country was this very sort of "bettering the best," and not the safe and sane repeating of bygone experiments, not the holding ourselves back, and down as dignified stand-patters on any hitherto excellence, however sanctioned and sanctified.

If thirteen be arrogant, blasphemous in meaning, it constitutes for us at all events an arrogance, a blasphemy, it would seem, quite deliberately intended and commended by the fathers of this country.

Ay, we do exceedingly well, whenever possible, to be thirteen, and bravely break the collegium, the privilege and monopoly of authority, lay the patent, the right of primogeniture, the pretence of omniscience, to one side, and supersede it altogether! We shall continue to live, by our set will alone that affirms always the better than any thitherto best! "Excelsior" is on our banner. Ever up, on and beyond!

(2) *The Baker's Dozen and "Laniap"*

In commerce and trade, the dozen prevailed both as the conventional amount purchased, and as the divisible units of the coin, or standard of value. With a shilling of twelve pence—you bought say—a dozen eggs! But the so-called "baker's dozen" is thirteen. At New Orleans, in the French quarter, when a price is agreed upon and the transaction complete, there is "laniap" for the customer and a smile. Here are thirteen; you have ordered a dozen; see, that's square business value for your money. What's left when you subtract your order from what I delivered? Why,

something extra and purely personal. Many reasons seem here to conspire. Scrupulous allowance for the possible imperfections in the goods; or an expression of good-will to the purchaser, expected to bind him, apart from the particular transaction, and solicit gracefully his future trade; or finally an effort to lift the whole relation from a commercial to a social level, the tradesman dropping some profit, to indicate that he does you a favour in keeping shop, just as you in turn do him a favour in choosing his among the shops of his competitors, and that surely mere advantage on either part should not exercise the sole governing control in business. These three adduced explanations would co-operate with the other considerations of thirteen, and the objections against twelve, even though they were not really relevant.

Taken as it stands, however, this meaning of thirteen has its important significance for us. Our country is not a mere "economic contrivance and convenience." Our flag cannot be reduced to a business asset. For self-respect, if no more, our political relations must be lifted above the mere mercenary *quid pro quo*, to the affirmation, all the while, in trifles as well as great affairs, that we will not be enslaved by commerce and trade, and by the prosperity they bring us; and that even they, commerce and trade, shall not be conducted for profit only, even though honourably, but far more importantly for the increase of human good-will and a sense of fellowship in service.

(3) *Encore, and a New Start*

Thirteen, viewed zodiacally, suggests the fresh attack on the cycle, the bold, glad reinitiation of the per-

petual journey, apparently of the sun about the heaven, really of the earth about the sun. It cries out an optimistic catchword: "Again! and yet again!" The French "Encore!" The Italian "Da Capo!" Such music we will hear not once, not twice, but forever! It is a "bravo" to the world performance; a "hear! hear!" to the speech of the Lord. It is Nietzsche's fantastic doctrine of "everlasting returns" affirmed with a vengeance!

But probably, we are not always in such high spirits. The same melody can then be transposed to another key, and perhaps will be all the more truly inspiring.

Thirteen denotes a "new start." How we need one, indeed. Ah, yes; to "turn over a new leaf." What a lovely phrase that was, when you and I heard it in childhood! Another picture! Of course, and a brighter one on the next page. A new start! How encouraging as we grow older. We are weary of our failures, disgusted with our half-successes, and a "new start" signifies youth eternal, and ever fresh encouragement. "Never too late to mend." "Better late than never." We have travelled around the "twelve" zodiacal signs, and "thirteen" stands for another start round again, but this time, we trust, with better eyes and ears, swifter feet, cunninger hand! Ay, we are going around, but really on the spiral, forward on the unknown course through infinity; and for us in America it shall be a "new start" not only once in a while, but every generation, every four years, every season, every hour.

We ourselves get tired. But the young, thank heaven, insist on being born young, and capable of fresh delight. They will not conform their ways to

ours, nor to those of our chastened wit. They insist on making our ways conform rather to theirs, though chosen at a venture, by reaction from us, in obedience to self-preservative instinct. So, here our blessed number "thirteen" shouts out aloud: A new start, all the time, and forever and aye! Always let us envisage again, and anew the future! Always "Excelsior," ay, but *de novo ex ovo*, hatching each time a new brood out of a new set of eggs.

But the statement of this sense of thirteen is according to modern astronomy, even so, incomplete. Not only do we travel about the sun; the sun itself travels on its own account through space. We may pass year by year through twelve psychological climates, but all of them are, so to say, carried along together. Our race then will not be exactly this year over the identical old track. There is cosmical progress for the sun, and his entire celestial family. So thirteen stands for that *more* than "da capo"—that *more* than "encore," taken literally; and note that word in common usage has come to indicate not a *repeat*, but something added new and different, to display some other aspect of the applauded performer's talent!

In this fine sense also is America choosing thirteen for her number! She is a perpetual new start, with an ever new faith, new hope, new charity, around and around again—and on—God *knows* whither, but *God* does know; and we know that it is on and on to some unknown good, and then to a better yet, forever and ever. That much stands fast, we believe, unchangeably in the very integrity of things!

(4) *The Sum of Twelve Plus One*

But why must twelve be perfected? Wherein lies its possible defect? As said a while ago, twelve is evenly divisible. It falls into equal halves. Furthermore it falls then into two sixes—two strifes—nothing else but a veritable civil war—the principle of secession affirmed and tucked away as a mental reservation in the very adopted constitution which was intended to consolidate us as (*e pluribus unum*) one thing! So staid old Massachusetts harboured secession sentiment under the fire of the foreign foe: Washington burned, trade ruined, and but little faith cherished in that mad frontiersman from Tennessee! Then came Kentucky's turn—but the offered solutions of discord sufficed. Then came South Carolina's turn for the dreadful logic to run riot—and the whole land became one battlefield.

But it is only fair to admit that the fault, the flaw had been sprung at the very national start. Indeed, it had been exceedingly difficult to bring these colonies originally into anything like concerted action. And the reason lay therein, that they had not really a united feeling, and no common ideal—except one of a purely negative sort. They wanted to break away from the rule of the Tories. They resented what they regarded as high handed action on the part of the Crown. Very well. Now such feeling can never bind any people for long together. After fellow rebels have vanquished a common foe, the habit of jealousy, resentment and strife continues, and only finds its new object now in the former confederate and friend. The minute the cause was given up by the Tories, was

there not admittedly shameful dissension among the former Whigs? The constructive projectors of a new Nation found it all but impossible to obtain sincere co-operation. Separation from the mother, or better master-country seemed about to end in impotent and detestable anarchy. There was needed then the One—the Somewhat added to twelve, to make the perfect union forever indefeasable, because really organic.

Oh, had the Constitution itself been as outspoken as the chosen number “thirteen”! Our twelve might be the product of 3×4 , the world one family? But what should keep it so, if the result were divisible at will, at whim? It must clearly be thirteen instead, the result of the six of cosmic strife, added to seven, the number of holiness, of integrity. Then the free union of the states becomes indefeasable, because the Nation is knit organically, beyond conceivable schism or secession. For evidently thirteen cannot be factored. It is *indivisible*. Whereas twelve is too easily resolvable into equal sixes, two well-matched cosmic orders, which would doubtless turn out to be at perpetual strife.

Now this meaning of our national number was indeed a tremendous, prophetic suggestion! To have used the zodiacal twelve as our national symbol of perfect order, might have seemed to argue concord, but would have intimated and justified possible secession. One might indeed reduce the sum total to three fours, or four threes! But having once for all espoused the number thirteen, we had in advance declared our *free union, one and indivisible forever!!*

How much might we not have been spared, had we lived politically by the flag, between 1830 and 1860,

rather than by constitutional construction, strict and loose, at the hands of such statesmen even as Calhoun and Webster!

(5) *The Correction of the Lunar by the Solar Year*

Now, from of old, there is a criticism of 12, the perfection number, that will not ever entirely down.

Yes, twelve is a dozen, used all over the world more or less. Twelve is the *number 3*, the family, *multiplied by 4*, the world; so it suggests the family become world-wide, all the world one family. Twelve were the constellations in the zodiac, through which the sun travels, passing again and again about their mystic cycle. Counting the periods of the moon, a year would have had thirteen months. But the zodiac prevailed in the count, and there could therefore be twelve only. As for the remnant fraction of days, when the months were lengthened to 30 days, that had to be collected into an exceptional periodic thirteenth month. To twelve in the popular imagination belonged the victory, because in appearance it served to express complete heavenly order and earthly perfection. But the intercalary month expressed, for the thinker, the necessity of correcting appearances by *reality*, of reckoning with past reckonings from time to time, to attain to the perfect Truth. This it is that we erect also into an American principle by our number thirteen.

The past makes demands on us. As a nation we must allow for all the past, include and hallow it, for has it not entered into our being and constitution? Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Hellas, Rome, Mediæval Europe, the Renaissance? Are they not all essential to

our existence? Many of us rashly and irreverently think that we ought to let the old world go! Let the dead past—bury its dead! We are here, why trouble ourselves about what was before, and is now doubtless superseded by us? Such jejune radicalism, however, is sheer ignorance, silly ill-bred brag, and down-right madness besides. Must we learn over again, at mortal cost perhaps, all the lessons of mankind in the school of personal experience, and be none the wiser for the agonies of our ancestral ages? No, we cannot be safe and sane here in our immediate present until we have reckoned aright with all the past! So the meaning of “thirteen” (as the intercalary month, the auditing, and settling of old accounts, as the number of atonement) has for us a deeply spiritual suggestion. We have got to atone for the past. We have got to rectify the lunacies in it. We have to take, that is to say, the calendar of the moon, and straighten it out by the course of the sun! That is the sense of it. We must transmute error, folly and sin, into prudence, sweetness and fresh power.

Think of it! Our national numeric symbol suggests then the cosmic order (which includes the cosmic strife) made holy by a sane atonement, in the lawful order of the week; it means a perfect union that cannot be divided; it means the atonement for all the errors of the past: since the United States must atone not for her own sins only, but for all the sins of every nation out of which she has drawn her people, and from which she is therefore deriving her genius. The past has got to be justified; it has to be absolved, its vital problems have got to be solved and its discords somehow resolved!

(6) *The Additional or New Constellation*

Still there is one last suggestion—very subtle, too mystical perhaps. The intercalary month has no zodiacal constellation of its own. There should be thirteen of them, yet there are only twelve! The twelve have from ancient days been equated with the normal man from head to foot, from Aries, the ram, the head, to Pisces, the fish, the feet. Why not, however, an additional *new* constellation? But what part of the man should it correspond with? Why, of course, with the as yet undeveloped organ, or sense, the uncreated divine complement, reserved for evolution to manifest and establish. The “sixth sense,” the “fourth dimension” faculties—the superman, beyond man—whatever it is that distinguishes the Christ of the second coming from him that came: the glory as yet unrevealed! So the nameless, the invisible, but nevertheless very real Constellation is conceived, representing the creative Influx, the Grail, the Gleam, the Holy Ghost, the “fiat lux” of the greater day of Creation, the Afflatus from the mouth of God, when man shall become indeed and in truth not only a “living soul,” but a “life-giving spirit.”

And with this last prophetic—this Christopher (Christ-bearer) interpretation, we can intone our Columbiad (our song of the Dove-Man) that brings to earth the true peace in the higher spiritual attainment by man.

But here our sixth interpretation merges, we cannot but perceive, with out first; for “when He shall appear” can he be triumphant ere he suffer rejection—ay, rejections innumerable? At all events, in the society of

our country, that shall dedicate itself to hasten His coming from the clouds of heaven down to the solid earth, and that dares to single his new Constellation as peculiarly its very own, there must be not only prosperity but adversity, not only happiness but national passion. Evermore our noblest, bravest, holiest—devoted to that unseen New Constellation—will shine, and offer themselves up as an oblation, a reasonable and useful sacrifice, we hope, to hasten indeed the longed for Day of the federal Nation, and of the federated World!

What good fortune as a nation is ours then in having assigned to us as our Number, this so lucky, ever young, and dynamic “thirteen”!

1. The best to be bettered? The hazard of perfecting perfection itself, the audacious creative innovation!

2. A social order not for profit only? Business is business? The nation’s business is always more than business!

3. An ever fresh start? Yes, but no mere re-initiation—no *da capo*, which is not besides a “*de novo, ex ovo*”; a charming variation, a new birth, a new revelation!

4. An organic union, not a mechanical contrivance? One indeed and livingly one, and therefore also indivisible forever!

5. The old ancestral past justified, atoned for? Its discords resolved, its desperate problems solved, its old bondage dissolved, since our living nation is here to interpret the past in an ever better future!

6. The world, one family, with the Godman already believed to be essentially in our midst? Ay, for we too are prepared to die with Him, that the people may live indeed, and that the nation attain to a greater glory on behalf of the whole family of God.

What, shall we ever fear to affirm, to shout and to bless our national number Thirteen? To defy gain-saying? To resent, by growth and beauty, all foolish reviling and mockery? For may and must we not confess that it is indeed the number which God in his good Providence assigned to us—expressly in order that we should realise it? And do we not accept its holy challenge with a cheer?

CHAPTER X

THE EAGLE AS OUR TOTEM OR ANGEL OF LIGHT

WHEN a white flag staff or pole is set up on a village green, it will doubtless show at the top on a golden ball the American eagle, also golden, flapping his wide wings, as if just alighted, or about to exult in heavenward flight. This eagle is, of course, the very prime symbol of our defensive and aspiring union. It is the bird, or Angel of our peace, our winged Victory and our power, our Phoenix, the point of contact and the vehicle of grace in our intercourse with heaven. Embroidered on a blue field, star strewn, it is the emblem of the executive head of the nation.

A child must needs interpret what he sees in terms of his own psychology, and thus get language for his soul, even as did primitive man. Without a doubt the child will exhibit in his mental processes keen sympathetic interest in nature, and a spontaneous disposition to make symbols of all that he observes.

So, long before he can understand the stars and stripes, he can be readily initiated into a high and fine Americanism, by the consideration of this our Totem, our national "mascot"!

Underneath our surface of adult stultification and sophistication, we are all of us children, and we love to lapse back to the naïveté of child vision. The substance and character of our dramatic imaginings is but

a sympathetic projection out of the very stuff of ourselves. Our criticism only alienates and removes to a distance. If it proceeds too far, it ends by our isolation in a totally unintelligible, because unsympathetic, universe—one absolutely unlike the only thing we know from within and at first hand—that is, our living self; and, till we *know*, we dwell with dead inhuman abstractions like molecules, and atoms and ions, and from whose intimate company any decent person will be glad to make his escape, even should he leap from such an inhuman frying-pan into a sizzling human hell! There is really only one way to understand anything sympathetically: namely, to interpret it first in terms of likeness to ourselves; and then modify the vital image, so obtained, by noting, as far as necessary for discriminate discernment, the difference that obtains.

(1) *The Eagle as Totem*

At all events, primitive man, living very close to the animals, wild and domestic, his friends and foes, or his more or less indifferent rivals, his game and his playmates, his partners, his demons, his genii,—made out of them inevitably the language for his moral being, and most intimate spiritual nature. As Coleridge so long ago made clear, desynonymisation is a vital instinct. Where there is so much to be expressed, no two words must be permitted to mean exactly the same thing. Each, little by little, will have to endure a certain amount of specialisation. No two animals, therefore, would be permitted to stand for the identical thing. Whatever tended to distinguish them would be emphasised, even at the expense of what identified

them too closely as the same general species. In some such fashion arose those arbitrary fictional arrangements of animal psychology of which we find the classic fruitage wittiest and wisest, in the sage of Château-Thierry, the "bonhomme" and race-summariser, La Fontaine. It gave rise to the animal form of the deities, which everywhere preceded the human, and lingered afterwards as as their sign, or pet, as the peacock of Hera, the goat of Pan, the dove of Aphrodite, the bull of Mithras, the raven of Odin.

Wherever primitive man then looked out upon the world, the prowess, the talent, the virtue that he coveted would become real for him in some animal form. But the individual also might have his favourite animal, the one that fascinated him, even if he dreaded it. He might have visions or dreams of it, and be impressed thereby enormously. These might constitute his peculiar divine revelation, whether in dream or waking hallucination, after whatever rituals of initiation admitted him to the tribe, designating the service he could best render it. As Longfellow has shown us in his *Hiawatha*, to one fasting youth was revealed, perhaps thus, the corn. In like fashion and circumstance, to another the revelation would have been the raven, to another again the cock, to another the bear; and so forth, according doubtless to the subconscious yearning of the youth's soul. This particular method of association with a totem is very far advanced spiritually, as it implies the recognition of individual freedom and genius. In many primitive organisations the youth was devoted by his birth to a particular totem, to the peculiar practice of a particular virtue or value, which must be coveted and exercised in a specialised

kindred, on behalf of the whole tribe, and this quite apart from personal aptness at the art.

It was inevitable that primitive man, seeing that life proceeded from life, thinking in terms of ancestry and progeny, would conceive that the terminus ad quem, the final cause of his being, should also have been the efficient cause; in other and better words, that which he must, so to say, "*spring to*," he must have originally "*sprung from*"; the God whereunto it *was his destiny to ascend*, must have been the ancestor from whom he *descended*! In such a fashion the totem came inevitably to be felt as the Great Father, the Holy Father. Herein lie many of the profound soul foundations of the highest civilised religion, not to mention ancestor and hero-worship, that must always more or less consciously survive.

Last of all, in early times the totem animal was a being set apart, that is to say, a being "taboo" to his spiritual kinsmen; it could, and perhaps must, under certain rare circumstances, be slain from time to time as a sacrifice, and partaken of ceremonially. In such a case "eating crow" was doubtless literally the duty at given times of men whose kindred had the crow for totem, in order that they who had fallen somewhat from the right primal glory of that bird, blue-black in the sunlight, and had lost his wingéd freedom, and the raucous triumph of his voice, might again hope to recover what they had lost in the sacramental meal. Because they had not been true enough to "crowhood," a crow must die, and must be religiously introduced—by a shocking quasi anthropophagous consumption into the bodies of his kindred, that he might then, dispossessed of his natural body, possess their else degen-

erating bodies, and thereby, so to say, "re-crow" them!

Such primitive lines of reasoning seem foolish enough, when looked upon coldly and unsympathetically. The ground for their emotional power, however, remains in us all to-day. Closely akin to its deepest meanings are, it must be evident to any thinking person, the highest and most thrilling hovering senses of the sacramental communions, everywhere in operation through Christendom, and in the most rarified, sublimated, residual forms, in the rituals, even of the Buddha that great enemy of unnecessary concretion and materialisation.

Summarised, then our eagle, if he be our true national Totem, must present something that we as a nation desired the Nation to be; something from which we feel, since we are destined to be it, we must have mystically in the beginning derived; something which, in a measure, we must offer up and sacrifice, to become it the better; something we must vitally take in, that we may physically surrender ourselves to it; something which must, since it is the Totem at the top of the flag-staff, ever express our highest understanding, *raison d'être* and specific *modus operandi* in the consecration of the Flag.

(2) *Our Eagle in Nature*

A few nature observations concerning our totem bird may be of service at this point. The white-hooded and whitetailed eagle was not, so far as known, used before in the old world heraldry, or by the aborigines of our continent in any of their religious rites. He appears then with our use for the first time

as a "patron-saint" or "guardian angel," as should be the case with the bird that represents a new nation like the United States. Brown is the colour of the earth; and white, as we saw, of the clouds in the zenith, of the snowcap of the mountain, of the venerable heads of the agéd wise. The body then, and wings, of our bird are of the earth, earthlike; his life and power of mounting the sky, and of soaring there, represent something inherently derived from the earth our Mother. His head and neck, however, are white. Is it age, and wisdom? Is it that he is high uplifted, like the summit of the mountain of the Lord? Has he pierced through the cloud in the zenith, and peeped into the secret beyond, into the very face of the Unseen Glory, and this without being blinded? And there, having delivered the uttermost aspiration of the earth, in the collective human demand of our prayers, borne as by a messenger, an angel, did he then, receive the satisfying, replenishing, developing response? Did he descend, like a lightning-bolt, to the earth, with the command from on high, with the creative fiat? Did he, in and above the zenith, so to say, turn an inspired ecstatic sommersault, and thereby brush the tail feathers unwittingly in the supreme glory, returning therefore thence with the marks upon him of instantaneous obedience and of the immediate divine commission? It is a sublimely comic, or comically sublime, suggestion, got from the colouring of the bird, as naïf as anything in Indian ritual. Now perhaps it did have something to do with the choice of this particular whitehooded, whitetailed eagle for our Totem. Be that as it may, they that chose, by chance or whim, may have chosen more wisely than they knew. What

the bird means by his actual colouring, we do have a right to claim for ourselves—provided it be a worthy and true expression of something in our national spirit. Yes, we would indeed be of the earth, earthly, wholly earthly, and gather up the earth, on earth-derived wings in upward striving, to reach the topmost giddy height of ecstatic life! Yes, we do demand to see directly the divine, to pierce through the clouds intervening! We refuse to be blinded by awe of the too great glow. We demand the supreme creative Righteousness, the vital cause; that it descend from the highest to the earth, and establish there the most perfect order. We would be even swifter in the carrying out of the command, to make perfect the earth, than in the urging of the organic demand expressed by our greed or ambition. So, if body and wings should indeed be brown, the head and tail feathers of our proper symbol-angel should be—white.

Our bird would seem also to be a symbol of loyalty, for he notably hunts in couples, mate ever loyal to mate. The nest is builded roughly by both of them, some five feet in diameter, on a lofty pine or inaccessible rock, and the conjugal union is maintained for a lifetime. This hunting in couples cannot but have impressed the simple observer. Loyalty of both male and female alike, as parents to the brood, becomes in the end a mutual loyalty, between broods, of the mates themselves to one another. This is the origin of monogamy. The golden eagle, sacred in many of the Indian rituals, does not fight for the young if the nest be attacked by man (so at least we are assured by the naturalists whom we have consulted); but the white-headed eagle does fight for his brood. He is not merely

loyal in providing sustenance for the young then, but he will risk his life and lay it down, for them. In this he becomes especially suitable for a symbol of the responsible governing forces of the nation.

That this eagle moreover, as other eagles, prefers to capture his game by stratagem from inferior hunters rather than directly, does not, of course, derogate one whit from his dignity. It may not seem sportsmanlike to our hunter for mere pleasure, to whom the hunt is everything, and not the capture or the use of the game. It indicates our eagle as the privileged exploiter of menials, and underlings. Outriders must do his bidding! It is hard to believe that a trait of this kind would seem anything but exalting and worthy to be exulted in by the primitive observer. Our eagle is too lordly to serve himself. He demands that his game be beaten or driven before him. Like a man he launches his hounds, or his hawk, and so hunts in the first stages by proxy. Our eagle in other words never does for himself what he can get another to do for him. In this we fancy he is not yet left behind by the average human being: and if the point should be pressed, we can hardly declare it an injury to the character, taken literally, of our totem.

Furthermore our eagle soars in spirals at a great elevation, surveying the earth where he descries what man, perhaps at the distance of a few feet, can barely observe. This cyclic motion through the heaven figuratively carrying the four corners of the earth up to the centre of the heaven must needs have delivered high poetic suggestions; and his hovering suspense at some summit of vision, his alert poise there at watch and ward as it were, on the dizzy height, then his

earthward swoop as a lightning bolt, all this doubtless stirred the imagination of man from the beginning, wherever eagles or hawks were observed, and is not peculiar, although it be also characteristic, of our eagle.

It is dangerous to hear any man laugh at a joke that one cannot oneself hear and appreciate. It would suggest a maniac to almost any one; whereas possibly it should indicate the "glum" dullard in yourself. Now when aloft among the rocky peaks our eagle laughs a hoarse shriek, a sharp mocking "cack-cack-cak"; a modern anemic sophisticated soul will shudder to hear that laugh, because unfortunately he cannot conceive of any one's joking up so high, and so alone in the rarified heaven.

Worse luck, the average modern's notion of God is so oppressively solemn! The Hebrews, from whom we too exclusively derive our religious ideas and symbols, were not specifically given to jesting in things divine. They altogether failed to endow their *peculiar* God with an adequate sense of humour. So when, passing from henotheism to a quasi monotheism, they promoted their *peculiar* God to a *cosmic* God, he lacked among his infinite perfections that most supreme accomplishment or gift that alone keeps sweet, the saving savour and substance of life. Yet the psalmist tells us "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh" (Psalm ii:4). "But Thou Lord shalt laugh at them" (Ps. lix:8). In Proverbs we read (i:26) "I also will laugh at your calamity." If the Lord sitteth above the waterfloods (Ps. xxix:10), the waters above the heaven, if his throne is superior in the stillness above the storm whence his voice roars, and his lightning rips the sky and cleaves the rock, who can really, on

the mistaken score of reverence, object to the interpretation of our bird's laugh—a better laugh than that biblically ascribed to Deity? Up so high in the sky our eagle is laughing at what? At what—if not at the jokes of God? And to what effect might they be? if not the victory of the good by the connivance, yea, the passionate if unconscious effort of the very evil itself?

(3) *Our Eagle in Aboriginal Religion*

Now, of course, in dealing with our whiteheaded eagle, all that belongs to eagles in general, applies to ours in particular, and we will do well if we venture to read that great ritual of adoption "Hako," * in order to become acquainted with the brown eagle's symbolic office there. It is well worth one's while to get the intimate comments of Tahirussawitchi, the old Pawnee priest, who revealed that secret sacrosanct ritual. Perhaps those who find "Hako" too hard reading, will be content with Professor Hartly Burr Alexander's poetisation and interpretation, on the basis of Miss Alice C. Fletcher's uniquely precious work. We reproduce here, altering at times, for the rhythm, the diction, to our taste, some portion of his lively paraphrase:

Lo, where cometh the Answer to prayer,
Even unto the people's supplication,
Out of the silences of God above the deeps of the blue!
It is the Eagle of the Lord of the heavens!
Behold, aloft an eagle now encircleth us,
In wide sweeping wheels, he moveth above us—

* 22d Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, Part II.

As the mother bird enringeth in her flight
 The nestlings in the nest,
 Careful of her brood—
 She wheeleth in wide circles above.

Lo she hovereth now, ere she alighteth!
 It is the eagle of the Most High,
 Of Him who is the Father of the heaven,
 Who ruleth over the foursquare earth,
 And sendeth his will by the eagle to earthward,
 Down the winding steep pathways of the wind
 That lead for man up, and up, to God.

Ha, she is the eagle of God,
 The sign that he hath sent unto us,
 How we are in the sight of His eyes
 Even as be her nestlings to the mother!
 She is the eagle of the Highest
 Whose coming is unto his children for a sign
 A pledge of the gift of food to his children,
 Of the gift of life to his children,
 And of every blessing on his children.

Watch the mother bird as she encircleth her home—
 Bearing food and life for her brood!
 Yea, helpless are we as her nestlings,
 Naked as the unfledged eaglets
 Lone in their storm-beaten crag.
 But about them wheeleth the father eagle.
 He is strong to protect, ever watchful.

Lo, his plumes flash white in the sunlight,
 The cloud-frothing winds are his steeds!

But high over them rideth the Mother,
 Hovereth on brown brooding pinion,
 Beareth the eaglets food in her talons,
 As the Father of heaven alloweth them
 Of his bountiful provision.
 Yea, we be as naked and helpless
 As the storm-beaten brood of the eagles.
 But of the wide encircling heavens,
 He it is guardeth us, even us, us also,
 And the Sun, our father, watcheth over us,
 And the Earth, our mother, bareth her bosom
 And our daily boon is the milk of her breast.*

From the commentaries of Tahirussawitchi, and the ordinary nature observations above referred to, it must be now clear that the Eagle represents, visualises, materialises the great Desire mounting in spiral flight upward, sent forth on our behalf to Tirawa Atius, the Father of heaven; and is equally also in its descent to us, the divine creative fiat, the Response to heroic prayer, endowing man with the ability to do the divine will, even in things manifestly beyond our natural power.

In the Hako ritual two rods are used, two sceptres of power and authority, feathered with eagle plumes. These are the most sacred objects of the ceremony which expresses adoption to a divine supernatural paternity and maternity in one, by which the sacramental father begets and rebegets, conceives and bears and brings to new birth his ritual godson; one of these winged stems, the brown eagle, stands for the mother

* The Mystery of Life, poetisation of the Hako ceremony, published by the Open Court Publishing Company, 1913.

and is the holier of the two. It is always carried toward the North, but next to the "children" (the people engaging in the ceremony as visitors). The white-eagle winged stem is the male, the father, and is borne toward the South, outward, away from the children, being the defender. He symbolises war, even as the brown eagle symbolises peace. The father then, the spirit of war, must be subject to the mother, the spirit of peace. This idea may have been symbolically furthered by the fact that the female eagle is actually larger and wider of wing-spread than the male eagle. Now, wherever these two sacred eagle stems might appear, an immediate holy truce must be declared between those whom they find at strife. Through the operation of this ceremony of adoption, this spiritual begetting and rebegetting and reconceiving and bearing, and bringing to second birth, by which new spiritual kinships were established, it was devoutly hoped that all warring tribes should ultimately become one single, federated people. This hope was frustrated by the too early intrusion of the white man; but as Tahirussawitchi beautifully said: "There is no child now. You are the child." All the holy hopes of the Hako ceremony are our especial inheritance from our aboriginal predecessors on this continent of ours. Our Totem bird, our Angel of light, is entitled to be invested with the spiritual spoils of "Hako." *

* This ritual is especially precious because it is the only primitive one of the sort, like the Eleusinian mysteries, which we have complete, and with explanations by one who had often performed it. Excerpts from it appear in Cronyn's "Path on the Rainbow."

(4) *The Eagle as Standard*

The use of standards, as stated in a previous chapter, is very ancient, since it derived, as we then showed, from some form of the Totem pole. But the eagle as a standard figure seems to have first appeared in history at the head of the armies of Cyrus. If he was, as is most likely, an orthodox disciple of Zarathustra, the eagle represented the aspiration of the altar fire, and the divine lightning-bolt falling from heaven, that kindles the fuel upon the altar; lord of the holy element of the air, of the breath of life; one who dares to fly in the face of the very sun god, Mithras, where enoieoled with dazzling sunlight, he becomes the very symbol of the sun. We can understand this eagle at the head of the hosts of Persia, in the days of her chaste adventurous mountain-bred youth, enamoured of purity of body, of veracity of speech, of holy thoughts, desirous for the heart that is receptive to the Right Mind.

We next importantly hear of such a standard when used by the Romans, representing, we are told, their elect genius, greatness, majesty. First, he was of wood, then of silver with golden lightnings in his talons; then under Cæsar of solid gold, requiring no lightnings, as being fulgurant enough in his most precious self. There must have been other standards, the usage of some of which still survive on coins, that bore different living creatures, as the boar for instance. The she-wolf had very early become the symbol of the city's motherhood. Hence, probably, it was the Eagle survived, in competition with other totems, to express the unique sovereignty of the city. For one by one,

those earlier standards with various too special kinship totems, would be superseded.

The vexillum, or standard with the eagle, stood at the central point of the tactical unit,—when in camp, by the general's tent,—as a place whence orders proceed and, to which, should panic supervene, in case of a "tumultus," all men should rally. It was carried at the head of the marching column. How important the standard was is readily inferred from the technical military terms in which *signum* really stands for the army (*signum* = a sign, plural *signa*, e.g., *signa tollere*, *movere*, *ferre*, *convertere*, *constituere*, *objicere*, etc.). The legion—represented by the sign—was the survival of the tactical units, which were originally the groups of kindred men, furnished to the city by given clan divisions, so that in the later times of the Roman empire, the Eagle is the symbol of the unity of all; and as the bird of Jove, of Jupiter Capitolinus, the Great God of Rome, the eagle had to all intents and purposes then, the same meaning as that borne by the eagle of the Pawnees. Only under Constantine was the eagle replaced by the *laborum*, that is, the upright bar of the standard crossed by a lateral, making out of it a cross; and crossed then again by a Greek letter chi (χ), the initial of the title Christ; that St. Andrew's cross, surmounted once more by a loop which made an inverted P, the Greek letter ϱ (Rho), the second letter in the title Christ. To this was added an Alpha and an Omega, flanking it to right and left, inserted between the branches of the St. Andrew's cross. Singularly similar in form, all things considered (leaving out the loop of the Rho), was the design of the *laborum*

to the British Union Jack, so differently derived!

Now, from this eagle of Rome descended, in due course, the white eagle of Poland, the black eagle of Prussia, and a double eagle adopted by the Eastern Empire (to affirm the claim over the surrendered Western empire) which was transferred ultimately to Austria, that mongrel tyranny which perpetuated the claim inversely, West laying claims to East. Napoleon from 1804 to 1815 constituted the eagle the symbol of his imperial France.

(5) *Our Religious Associations of the Eagle*

Now the question is not unnaturally asked: Did our eagle, in the star strewn field of our Presidential flag, also descend by traditional lineage from the bird totem of Rome? Perhaps in the male line, so to speak, he may be thus pedigreed! We would shrewdly surmise that the Latin scholarship of the founders of our republic was not, however, without inmixture from better aboriginal sources, which, at all events, are much more congenial to us to-day, their descendants, than any memory could be of that last successful world union by major force and fear.

The same symbol essentially had, of course, a religious use in ancient Assyria, as the symbol of Nisroch, the eagle-headed God. He was really a vulture, and well symbolised so the spirit of rapine, that prevailed in the northern Mesopotamian kingdom. In Egypt the hawk, or falcon rather, was the symbol of the rising sun-god Horus, and was of very great sacredness. In Arabia there was an idol *Nesr*—the word

closely akin to "Nesher," the Hebrew for vulture, which was ultimately transferred to Christian symbolism. When in the book of Exodus (xix:4) we read: "I bear you on eagle's wings," there cannot be the same feeling connected with the symbol as that which appears in Deuteronomy (xxviii:49) where Assyria is described "as swift as the eagle flyeth." In the first probably we have the eagle proper, in the second the vulture. In Deuteronomy (xxxii:11-13) God is visualised himself as the eagle:

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest,
Fluttereth over her young,
Spreading abroad her wings,
And taketh them, and beareth them on her wings,—
So the Lord alone did lead Israel,
And there was no stranger God in him.
He made him to ride on the high places of the earth."

The description in Job (xxxix:27) would seem to refer rather to the vulture than the eagle:

"Doth the eagle mount at thy command
And make her nest on high?
She dwelleth and abideth on the rock,
And the strong place:
From thence she seeketh her prey,
And her eyes behold afar off,
And her young also suck up blood,—
And where the slain are there is she."

Later in the New Testament, the eagle is one of the four living creatures about the throne of God. Note too that it is the fourth, which, so to say, represents

a culmination of creative energy. The lion stands for courage, the bull-calf for vitality, passing into immortality by the association of the Apis-bull of Egypt. The man designates intelligence. So the four living creatures (absurdly enough rendered "beasts") signify courageous strength, vital immortality, cunning and intelligence. Last of these, as the climax, so to say, we have the eagle: aspiration and inspiration, the super-man, the God-man, the hitherto unrevealed possibilities of life (Rev. iv:7). This flying eagle derives, of course, from Ezekiel's marvellous vision of the throne of God, where each of the throne-bearing cherubs has eagle's wings, and also, by his flight like the lightning in obedience to God, has the character of the eagle.

The glorious vision of the woman "clothed with the sun" who is in travail of a man-child, which shall be the divine incarnate One, for whom the red dragon, expectant, lies in wait, to devour the woman's Offspring as soon as born;—this woman clothed with the sun, to whom is given the two wings of a great eagle, who is so changed, as it were miraculously into an eagle, given the wings of a Victory that she may bear her divine offspring on her back, afar off into the wilderness; this vision perhaps is the sublimest and most touching instance of the divine figure, which first appeared in Exodus (xix:4). This marvellous woman-eagle, clothed with the sun, this female Phoenix, may be identical in meaning with the mother Mary, the mother of Jesus; she may be the Church, the mother of the Christ-to-be, that Christ of the second coming. Be she what she may, she must be the essential Mother of the universe, in travail of the manifestation of God, and is entirely

synonymous, we see, with "Kawas," the mother eagle of the Hako ceremony.

No wonder the eagle became associated with St. John, the traditional author of the Apocalypse, and of the Philonic Gospel: "I, John, who also am your brother and companion in tribulation in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,—was in the isle of Patmos." This Patmos is probably Latmos, connected with the Greek verb "lanthano" of the same root as Leto, the mother goddess of Apollo and Diana, which signifies "to hide," to be secret. This seer then was hidden in the isle called Patmos "for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ." He says furthermore: "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day" (that is, on the day of judgment, if you emphasise "Day") and, "I heard behind me a great Voice" (as of the creative Word of the beginning) "as of a trumpet saying: 'I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.'" We see that such ecstatic uplift of the spirit, fitting a man for divine revelation is properly symbolised by the eagle, which now appears in our, alas, too stupidly conventionalised, lecterns.

The eagle will then necessarily always stand for such an experience as that of St. Paul, of "such an one—caught up to the third heaven (II Cor. xii: 2-5) whose "conversation is in heaven" (Phil. iii: 20) of "a man in Christ, whether in the body I cannot tell, whether out of the body I cannot tell—God knoweth—who caught up into the third heaven—caught up into Paradise—heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter." Of such an one says St. Paul will he glory, but not of himself, that is not—of himself as a man; but of himself no longer himself, up-

lifted by ecstasy unto some measurable, if only temporary, at-one-ment with God. This supreme religious experience is forever expressed in the Christian tradition by the eagle.

(6) *Heraldic Eagle No Dove of Peace*

Our Totem then, whatever his actual historical pedigree may be (certainly not the dove-like crow of the Washington arms!), stands as a symbol, a synthesis, of all the bygone meanings which we can recover from our blood, and which we have attempted in this chapter to make more explicit than perhaps is altogether wise. Our Totem—whether the eagle in flight, or the eagle alighting—or the eagle about to mount—has in its strictest heraldic form thirteen plumes to each wing, and thirteen tail feathers, to signify quite definitely that his upward flight is conditioned, and his soaring is guided by whatever that “thirteen” may mean: the ever new start, the bettering the best, and the divine sacrifice of the hero, for the sake of mankind. In his right talons he clutches the olive-branch, with thirteen green leaves and thirteen berries; the leaves that are the show of life, and the glory thereof, and the berries that are the fruit,—that symbol itself carrying us back to the olive twig, borne by the dove to Noah in his ark, bringing to him the glad news that the earth was ready for, and able to be, once again the home of man.

Now this olive branch in the eagle’s *right* talons, by its place of honour and power, proclaims that our true national Union is found in our constant purpose: a positive, creative peace! To institute this

peace and maintain it in justice, and for this alone, are we One. The olive branch carries those of Hellenic memory back to the goddess Pallas Athena, who sprang directly from the brain of her Olympian father, the bright sky-God Zeus, and, note, without mother born: she, the courageous will of virtue, whose gift to man is the olive tree, that grows on the hard rock preferably, and out of the hard rock, in the rain and the sun alone, produces its fruitage; which fruit when crushed in the presses of affliction, yields the golden green oil,—golden for the sunshine, the heavenly joy in life, and green for the hope of the ever-springing earth,—the grace, that is the free gift alone of Pallas Athena to man!

But how impossible it is to bring home to us the richness of such symbols, when they have passed out of the common experience of life! In the ancient world, and particularly in Hellas, the uses of oil were many; viz., to anoint and cleanse the body; to mollify a wound; to enrich foods; to permit of their treatment by fire in cooking; to nourish the altar flame; to fill the lamps that guide man's footsteps at night; to be the carrier of the fragrance of flowers, of rare gums and woods whose very spirit is captured, for liberation in the atmosphere by the same green-golden gift of Athena. No wonder we read of the "Christ-hood" that we have, "the unction from above," the anointing of kings and prophets and priests that is ours! Yet all this wondrous symbolism, however it may for us have faded out, still helps us to interpret the olive branch in the right talons of the eagle, so that it clearly means such a peace as fulfills all the cravings of man, associated with the brain of the bright sky

god, and the rock, and the rain, and the sun, and the presses of affliction, and all sorts of subsidiary connections and accompanying aromas,—a “peace that passeth understanding,” a peace of divine grace, granted only to a virile breed of men, who are characterised by good will, stout unto goodness and beauty of life.

Now in the left talon of our heraldic eagle (let there be no mistake about it!) are clutched the thirteen arrows, which signify the threatening lightning bolts, to split the heaven and splinter the rocks of the earth; that if need be they may make the way clear for this peace, and establish it in justice, and defend it against lapses back to savagery, or from dissolution of fibre towards degenerate slime of sentimentality and vacuous idiocy. A peace, that should be merely due to a lack of courage on both sides, a lack of creative ability, is no real peace at all. A peace which is a mere day-dream projected by hysterical anticipation—without taking cognizance of all the possibilities of atavistic relapse to brutehood, of the possibility of eruption to insane superbrutehood and diabolism,—is futile, and silly and wicked. The everlastingly “new start,” the “bettering of the best,” and the “heroic sacrifice of the God man,” must come in “with power”; supported, that is, on the left, defensive, on the heart side of the eagle, with adequate power! True the thirteen arrows do not express our chief national purpose and object. No, it is the olive branch with the thirteen leaves of hope, and the thirteen berry fruits of grace that alone does that. Still the thirteen lightning bolts are held ready to be shot out of the heaven, and to establish (with whatever violence may be needed against

tiger and ape, stampeding herds or howling wolf packs), the peace that "passeth understanding," the peace of grace, the peace of perfect athletic humanity, the peace of perfect healing, the wholeness and holiness of perfect enrichment and nourishment, of perfect worship, of perfect illumination and of the perfect fragrance of God!

Such is our Eagle, our Totem, the bird of our national hope and faith and charity, our Angel of light, which alights on the flagpole whence "Old Glory" flies, and which is ready again to mount thence to the zenith, and to hang there in the heaven and to communicate livingly, on behalf of all mankind, with the unrevealed Mystery, beyond the reach of our highest hitherto ecstasies.

CHAPTER XI

THE ORDER OF THE CONSTELLATION OR THE COMPOSITION AND GOSPEL OF THE FLAG

(1) *Retrospect for Prospect*

AND now, dear reader, it is to be presumed that you have honestly arrived by swift swallow skims or lofty kangaroo leaps, more or less compos-mentis and without fractures to shin or skull, so far. We ought then by this to be fairly good fellows, capable of friendly chitchat, such as will ease up the joint adjudication of a question, the agreement as to what is apposite and relevant, and what with comrade-like give-and-take, has a right to be laid for future reference to one side.

This chapter very naturally is to be a scrap bag of remnants, felicitous and unfelicitous. All remarks not hitherto ventured, will be sprung inadvertently, and will maybe go up like rockets—with the usual fate attending such performers—their noses stuck deep down in the sod of some neighbour's front-lawn!

But ere we proceed to this kind of reckless performance, it might be well if we took a quick survey to the rear, and catch again a forward vista—for assurance we are altogether secure in our all but final whereabouts.

We have assumed the practical validity of symbol speech, as organised in our subconscious human nature by ages of precivilised social evolution.

Here we are. We came hitherto, because forebears thought, felt, willed and did thus and so. We are, therefore, such and such. A pointer puppy points. Tell me acquired characteristics are not inherited? Well, well. And the trick which man taught his friend the dog just happens to suggest itself to the favoured pup of the litter? Why argue?

But simpler instances must occur to almost any reader. Were you startled at the origin of conscience in the struggle—of a mongrel half bird dog, half collie,—confronted simultaneously by a scent of a covey and a bunch of cattle—each such fun—both such thrills—that he suffered tortures and gyrated about his friend man—after half a dozen false starts? The spectacle may strike you as comic—but it is also not without instruction. Had he been of one blood only he would have known no mental anguish and so—little or no mind; his single and instinctive drive would have involved him in such definite purpose, as to require no choice, no mind—and reduce him for the nonce to a happy mechanism.

You see the bull pawing the ground, and rushing with horns, to toss and mangle with vicious thrusts—whatever you have æsthetically made a trifle too ruddy? Don a bandanna and venture into the fenced enclosure with a pitchfork. Every one knows some absent-minded farmer who paid the penalty to his hand-raised pet. But why? I don't suppose the bull could tell you. The bull himself does not know. The experience he has had himself accounts for his spasm of fury? You have stirred his pre-domestic nature volcanically, and he erupts. Yet, if you read how the wild cattle in Africa group calves to the centre, then

cows, then bulls, horns down, ready to receive the lion's leap, and you can imagine the clouds of dust rising to hide the exact location of the tossing horns—then you can apprehend, can you not, the "mind" involved in the now useless train of dramatic action?

I myself when a boy witnessed an assembly of all the county's cows (so it seemed) in a field, where a sick animal was killed to ascertain whether it had some contagious disease. Had you watched as I those funeral games—and observed how never a darky ventured near that bovine witches' sabbath, till the temperature of the "revival" had gradually cooled down—you too might have pondered on the not so dissimilar strange subterranean survivals of our quasi-denatured human nature.

When but a child of four, visiting at a German farm, on a showery day, I learned an invaluable life lesson. I stared for hours at the farm yard full of horses, pigs, hens and cocks, geese and ganders, ducks and drakes, and a most threatening gobbler all flaring red. Straw was lying loose and flying in gusts of wind. Mud puddles glittered. A dog, of course, hobbled through the wet. And all this I watched through the coloured panes of a back door. First the red, a most agreeable heart-warming effect—like a family it looked in the jolly glow of a hearth or festive bonfire. Then the amber;—and oh what sunny delight (surely it couldn't be any longer raining?). Then through the blue glass; and I couldn't believe my eyes—all was so very gloomy, depressing (but note, the gobbler didn't look at all dangerous!). Yet, ah, what a strange fall to the flat prosaical facts—when all was seen through the white glass—what was it but a most

unalluring, not even a tragic, mess of dripping things, and mud, everywhere mud?

If there were then as many yards for me as there were different coloured panes of glass, to look through, which of them told the truth?

The cloud lifted, and I sallied forth with a secretly stolen crystal chandelier pendant, held across my eye, and O—all wore rainbow attire, and in front of me always yawned a thrilling chasm—that threatened to swallow up all—but left me still, I was rejoiced to see, moving on and on towards the now enhaloed gobbler! But the gobbler was not shy, seemed to resent his halo, and strode up to me, and that fiery red neck—I can't tell why, but ashamed to call for help, or to be seen avoiding the danger, I ran in with all my might—to put on obediently the prescribed rubbers which just at that moment occurred to me as having been carelessly forgotten!

Is that then the implicit reason why the turkey-cock gobbles himself crimson? Did it once have an awe-striking effect on the circumambient horizon of predomestic days? Or was it, as some surmised, that the lady-bird rejoiced in colour, gobs of colour for their own sake? Hardly. One thing is sure. I had then no colour theory. I merely observed pre-established harmonies between certain moods of me, and the identical landscape under different illumination! The same fact I observed later at American fourth of July celebrations when illumination of the landscape was done with Bengal light in patriotic alternation of red, yellow for white, and blue. I was struck by the bathos and pathos of the climax. Can you, dear reader, remember no such impression?

Now these ancient colour-correlations of mood were, we suggest, established by long experience of the human-friendly or human-hostile dispositions, of what usually bore a given colouration. The associations were established, and then inherited as instinctive reactions. And they continue under the culture-surface of our factitious personalities, so shattered by the discipline of the 3 R's, the three and thirty "aren'ts" or "mightbe's," imposed on top, as the prejudices and ready-to-hand opinions of an educated respectable biped!

Now these and similar mood associations, subliminally persisting, are what we sublimate into "poetry,"—the poetry of words,—but primarily of motion, of form, of colour, of mathematical proportions in pitch and rhythm of musical sound. To this surviving foundation soul, we have made our appeal, for a reading of our flag, and our appeal is answered, by what cannot seem but an ingenious fiction. It appears to have pre-existed our inquiry, and revealed itself legitimately.

(2) *The Elements of the Flag Restated*

Our flag as standard consists of two parts—the immobile—save by human lifting—and the mobile—the wind-wafted, the flitting and flapping, the glowing and flaring—that is, the flag proper.

THE IMMOBILE PART

1. The immobile part is first and foremost, the flag staff proclaiming aloft the rigid vitality of the

stock. It will and shall perpetuate itself from generation to generation—and wear the new foliage and bloom and fruitage, season by season forever.

2. The gold cord attaches us thereto. We beget and rebeget continually true to type. We are bound fast to our blessed pedigree. The golden tassels may argue meteoric aberration, comet-like streaming; but the flying tassels always balance, and but tighten the knot by their divagations and extravagances hither and thither and yon!

3. The bird at top, alit on the golden globe or about to depart zenithward, is our Eagle, who fights for his eaglets in the eery, who hunts for them with mastery of the subtlest element, and of all other birds; but more important still, specifies vividly the sort of life our type tends in its more gifted specimens to realise. The Totem indicates the source of progress, of renewal: the creative self-communication of the light above the Zenith—peering at which the eagle has got him his hoary head and neck—and turning suddenly to obey, has got him too his hoary tail-tip; and his “Kak! Kak! Kak!” to the echoes, is his laughter at what he saw then: the doom of evil, the triumph of the good!

THE MOBILE PART

4. Expounding the Totem bird, and expanding so our horizon, and expending its inspirational energy to penetrate us to our inmost fibre—flies like a living creature tethered to an immovable stake, our Flag. It is furled and unfurled with ceremony, raised or taken down at dawn and at dusk!

It can be ventured only with our lives into shot and

shell. We never expose it to weather from which we ourselves seek shelter. That is the right honouring of the symbol. It is for us a visible word of God. It must be saluted with awed attention. When silenced—for that we are frail, or the weather foul—we handle it with reverence—not for its intrinsic value, but for its precious sacramental worth and power, protected so and enhanced.

5. The flag is once and half the Square, or twice the square. That is its right proportion. It is square, and then more than square; more than fair, generous, inclusive. It runs risk by gathering in more than the proportionate upward reach. It doesn't say: "I will include only the gifted." It believes it can assimilate at least half as many again; ay, it dares to take in exactly as many more. It will be twice square in its deal with human nature, God bless it!

(But woe unto us—if we stretch so far—that we forget to rise, become a mere infinitely broad and flat layer of fat prosperity! If the salt is dissolved in more meat broth than it can flavour and save from sourness and putridity, who shall save the salt from its suicidal fatuity?)

6. The flag is rimmed—with the Golden Fringe, for it radiates even as the sun; it is a solar emanation, an Argonautic Golden Fleece, it is a radiant Palladium for us, an emblem of the active brain of Zeus, fulminant, air-clearing, cloud-compelling, and Titan-smithing. It is quick with self-generated light.

7. There are in the flag the thirteen Stripes, alternately red and white, and of them more anon.

8. There is the Canton, next to the staff, and uppermost a square—if the flag's field be a square and

a half; a square and a half, if the flag's field be twice the square. So it adjusts its eloquent proportions as a part to those of the whole.

(Yet note the danger again—of a too sentimental policy such as the demagogue will always commend, and get, we fear, the sympathy of the philanthropic theorist who thinks in a vacuum. Shall our heavenly field elongate—till it doesn't even remember the Square,—the height, the length, and the breadth of which are equal?)

9. In the canton of Midnight Blue—by its colour declaring democratic hospitality in obliteration of trifling personal differences, the square of mystery, the integral divine unifying power of the ideal, are placed five-pointed white stars. As to the stars, more anon.

10. The Order of the stars was at first thirteen, shaped in the ring of eternity, as that wreath of the thirteen rings in the 1776 Tin Dollar, or in the Linked Hand flag; then in the star order as seen in the Great Seal of the United States, where within eighteen white clouds encircling a golden glory, on a blue ground, the stars cluster to a larger figure disposed in their own repeated form; and last of all, since 1818, in rectangular battle array.

11. Now we should refer to the suggestions got from the Composition of the flag's design as a whole—placing six stripes below the canton (and not $6\frac{1}{2}$, as halving would dictate), causing so seven to proceed, as it were, out of the starred canton itself. But, of this, more anon.

Let this mere recalling to mind suffice for a cursory review of what we have hitherto endeavoured to understand. Let us now consider and reconsider cer-

tain more important or recondite interpretations, at the inevitable risk of repetitions, which the impatient reader must forgive, and can, if he be clever, omit by a little hop, skip and jump if he so choose.

THE THREE-FOLD COMPOSITION OF THE FLAG

Our red field of incomplete terrestrial experience has been obviously changed into a red stairway by the overlay of a white stairway. It is red with all the sacred meanings of red. It is rhythmically ordered and humanised so for the soul. From the celestial roamers, the planets, who roam the heaven, even as we, the terrestrial dependents; or from the world as orientated (getting its bearings from the apparent course of the sun, the cardinal points fixed also by the immovable pole star, these *four*, that is, taken together with the thought of solidarity, of true union, the prime family, the *three*) constitute for us together a composite symbol, a "red" "seven," on which we can afford to ponder deeply. Our Field of fire and of blood, altered by the imposition of our white (our inner spirit life), into an Ascent, whose rhythmical ordering is derived from remote high heavenly considerations!

Historically speaking, the scheme derived, without special intention doubtless, by the deliberate laying of the six white stripes horizontally in the field of red—the flag of defiance of British commerce. We will not deny that the suggestion of that flag may have been reinforced for *some* by the three white bars laid across the red shield of the Washingtons. On or over that square field, or rather the rectangular Field of the world's red strife, were laid the white stripes; thereby

it was automatically cut up, we admitted, undesignably perhaps, into seven stripes, the symbol we are presently considering. As in Christ's parable the red field is the field of blood, the field of a world strife into which the white seed is sown. The fact that our Rectangle is not square (apart from the question of taste involved, which perhaps alone controlled), is subject to an interpretation, perhaps overfanciful, but not without interest for us as successors of the pioneers. The house we built of logs did not long remain Square. By the expansion of the family, anywhere on the earth, a central entrance hall would be flanked either side by a room, and the frontage would therefore, become broader than the depth of the house. Viewing it as flying on the flag-staff, we might say that its reach is farther on the level, than aloft on the upright line. We would first include our relations natural, human; and thereafter explore our relations supernatural, divine. We have walked farther towards the horizon, than flown, even on the wings of the imagination, to the zenith. Thinking along this line we are reminded of the early American use of the pyramid as a symbol of our young country, on the reverse of the seal; but a pyramid without "ben," lacking its most sacred "phoenix," or lesser pyramid-apex, indicating so our incompleteness, and seeking divine completion; with the Motto "*annuit inceptis cœlum*," we presume; which sympathetically paraphrased might read: "heaven is partial to things bravely begun!"

WHAT THE FLAG BESPEAKS IN THE DIVINE

Now this heaven or God that nods His favour on fair courageous starts, who is It, or rather He? We

affirm nought of him, beyond that He is,—and that such He is,—as be He must—to bless us, as He has blessed us indeed. From our recorded and pondered history we might then derive some knowledge of Him? But of that the flag is silent. In God—left undefined—in this God, however, do we most assuredly and religiously trust.

“In God we trust” was our Motto, yes, even upon our coins. But in the flag, for all reserve, this God we trusted to unite us even as He had brought us aforetime to be, and maintained us during the desperate struggle for distinct existence, stood well symbolised in his own midnight Heaven,—the circle of the horizon squared, (noting reverently all that such a geometric feat should mean); and placed above six steps as upon an altar, and from it deriving its support as a symbol of our destiny. Let us consider the three points each in turn. (1) The six stripes as firm and broad foundation, the condition of the uplifted square field of midnight blue; (2) the seven stripes going forth toward the following forces and those left behind; (3) and last of all, the field of midnight Blue itself.

We can read off quickly the meaning of the six stripes as leading up to the canton. Three red stripes organically unite, as the number three would suggest (our fire, our enthusiasm, our blood, our energy, our kinship), that thereby we may ascend the so-called “mountain of the Lord” to the Blue of the zenith. Above the three red stripes, we lay the three white stripes; to organise also all that among us is light, knowledge, wisdom (all that is glorious cloud, revelation, shekinah); and we lay then our holy White

reverently above and intercepting it, our strong and courageous Red. So we have builded us indeed a twofold Stairway of progress up which we may sanely and safely, if courageously and enthusiastically, ascend. Note that we loudly deny at once, in the very setting of the white above the red, that we should attain to purity by any ascetic denials of life. The tiger and the ape in us, the dynosaur indeed (and whatsoever other terrible monsters there may have been suggested by the mythical Behemoth and Leviathan), shall not be slain, and cast out for foul decay and contagion of pestilence; but controlled, mastered, rather devoutly utilised and exploited. We shall sublimate all that is energetic, formidable, awful, into whatever shall be finest and holiest.

Yet as we look steadily at our two ascending superimposed and interlocking scales, or stairway, we see that they at best unite in themselves to constitute a Six; the number, as we have seen, of social or cosmic strife!

We are engaged indeed in a war of the world (4) involved in its eternal strife of good and evil, zenith against nadir (2). It is still individually that, after all, for the highest of men; and how much more is it that for the highest and best social order itself, that fails yet to transcend mere present competitive human nature? Strife it must be, however removed from direct brutality and violence; strife, however subtly and nobly disguised; and strife we must insist is not and cannot be our ideal end!

Now view our flight of stairs, our two threes, alternately red and white, as an approach to the Temple; as the large altar itself, whereupon enthroned rests

the sacred shrine: our arc of the covenant, our upright and eternal Square of midnight Blue.

It is clear, at once, that we have builded us our altar out of our aspiration and persistent upward drive—out of our power and passion, out of our positive purity; and it reaches up in yearning and worship to the heavens, and almost audibly prays for us: "Hallowed be thy Name, O thou Super-human, Super-social, thou Mystery, unbeholden, ineffable, self-sufficient, that art symbolised meanwhile for us, since ancient times, in the blue rondure, the vast Heaven above—remote and marvellous; do Thou reveal unto us thy will, thy character, thy secret inmost life, that we may adore and lift ourselves up to Theeward, and further aspire!"

Now it cannot be hard to interpret in answer to our prayer, the seven stripes above the six, which proceed from this same field of holy square of midnight blue. Is it not as though they cried aloud for us "Thy Will be Done"—as a fiat, a creative word? Four red stripes spring forth of fire and blood, by their number (4) suggesting the world order, the so-called "kingdom of heaven" on earth; and the white three (contained within the red four and manifestly protected by them) directly repeat the three stripes we set below as the upper part of the foundation: our organised light, prudence, knowledge, wisdom, science: our radiant cloud, revelation, mystic illumination. These then taken all together, the red four, the three white, stream forth as a Seven in the holy rhythm of the week with its Sabbath consecrating its days of toil and strife, which in turn are named after the seven Wanderers through the heavens (the sun, and the

moon and the five lesser planets, according to the obsolete astronomy). When we consider, it is quite simple after all, and gripping. We shall, we declare so in the flag, institute the world of fire and blood, refreshed, sanctioned, and sanctified by our Square of midnight Blue, four square, secure, sacrificing our all to maintain it; that it may contain within itself and protect as shell does kernel, as body does soul, our organised knowledge and spiritual life which also must be and shall be, renewed and rekindled at our shrine or ark of the Divine presence. These we shall conceive as proceeding, outcropping, as outflowering evermore from the mystic Field of midnight Blue!

If throned so above our altar is spread out this symbol of the righteous heaven, and if, re-originating and regenerating our world of institutions, it constitutes our vital bond of Union, let us ask ourselves a few searching questions as to what very specifically that Square has to say about itself, when its Mystery becomes articulate with the five pointed stars that hang poised in its silence.

THE SPECIAL GOOD OMEN OF THE WORDS—"ALTER-
NATELY RED AND WHITE"

We may now, as a singular illustration—a paradoxical but effective one, we trust,—imagine things to have gone with our flag quite otherwise than they actually did. Suppose for instance, Congress had decreed that the flag of the United States should consist of *thirteen stripes, alternately WHITE and red*, To work out our false supposition, at the risk of tediousness, we will rehearse in different words once

more the thing we have and its meaning: *thirteen stripes, alternately red and white.*

As things do stand, our six stripes lie snugly enclosed by the seven stripes. Our thirteen are *alternately red and white*: "red" begun with, "red" ended with; and the rhythmic partition is allotted as the function of the "white." The number-symbolism of strife (6) is contradicted, at least checked and transfigured by the colour-symbolism of light and purity; and similarly the colour-symbolism of red (which might else seem in its vital arrogance to be fierce, and signify a battle to the death) has been contradicted, at least checked and transfigured, by the number-meaning of the heavenly seven they are. As you read the whole off you might almost translate: Let our strife for the world be white! Let our purity be vital and religious, heroic, and self-giving! Let us be arrogant only in holy sacrifice, chaste and pure only for the sake of a virile strife, unto an ever better world-order! When you *sum* up your translations so to say, into an algebraic sum,—our red stripes, and our white stripes—they enclose and interpenetrate, protecting them from without, closely clasping so within their hot courage all that is chaste—we have attained to our thirteen, our lucky Number, and we must rehearse its acquired sense with a new affectionate and reverent understanding: our pure strife, and our holy, vitally striven-for order, shall together constitute a sufficient Atonement for the past, an everlasting new Start, a Perfection bettered and surpassed, and a willing Sacrifice, ever in process, of the heroic and god-like, unto the more perfect manifestation in Man of the Divine!

If, in the symbolism of Christian art, our white stripes made us think of the Ascension and the Transfiguration of divine men, our red stripes suggest to us the downpour of the spirit and the shed blood of the martyrs and heroes, the two stairways seem fitted indeed for ascent and descent, and constitute together a spiritual rhythm, like aspiration and inspiration, which figure the never ceasing progressive Creation, the ascending and descending of the angels, the mystical traffic of earth and heaven. Now let us boldly imagine all this that we have, changed to what for the nonce, as a horrible example, a paradigm of frightfulness, we imagine to have been.

Our flag consists of thirteen stripes, *alternately white and red!*

Our purity, our white,—we proclaim it aloud, is holy—Seven!

Our strife, social and cosmic, our Six, is savage:—fiery and bloody red!

What an unnecessary tautological brag? Is it not like saying the same thing simultaneously in two languages—colour and number? Reverse the reading, to prove it again.

Our holiness, seven, is pure, is white!

Of course! but won't it maybe degenerate so into softness, flabbiness? work back to plasmic slime? or, become a bloodless pusilanimous variety of an ascetic, unnatural sort, and almost justifiably invite Pharisaic affectations of saintly white-wash?

Our courage, our red fire and blood, are engaged, in social and cosmic strife! Is there no risk so, that cultural progress shall be lost in Hunnish relapse—atavistic—insane—to the primordial beast of prey?

Ah, but let us try now the combination!

Can you combine two such disparate proceedings in one? Won't you merely at best break into two mutually detesting parties—the pacifist mollycoddles, and the red-eyed gorillas? The stripes don't naturally combine willingly, by inherent fitness—it would seem at all, to a true thirteen. Still, let us imagine that we contrive to chain them together forcibly—in mental loathing, and prevent the destruction of the mollycoddle by the gorilla. Where do we stand now?

Our thirteen, our new start, our correction of the past, our eager forward looking leadership—is, pray, of what kind? We wear a seemly shining exterior—the enveloping white. We are whited sepulchres. But, within, if there be all uncleanness—it is not of dead men's bones. We hold red hot, bloody contents,—a volcanic core—a kernel of crimson savagery in our whitewashed husk or shell.

Over such a national kernel you can project then the noble Latin inscription: *Cave canem*, beware the Dog! Cerberus is ready to assault with or without cause, and without let and hindrance of scrupulous conscience chains, any chance national bystander or innocent passerby! Do we exaggerate? Hardly. How pitifully lowered would not be the tone of our flag-proclamation to mankind, if we reversed the arrangement of the stripes!

But let us work out further the symbolism of the composition set below our shrine, our ark, our square of midnight blue, an altar of red on white, a red three, a family, holding down a white three, a family: and cause to emanate from the righteous mystery—to the right hand, toward the following host and the left-

behinds at home—a seven of four white stripes enclosing a red three (a clean-seeming world and a bloody family enclosed) and, we do believe few would be so bold as to proclaim aloud such a gospel for our America—not even in spread-eagle circles, not in jingo circles, nay not even in pacifist pro-German circles—with any expectation of aught—but a deserved “rotten-egging” to drive the presumptuous blasphemer from the rostrum.

OUR FLAG'S PROCLAMATION AS TO GOOD AND EVIL

Now we are prepared to interpret finally our *six white stripes* into ordinary speech, and we shall put it three times with three different stresses.

Our house, our shelter and home, our field of national nurture, our fence against evil, is alternately red and white. Our stairways are two—the seven red first—but then the six white. Up this latter stairway we must climb also. Though it be more steep, it is shorter. Only who mounts by *both* stairs—that of his *animal* and of his *spiritual* natures will truly arrive at his heavenly home (which the whole earthly house prepares for), at the Elysian fields, namely, that need no arduous cultivation, and where all fences are taken down, or are only set up as hurdles for the angels to leap over in play! Our present house is really composed of these stairs, for our *abiding* here is a *progress* beyond and above. The very sheltering wall of the abode is bodily composed of the two stairs—contrived one within the other. Let us think then of this white upward progress, that is made glorious by the very sense of battle between good and evil, the

ever-present higher contention; just as the more carnal progress is kept holy, ay, for all its brutality, by the realisation of the goal, and the heavenliness of the law that regulates it all the while, even though we be unaware of any divine control! Ah, this most difficult steep white stairway, up which we must mount, step by step, even at the same time that we mount its fellow, on the pain of having to return after seeming to have legitimately passed out of the flag into some ecstatical "internationalism," and having to begin at the bottom once again—because we too rashly or lazily overleapt that inner arduous ascent!

What shall we declare those six white stripes to signify?

Let us omit all the subtler suggestions of white as we summarise the doctrine of our six white stripes and attempt to expound it for the last time. To the popular mind of our day, white suggests snow and lilies. Snow should not enter much into our calculations, since it could not prevail among the peoples of the Orient primarily,—Mesopotamia and Egypt,—whence our symbolism historically derives. As for the Easter lilies, they are relatively speaking quite a recent "invention." The religious flower of Egypt and Hindustan was the rosy or blue lotus. In the primal language, for instance, of our Red Man, we have seen, white gets its chief connotation from the *white clouds*, cirrus, supposed to represent the attendant judges or cosmic rulers, taking counsel with the heavenly father. Doubtless the most potent imaginative spellpower of white derives from the white cumulus clouds, piling up the blue like a supernatural mountain (diversely localised in Sinai, Horeb, Ararat or

Mount Olympus), the mythical Mount of the Lord, in its essential reality invisible, and glimpsed only so at chosen moments in its symbol of upward billowing cloud-forms, that veil an intolerable glorious vista beyond; yet, always there for anointed, illumined eyes, is the magnified reminiscence of the snow-covered mountain peak, catching the light of the morning or the evening sun, and pouring over the plain a brilliant reflected effulgence. As we contemplate, there lurk in the luminous white veiled memories also of the vibrant noon-glare on the desert sand, intolerable; and of the direct beams of the sun which no man can behold and "live," and only eagle or hawk can face as he climbs the sky, the bird himself of the supreme God, of the sun in his highest splendours.

First, then we may let our strife (industrial, commercial, ay, and military if it must needs be also such) ever have for its sole object the world that is founded four-square (the suggestion of the tower base), for the world that is won only through thwarting and self-control (the suggestion of the cross). Let it be an innocent and pure strife, as suggested by the snow summit of Carmel, of Ararat, of Olympus, of Pindus, of the mountain of the Lord; the white of the cloud mountain; the stair of angels, or the strata of cloud, piling to the zenith; the white of the shekinah of the cumulus interposing a thin veil over the else intolerable great glory of the sun-God at the noon hour; the incarnation, translucent always, yet endurable! May our strife forward and upwards be always white!

Second, turning our dogma about again, we obtain thereby an interesting emphasis: let our white, our

purity, our innocence, be virile, militant, courageously affirmative of the ideal.

White suggests, alas, the colour also of the terror stricken, the anemia of the starved and spiritless, the ashes of the spent hearth-fire or furnace. How much so-called self-control is but weakness! How much purity is but non-pollution, through cowardice or incapacity! Let our white be then the white of the white hot metal, of the flashing sword, of the intolerable brightness of the cloud in the zenith, of the ice-peak piercing the sky, and capturing the glory. Let our white be the white of a cosmic strife, and not of a selfish, timorous, striving after individual interest, or of a mere family and folk sort against other families or folks, that we or they may be elect and removed hence to a heavenly abode; but, that rather, so to speak, the whole world itself, the foursquare world, the world that is orientated in the thwarting cross, may ascend transfigured and transmuted to the heart of heaven, the zenith—the abode of the Father of light and delight.

Third and lastly, we may look upon our symbol, emphasising it with a slight difference. Lo, there is strife, always strife, in this or any world. Always good and evil, Ormazd and Ahriman! We may delude ourselves into thinking we can vaguely imagine some time when such essential strife shall cease; but *strife* it verily now *is*, and most for all good men and true. We would like indeed to say that all is verily now good, and that the evil is but illusion, delusion, a nightmare that we can shake off by being aroused, jolted awake: but it is not presently so, and to anticipate what may be true for us (when we shall be

otherwise organised than we are, in an environment otherwise constituted than ours), would only lead to immediate systematic malpractice, and might make the very entrance upon such a consummation so devoutly to be wished, impossible in the end. But we can now see the essential strife betwixt God and devil, is for a more and more solid fixed and firm foundation: for the four corners of God's foursquare house, invisible though it be to us yet in its structure, viz., the square; we can now perceive indeed that it is a struggle involving always the horrible necessity of very specific direction, and, therefore, of selection. One way among myriad possible ways must be chosen and followed, each excellent, but only one possible at one time. There we face crossroads, the cross as the sacrifice of opportunities which must be accepted, courageously borne.

More deeply than that, leaving environment for organism, it is a struggle that manifests itself in a brave self-thwarting among our normal instincts, propensities, aspirations. Those only that are still "rational" to us, with our present vision worthily possible to us, assuming their psychic conditions, and concomitants, those only shall be legitimised and affirmed; pathetically leaving denied (as if they were foul, outcast and loathingly disowned) other instincts, other propensities, other aspirations. Here is again the cross. More interior, or inward, more cruel, yet more nobly inevitable even, than the choice between alternates in our environment.

But though the valiant and moral strife be thus for a solid foundation to an invisible house of God, and by the way of remorseless selection of opportunities in the environment, and between the modes of self

expression through untold moral self-discipline, yet it surely is a struggle of body and soul for what is "white," for what is "shining"; for the Shekinah, the cloud that veils the else intolerable brilliancy of the too great glory of God.

And, furthermore, *as it is*, so we *WILL* to have it! We accept the challenge of the universe; it is a glory to us. We are optimists, not by ignoring the evil, but by a joyous ecstatic religious acceptance and triumph! Our optimism is more strikingly affirmed in the shining white. Hence, hoist and fly the flag for the sake of its cruel "white stripes," with the feeling so well expressed in Clough's immortal words:

"Hope evermore and believe O Man, for even as thy
thought is
So are the things that thou seest, even as thy hope
and belief."

And verily our flag does fly to the winds, the thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, all over the truly civilised world. As we lift our eyes reverently to it, streaming in the heavens, as our roseate Dawn; as the rock-ribs of the world displayed to us in that mysterious rift of the earth,—the Grand Canyon of the Colorado;—we can and do swear fealty to it with whatever abides vitally innocent in us, white-hot for the strife unto a better world; with all in us that remains alive to human passion from the lowliest brute in us—reaching the highest virile heroic, or self-devoting motherly—afflare with the fire of heaven, red-hot for the fray. So lift high the white and red together, all but visibly picturing the "coming in the clouds of heaven" ere long of the expected "Son of Man!"

CHAPTER XII

AN OFFICE AND CEREMONY FOR THE WORSHIP OF OLD GLORY—BEING AN AFTERWORD

WHAT is the chief obstacle we have bravely to attack and sublimely to overcome if we are to verify as a Nation in our history the Good News—the prophetic fiat of our flag?

Why, human nature, we say, is the obstacle.

Indeed?

Why, human nature is just what we rely on to realise it!

What then do we really mean?

The disposition to consider our human nature complete as we have it, or to fight indeed for some preferred status-quo—a status ante bellum—a “before the flood”—or “in the Garden of Eden” naïveté—a pioneer simplicity, or a mediæval architectonic instinct, or whatever else may seem that bygone desideratum! But, seriously, does human nature then leave nothing to desire?

Nothing, save that we understand it better with its whence; its deeper, its hidden what; and its sublime inevitable whither!

“The mills of the gods grind slow.”

Human nature is in evolution. To hasten the evolution is possible. But be sure our efforts to hasten shall not really turn out to be effective efforts to

retard, to retrace travelled ways, or get off "at a tangent," and arrive at impractical lunacy or some superhuman divagation for which the body, the mass, takes its horrible revenge.

Still there is to be progress. Man is to develop as yet unapparent possibilities. The Grand Man of the heaven, with his twelve constellations of the zodiac, must make room for a new one—the thirteenth.

Ah, and how long expected! In the sixth, one of the very earliest Vedic hymns we read: "O Varouna! (the midnight sun, or heaven) He is the God—steadfast in the works of his hands—who wotteth aforetime the march of the twelve moons, which do beget all creatures here below, and Who wotteth well also of *that moon which shall make perfect the year!*"

The intercalary month is so the calendar prophecy of a New Constellation at length to be set in its place on high.

But how shall we hasten the advent of the required human type?

Ah, here we are not now without a reasonable hope! The human nature we yet have is plastic. It accepts in mass, most amazingly, the social pressure, what the crowd commands and demands. If directed by true genius, in line of genuine true-to-breed genesis—what sudden anticipations are at least to be had in imagination (in vision so, and in art expression, possible) which tend insistently (when acknowledged, ratified, religiously cultivated) to assert themselves far too powerfully for any individual, or set, or party or class successfully to oppose!

So, if we do affirm as our faith, make our dogma,

the fiat of our wills, the object of crowd-conscious rituals, and sacraments—this ideal of Old Glory—then the human nature we make such impossible Demands of, will (true, but strange to state) leap forth joyously with the incredibly beautiful Supply!

Men you want? Ask, cry, advertise.

Heroes? You can have them by the million.

Why, in heaven's name, O Nation, don't you then, day in, day out, demand of your people—and incarnate in them thereby—the spirit of Old Glory?

But good news it is? Really news? Or is it merely make-believe? Wish being father to thought? O fool, of course! Wish is able to beget a thought, that projects itself into reality, until it is a conceived and duly born truth! Make believe? Ah, yes, there is a truth-becoming sort—the prophecy that realises itself—and that, too, without malpractice. And perhaps there is no more powerful form of self-help unto self-coercion than the enthusiastic coercion of others by us. The missionary impulse is the very life of faith. If you had quite adequately, as matter of course, possession (to be taken therefore for granted), you would not proclaim your doctrines as “good news,” you would not preach, get propaganda going, and pray and sweat, and shout—and make a demonstration!

It's only a truth-in-the-making that thus poetically flushes us, that irradiates and kindles us to explosion. We export, only to reimport. We spread and inundate, to deepen at the centre of the flood. We get conviction from the victories of our pedagogy. If

alien human nature fires with our peculiar hope, surely it is no unwarranted folly at home!

What we accept—from *ad capio*, reach at to hold—must be no mere caption, but a capture—if it is to be a rapture—a divine Promethean theft and thrill.

What we adopt—from *ad opto*, to desire at—our option, our hot prayer, we must export on pain of selfish stagnation, of ultimate unreality and unbelief.

If we would export, bear forth, we must propose, set before men and set forth with charm.

Ours is no monopoly of Old Glory's Gospel against Pan America—against the World?

O Pan, Pan, Pan (allowing the fanciful Greek etymology for the name of the Pre-Hellenic God), Pan, all of you, come to our fair and let us dance together about our Totem!

Do you hear the screech of the eagle? His terrible magnificent "insane"—nay divinely inspired—altogether sane and true cacchination, his echo-scaring laugh: Evil shall down! the Bolt felled it already! for Good is enthroned above?

But if we are to make a Religion of it, a missionary religion, too, of Old Glory's Gospel—we must get us a rite of reverent worship.

Who shall get it for us? Why, our prayer. Who shall begin? Why, you and I. When? Now.

But folks will laugh?

Laughs well—who laughs last.

Annuit (caelum) inceptis. See heaven smileth approval on a brave start! Even if it is only a challenge, summoning the more happily inspired—to substitute what is better!

So, for our missionary devotion to Old Glory, we

will sketch us out a ritual, and let the scoffer scoff if he will. We answer "tant pis pour lui!" So much the worse for him! It's not to his credit. "Tu n'es plus rien." You are nothing now. We are busy with a "*Novus ordo sæclorum*," as our great seal has it—the new order of ages we ourselves are sworn to set going.

"*Tu n'es plus rien*"—the cry to-day in France meaning that the individual doesn't and shan't count—only the national soul, that is our affirmation for friend and for foe, because we start candidly with self in our denial. Who recks of fame, station, wealth, life? "*Tu n'es plus rien*"—nothing counts but the soul of the Nation.

Ay, ay, echo we across the Atlantic and the Pacific—since the cry gets our hearing from both ways around the round world.

"*C'est l'étoile qui est tout.*"

It's our Star, O France, that for us is all!

But look at our Star!

"*Elle est humaine!*"

"*Elle est blanche!*"

White is our Star, and very human—and it is risen to the zenith for all the peoples and nations—it is a constellation of itself, manifolded—for each state of our union, for each stock of our people prophesies a galaxy around the whole heaven, a star for every social group that aspires to realise the divine creative will in a better humanity, realising inspiration in a beautiful orchestral mode of social life.

So, we shall not scruple to present our pitiful sketch of a Flag ritual, a worship of our national symbol, and in the name of Stripes, and Square, of Star and

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Eagle, invite all Nations to sympathetic participation.

AN OFFICE AND CEREMONY FOR THE WORSHIP OF OLD GLORY

The service may be opened with the following, or some other hymn of national character (for instance, *America the Beautiful*, by Katherine Lee Bates):

I

O vast, O various, O great of soul,

America!

From ocean to ocean, high hope and glee,

America.

From coral-girt isle to aurora-lit pole,

For (joy! joy!) thou hast set man's spirit free,

With the will to see,

To do, and to be

Whatso the new heav'n and new earth may decree,
Till the part shall have grown to the perfect whole!

God bless thee, America.

II

The faith, the genius of many a folk,

America!

Have poured out their treasure of life in thee,

America;

Wilt brook for our brothers the rod and the yoke?

Nay, (joy! joy!) thou hast bridged the deep-sunder-
ing sea,

Lo, and ONE are we,

One heart-beat! and He,

To whose beauty alone thou bowest the knee,

Thy transfiguring mandate will never revoke!
 God bless thee, America.

III

Our toil, our ache, for thine august race,
 America,
 The dear birth of thy starry maturity,
 America!
 Live to hallow their fairer abiding place,
 Die (joy! joy!) for their holier destiny:
 In such eager plea
 Thy children agree,
 And evoke now the fiat of Deity
 At full glory beholding thee face to face!
 God bless thee, America!

The minister (or the Chief Officiant) addresses the assembly as follows:—

Dearly beloved fellow Americans (and fellow-Christians), we have come together to express in word and action the religious meaning of our national emblem, Old Glory.

The flag expresses the past of our people, our present life, and all the future of our nation's office and function in God's world.

Let us all be of one mind and of one heart together, that we may the better realize the living presence of the Creative Power in our midst, through the blessed help of which we shall be enabled to realize in deed and truth all that the Stars and Stripes set forth as our ideal.

Our flag is the mobile portion of the emblem we

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would reverence. It flies from a staff or standard which shall be set here in front of the veiled sanctuary.

From of old men set up totem poles, staffs and obelisks as the rallying place of the life of tribe and people. So shall we place even here before you the sacred emblem.

(The flagpole is reverently placed in position whereupon follows (if convenient) the following psalm of the flagpole.)

PSALM OF THE FLAGPOLE

Look ye all—where standeth yonder the pillar of our folk:

Erect, it is the will and courage of our fathers,
White, for the stalwart innocence of their purpose,
Upright, in their reaching to the heart of heaven;
Lo, it pointeth forever to the seat of the Mystery
Which dwelleth high above the firmament.

Behold it well, for is it not the Tree of Life

Stripped of its boughs which bud in springtime,
And bear leafage of hope for the birds to nest in,
Ripening their fruit betimes for the lips of children,—

The Ancient Tree which lifteth aloft the world of man,

Upholding it high unto the noonday sun?

(The white flagstaff stands in a conspicuous place in front of the sanctuary, topped with a golden sphere over which hovers the golden eagle, which, if convenient, may at this moment be unveiled.)

The minister (or Chief Officiant) addresses the assembly as follows:

At the top of the flagstaff hovers the emblem of our sovereignty, the white-hooded eagle.

He expresses our aspiration and our inspiration, our living communion with the God of our fathers.

(Here, if convenient, may be chanted or read the psalm of the eagle.)

PSALM OF THE EAGLE

Behold, the king of the air that fighteth for his brood

Who shall spy out the dwelling place of the Father of Lights.

In the summit of heaven he requireth His good pleasure;

He hath hearkened, and he shrieketh with shrill laughs!

Hath he not heard the bidding, yea, the jest of the High Father,

The secret of his triumph over evil at the last?

But he knew not the while how his head was waxen hoary as the hoar-frost,

White with the snowy sheen of the Unseen,

When he hung aloft so in the too great splendour,

And he wot not how the fan of his great tail was cloud-hoary

When, precipitate, he upset him midsky

Ere, as the lightning suddenly he dropped to earth,—

Ha, it is the white-hooded eagle, who scanneth the secrets of the Most High,

For that he pierced the mystery to inquire after His will;

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The white-tailed eagle whose course is steered of the lightning,

Who alighteth yonder to hover over his unfledged brood!

Yea, it is the eagle, the glory of our People and Nation,

Who fighteth for us only, fulfilling us with Light and Joy.

The Chief Officiant, after the Psalm, crieth aloud:—

OFFICIANT:

Hear ye the cry of the Eagle!

RESPONSE:

Let us rally to obey.

OFFICIANT:

It is the rebel yell no longer, but the shout of a larger glad allegiance.

RESPONSE:

It is the laugh at our triumph over evil—over the evil in our midst!

(To symbolize the eagle's cry, the tune of "Dixie" is struck up by the orchestra, or where a choir prefers to sing it instead, new words may be used to the tune, as follows):

A BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

I

If our Sires, or We, for freedom came here,
That Man's high Hope endure no shame here,
We as they | Look away | From decay | And de-
spite,

(Upholding proudly our Country's honour,
Invoking every blessing on her,)

To the Day | That we pray | Shall array | Her in
light:—

Chorus

So, we rally—landsmen, seamen,—
 (Hurray, Hurray!) (*bis*).
With heart and hand
We take our stand,
To live and die God's freemen!
 (Away, Away!) (*bis*)
No dread of death or demon
 (Hurray, Hurray!) (*bis*)
Shall daunt the will of freemen!

II

We have wrought and fought, and sought for
Duty;
We've won us wealth, to woo us Beauty—
Who'd gainsay | Her fair sway | With display | Of
 mere might?
While draughts of brother-love refresh us
Th' unwelcome Truth of life is precious;
No dismay | At foul play | Can betray || With af-
fright:—

Chorus

III

Lo, for blood, for fire, seven stripes of crimson—
Heaven's Cup of sacrifice o'erbrims on—
Ever-plight | To the white | Of pure light,— | Are
 unfurled!
The field is square—sky-blue, unclouded,—
With five-rayed stars of white fire crowded—

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To unite | For the Right | All the might | Of the
world:—

Chorus

THE MINISTER (or the Officiant) :

It is fitting that we prepare now for this our solemn
observance,

RESPONSE :

For the reverent salutation of Old Glory,

OFFICIANT : [strength,

Lo, it is the noon of day, and the sun is in his

RESPONSE :

High up yonder above all clouds that enshroud our
lowly earth.

(The Chief Officiant or leader of the patriotic ceremonies is assisted by one to right and one to left of him—ritually, the Father and the Mother.)

(The Officiant introduces his Assistants.)

THE MINISTER (or the Officiant) (*Pointing to the 1st Assistant*) :

“Behold the Fathers of our people.”

RESPONSE :

All honour to our Fathers that begat us
and reared us with courage and wisdom.

THE MINISTER (or the Officiant) (*Pointing to the 2d Assistant*) :

“Behold the Mothers of our Nation.”

RESPONSE :

All honour to our Mothers that bore us
And forebore with us after, even unto this day.

CHIEF OFFICIANT (*Introducing himself to the Assembly*):

"And lo, I shall myself, unworthy though I be,
Stand in the room of you their children."

RESPONSE:

And of the numbers also of the unborn,
Of countless generations that shall come.

(Each of the officiants takes by turn a stone from a pile to right and rear, and places it in a pillar, as indicated by the text.)

THE FATHER *(or the Right Hand Assistant)*:

"One stone I place, for the Fathers of this people."

THE MOTHER *(or the Left Hand Assistant)*:

"One stone, I place, for the Mothers of this nation."

THE CHIEF OFFICIAN:

"One stone I place thereon for their children
And their children's children forever.
Behold it is well done!

Now these three stones, O ye people,
Shall stand fast one upon another,
And they shall be unto us
For a corner pillar of our altar,
Yea, even for a sacred memorial:—

CHORUS:

Our pillar of WISDOM toward the sky of the
North,
Where shineth the star that setteth not ever,
And his steadfast company wheel silent about
him—

In worship of them that control our destiny.
Guiding us by thought, swaying us by strength of will.
(Now the same form shall be gone through three more times, but with the variation each time as follows in the closing words.)

2

Our pillar of STRENGTH, toward the sky of the
East

Where riseth the sun; and the dew of his birth
Is of the womb of the morning, and lo, it glis-
teneth—

In worship of them that shall follow after us,
And possess our land in our room.

*(The stones for the latter two pillars are taken from
a pile to the left and rear.)*

3

Our pillar of FAITH, toward the sky of the West
Where setteth the sun; and the trail of his glory
Flusheth the stillness of the hallowed eventide,—

In worship of all the goodly departed, and gracious
Who went our way before us.

4

Our pillar of HOPE, toward the sky of the South
Where abideth our sun through the winter season,
When the ice and the snow shall prepare us for
hardness,—

In worship of all the valiant and worthy
Who shall bear the heat of this our day.

CHIEF OFFICIANT (*or the Minister*), shall say:

Behold ye now our Four pillars are set up for the
world's upbuilding:—

Twelve be they—as the signs of the zodiac!

Twelve be' they—as the months of the year!

Twelve be they—as the tribes of Israel!

Twelve be they—as the sent ones of the Christ!

CHIEF OFFICIANT:

And they shall even speak on our behalf

To the Northern sky—of impartial heavenly guidance,

To the Eastern sky—of new and better offspring,

To the Western sky—of them that set us in former times a good ensample,

To the Southern sky—of them that shall uphold their honour in this, our day!

Wherefore in very deed

each several family shall be one household of faith.

FIRST ASSISTANT:

The world is small—

for the sacrament of love that overcometh death!

Wherefore in very deed shall the world become one sublime family in holy hope—

SECOND ASSISTANT:

Unto the perfecting of man, in the ages of freer and heavenlier scope.

CHIEF OFFICIANT:

And upon our altar,—

erected so before our Tree of Life—

under the spreading pinions of our Eagle of inspired obedience,—

Lo, we do here set up our holy THIRTEENTH stone:

For the new start ever,—about the whole circuit of the heaven,

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For the new constellation—lifted aloft to shine in
their company,
Unto the righting of errors,—in our reckoning by
the course of moons that wax and wane.

RESPONSE:

In accord with the golden course of the unerring
Star of Day.

OFFICIANT:

Also for the Master who standeth ever at the head of
the table.

RESPONSE:

And biddeth farewell unto his friends, the twelve.

OFFICIANT:

Ay, for the hero, the martyr, the true Man in our
midst

RESPONSE:

Who revealeth in his latter end the God.

THE SECOND ASSISTANT:

“Here on the left hand of the thirteenth stone,
at the side of our heart,
and of our cherishing kindred,
I do *place* the *fuel* that burneth,—
which Isaac, the son of laughter,
bare up the holy mount of sacrifice.”

THE FIRST ASSISTANT:

“Here on the right hand of the thirteenth stone,
the side of our fighting hand, and of our manly
honour,
I do *place* the *fire* that kindleth
which Abraham, the high father,
bore up the mountain, shown him in a dream,
ere yet he knew what Lamb the Lord should provide
for Himself, in the room of his only son.”

THE CHIEF OFFICIANT :

"In the fore-front of the stone,
the thirteenth of our blessed fortune,
I do *place* the precious spices, the herbs for holy
incense,
which the Queen of Sheba brought with the gold of
Arabia,"

RESPONSE :

Unto King Solomon from afar;
and the Kings also of the East brought unto the
little child
lying in the manger between the ox of labour
and the ass of patience,

RESPONSE :

Even unto *Son of Man*, and *Son of God*!

THE MINISTER (or the Chief Officiant) :

Hearken, therefore, and give ye heed to the exalted,
inspired words of George Washington, the
father of his country:—

"LET US RAISE A STANDARD, TO WHICH THE WISE, AND
HONEST CAN REPAIR;

THE EVENT IS IN THE HAND OF GOD!"

(*Here the flag is raised to the singing of the first stanza of "The Star Spangled Banner."*)

THE CHIEF OFFICIANT :

Behold with reverence and grateful pride the emblem of this Elect Nation—

(*At these words the flag is spread out to its full dimensions for the display of its design.*)

The nation chosen of God for a mighty purpose

RESPONSE :

To serve the children of men,
and be a blessing unto all the world.

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OFFICIANT :

We are not worthy to behold thee,

FIRST ASSISTANT :

We are not worthy to acclaim thee,

SECOND ASSISTANT :

We are not worthy to serve thee,

CHORUS :

We are not worthy to die for thee,

OFFICIANT :

Yet shall we place at the foot of thy Tree of Li

CHORUS :

O Stars and Stripes—Old Glory—

OFFICIANT :

This Wreath, of never-dying hope—

That worthier than we shall behold thee,

FIRST ASSISTANT :

That worthier than we shall acclaim thee,

SECOND ASSISTANT :

That worthier than we shall serve thee,

CHORUS :

That worthier than we shall die for thee :—

OFFICIANT :

And of the innocent children of the earth,

The flowers of this land,

Showing forth thy very colours—

CHORUS :

O Stars and Stripes—Old Glory—

OFFICIANT :

We do give unto thee here!

OFFICIANT :

So we shall express thy beauty,

FIRST ASSISTANT :

thy valour,

SECOND ASSISTANT :

thy dominion,

OFFICIANT :

thy ever-renewing youth,

That we may make even now, glad and glorious,

The offering of thy unworthy children,

With thy very own beauty, Old Glory!

(Here the second stanza of the Star Spangled Banner is sung.)

(Thus endeth the Preliminary Office of Old Glory.)

THE CEREMONY OF WORSHIP UNTO OLD GLORY

I

THE SEVEN RED STRIPES

THE MINISTER (or the Officiant) *invites the assembly:*

Let us even your unworthy representatives lead you
in your devotion to the flag:

Setting forth its beauties each in due order,

Wherefore in the first place—I would bid you lift up
your eyes unto the *Seven Red Stripes*, for that
they be well worthy of worship:

*The Officiant leadeth the assembly in the following
Ninefold acts of Devotion which he performeth on
their behalf to the ensuing words:*

(1) We kneel on the right knee,—
for we do revere thee!

(2) We rise erect to our full stature,
and we draw a full deep breath,—
for we do fill our minds with the great thought
only of thee,
that we may stand up boldly for thy sake as true
men and tried.

(3) Lo, *Seven* be the crimson stripes:—

Seven as the sacred Spaces of the foursquare
heaven, the zenith and the nadir, and the mid-
most where thou standest;

Seven as the Planets in heaven which fare about
the sun;

Seven be they as the steadfast Stars about the
pole;

Seven as the days of the Week, that order our
life with labour and rest;

Seven, as the binding of two Kindreds into one,
by the common father, by the child of their
children, by their one holy God;

Seven as the Colours of the gracious bow of hope;
Seven as the chiming Notes of the melodious
scale!

(4) Lo, *Crimson* be the seven stripes:—

Red with the fire of zeal,

Red with the blood of kindred,

Red with heroic martyrdom,

the blood offered for God and country!

(5) Lo, the *Stripes* that be Seven and Crimson:—

are as a threshold each unto the sacred house of
our peace,

as alternate level upon level of experience and
wisdom,

as steps in the stairway that climb upward.

The Minister and the Officiants cry together:

“EXCELSIOR!” (*Three times*)

THE OFFICIANT:

(6) Let us mount then up the seven holy steps of
fire and love;—

even out and above whatever the flag may declare—

and incorporate, consubstantiate with our Eagle,
to leap by his flight into the noon of heaven
and penetrate the mystery ourself:—

The Minister and the Officiants cry together:

“PER ASPERA—AD ASTRA!”

(Through the rough places to the stars)

(7) Lo here be our clenched fists, made ready for
the battle:

not for lust of power,
not for greed of gain,
not for malice and envy,
not for anger or revenge,

MINISTER (*interrupting*):

(Vengeance is mine saith the Lord,—
the wrath of man worketh not
the righteousness of God!)

OFFICIANT:

We will fight for this, yea, this alone—
and in thy Holy Cause prevail,—or perish—

The Minister and the Officiants cry together:

“CŒPTIS ANNUIT (‘CŒLUM!’)”

(Heaven favours things that are bravely begun, not
idly dreamed)

(8) We touch with right hand of fealty,
each one his own heart:

In token that the life-blood there is Thine only,
our kindred be ours for thy sole sake,
our friends be ours for thy sole sake,
thy foes only be our foes,

and unto thee we wholly dedicate ourselves in life
and in death.

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(9) We bow our heads to hear and to heed thine
awful secret bidding.

REVERENT SILENCE

We lay the *red flower* * on the altar first and then
we do set it in his own place in the Wreath
and we hail the red of the flag.

GENERAL CHORUS:

Let us sing together our song
To the red of the flag,
the red of the flag,
the red of the flag,
To the red of the flag forever!

II

THE SIX WHITE STRIPES

THE MINISTER (*or the Chief Officiant*):

"Hearken, I bid you in the second place to lift up
your eyes unto the *Six White Stripes*, for that
they be well worthy of our worship:—

THE CHIEF OFFICIANT continues:

"What is it I do see,
Issuing from the Unknown,
That would meet me—
Another is it, of my kind?

I am the Bull, the Lord of the sleek and silky kine?
I am the Lion of the wilderness, rampant and
roaring?

I am the sharp-hoovèd Deer of the forest, of the
six-antlered head,—

* According to season and convenience the flower may be red carnation, crimson rambler, salvia, painter's brush, crimson clover, poinsettia and berried holly.

No fellow can I endure on the earth
 an equal in prowess and power,
 a rival for the favour of my fellows!"

From here on pantomime carries the thought.

- (1) The two attendants lay hands on the chief officiant to detain and hinder him from fighting with the invisible rival.

He lifts his hand against his Father, his Mother interferes.

He lifts his hand against his Mother. The attendants jointly point upward to the flag.

Then the Chief Officiant surrenders his two clenched fists willingly to the flag.

He pats the heads of the visualized "little ones" about him, and beckons them to shelter them behind the Father and Mother.

He stretches two arms in front of Father and Mother to shield them, and stands then, defiant of foe and fiend.

- (2) The Father touches the Son and bids him look to the East.

He sees the Dawn, and shading his eyes, follows the sun in a sweep to the zenith.

- (3) The Son looks about him, the Father having called his attention to the earth. His face lights up with joy, for he sees the trees in bloom like the flag's white:

—"Behold the earth in spring bloom, white!"

He sees the mountain peaks also white, like the flag's white:

—"Behold His councilors, His angels gathered about Him!"

He sees the cumulus cloud ascending the sky, like
the flag's white:

—"Behold the Mountain of the Lord snow-
capped!"

He sees the cirrus cloudlets all about the zenith like
the flag's white:

—"Behold the clouds that climb to His seat of
glory!"

For all these, he gives thanks to the flag, and offers
himself up to it with them:

—"Lo, I come—to do Thy will, not mine!"

(4) The Mother touches the Son's shoulder, and
calls his attention to her garments.

Her Son looks at his own raiment, and asks the
flag:

—"Am I worthy to offer myself?

Am I arrayed in shining raiment?"

The Son passes his hand over his forehead:—

—"Am I as the bright and shining One?"

The Son petitioning the flag for light, wrings his
hands in prayer

—"Light, Light, More Light!"

He opens his hands for grace, and receives it.

He takes the garment of praise, admires, and dons
it reverently.

He places on his head the hoary wisdom of old age,
and he shows himself now to father and moth-
er, who worshipfully kneel before the Son.

(5) The Mother grows alarmed.

The Father puts his ear to the ground.

—"There is the Nadir—and the hell below is
rumbling to eruption!"

The Father bids him call the six Constellations of

the zodiac (all that are at any one time visible).

—"Call thou to thine help even so much of the Grand Man as the heaven revealeth."

The Mother bids him call the Zenith to his aid.

—"Call on Him whose seat is above the storm in the height of heaven."

The Son—"The solid house of heaven about us rocketh in the earthquake, and shaketh in the storm."

The Father bares his breast and points:—

—"Here, here is the Fiend!"

The Mother protests with the same gesture:—

—"Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!"

(It is my fault, my own signal fault)

The Son tears out of his breast "the Fiend of self-will" and stamps upon him:—

—"We rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things."

The Father looks about them;

"All is still—in heaven!"

The Mother looks about them:

"All is still—on the earth!"

The Son takes the hand of each "parent," strides to the altar with six steps, lets go their hands, and all three lift their arms in united self-oblation.

The Son mounts on the altar himself, and, now worthy, surrenders himself utterly to the flag.

The Father and Mother say:—

"Lo, we place the white flower * upon the altar in his name."

* According to season and convenience the flower may be white carnation, white violet, laurel or rhododendron, apple-blossom, marguerite, clematis, yarrow, cow-parsley, aster or lily.

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The Chief Officiant descends reverently, takes the flower beyond the altar, and sets it solemnly in the wreath at the foot of the flagpole.

GENERAL CHORUS:

Let us sing together our song
To the white of the flag,
the white of the flag,
the white of the flag,
To the white of the flag forever!

III

THE SQUARE OF MIDNIGHT BLUE

CHIEF OFFICIANT:

"I would bid you, in the third place, lift up your eyes to the canton of the flag, *the Field of Midnight Blue*, for that it is well worthy of our worship.

The Chief Officiant paces off a square, to include the two assistants, parallel to the altar, and takes his standard of measure from the number of steps the altar is broad.

He turns to each point of the compass, and, in pantomime, erects a wall up high, and roofs it with the sky.

—"Behold, how I have builded us our heavenly house."

FATHER:

—"It is our Fortress, our Rock and Refuge."

MOTHER:

—"It is our Hearth and Home."

CHIEF OFFICIANT:

—"One wall thereof faceth the SUNRISE."

MOTHER:

—"May the new light ever shine on our countenance
So they that are born there, be better than we."

CHIEF OFFICIAN:

—"One wall thereof faceth the SUNSET!"

FATHER:

—"May they who depart hence from our midst,
look back at us with love,
And may their heroism and saintliness return to
dwell with us."

CHIEF OFFICIAN:

—"One wall thereof faceth the NORTH STAR!"

MOTHER:

—"May a sure guidance never fail us,
And the bitter weather strengthen us for the day
of divine trial."

CHIEF OFFICIAN:

—"One wall thereof faceth the SOUTHERN FISH!"

FATHER:

"May we not fail to bless the gentle tides, and the
favourable season,
Nor abuse them
for sloth and softness,
or greed and lust!"

CHIEF OFFICIAN:

—"Our house is open upward to the heaven!"
(The Chief Officiant caresses the sky)

—"It is the face of heaven that encloseth our home
on earth."

(Palm to palm he lifts his hands devoutly to the
ZENITH)

The CHIEF OFFICIAN cries:

—"Wakonda—O mystery of being" (Father bows)

—"Tirawa Atius—O Father of all living; which art in heaven." (Mother bows)

"Do thou unite us forever in Thee,

Which art alone our union and communion!"

The Chief Officiant takes a blue flower from the Mother and places it solemnly on the altar, and then sets it in the wreath at the foot of the flagstaff:—

—"It is our blue flower,* that bloometh for us only in the heaven!"

A gesture of the Chief Officiant sweeps in the whole horizon into their heavenly square.

He embraces all, and clasps his hands tight over his heart.

He kneels on left knee in front of the altar, then on both knees and bows him to the ground.

Father and Mother do likewise, at their respective stations.

SILENCE

GENERAL CHORUS:

Let us sing together our song

To the blue of the flag,

the blue of the flag,

the blue of the flag,

To the blue of the flag forever!

IV

THE FIVE-POINTED WHITE STARS

THE MINISTER (*or the Chief Officiant*):

"I would bid you, in the fourth place, lift your eyes

* According to season and convenience the flower may be penstemon, lobelia, bluet, larkspur or forget-me-not.

up to the flag, and more especially unto the *Five-pointed White Stars*, bespangling as in battle array the square of Midnight Blue, for they be most worthy of worship."

THE CHIEF OFFICIAN:

"O Mother, I was born of all the past."

MOTHER:

"In very deed, was it not goodly in its day?"

THE CHIEF OFFICIAN:

"O Father, thou didst bid me take my place when thy present hour is gone by."

FATHER:

"Yet thine own hour, shall it not be better far than mine?"

THE CHIEF OFFICIAN:

"Deemest thou then that I shall verily attain?"

MOTHER:

"Not thou, my Son, but thy children's children surely."

THE CHIEF OFFICIAN:

"And shall I see them wend their way before me?"

FATHER:

"Thy sight shall not suffice to pierce the Cloud,
Yet shalt thou go further forward to stand far
higher than I."

THE CHIEF OFFICIAN:

"How shall I surely know, whither generation after
generation we are going?"

MOTHER:

"There is a vast heaven above thee in full round
Yet for thee is it made to be foursquare."

THE CHIEF OFFICIAN:

"How shall I make clear to all what it intendeth?"

FATHER:

"Will it not blossom in a Star for thee?"

THE CHIEF OFFICIANT:

"I will scan then the heaven for our Star of Destiny!"

The Chief Officiant, shading his eyes, scans each horizon by turn, N. E. W. S., and beckons to each cardinal point.

In the end he expresses dejection.

Suddenly he looks up, his face showing that he has beheld his expectation:—

—"The Star! The Star!"

The Chief Officiant, by gesture, with his hands, draws, as it were, each cardinal point, N. E. W. S., towards himself, and into the Star itself:

—"The Star shineth in the Centre:

All meeteth in him."

The Chief Officiant, by gesture, relates the points of the compass with himself:—

—"And I am also bound

Unto all things by the Star."

The Chief Officiant lifts his right hand to the Star, five fingers spread well apart; he counts them with the index of the left hand, touching each time first his forehead and his heart.

With his hand he sweeps the horizon, and seizes it, as the clay, which he proceeds to fashion into the *likeness of a man*.

He offers what he has moulded unto the Star.

The Chief Officiant touches with his right hand his left arm,

with his left hand his right arm,

with both hands his forehead,

with both hands both thighs,
 and then throws up, as it were, his
 five-fold person
 as the very form of the Star itself.
 He places the star flower * on the altar and then
 sets in the wreath at the foot of the flagpole.
 —“Behold the Star, that is a man,
 And flowereth on this earth for God.”
 He then by gesture places his Star in the zenith,
 salutes it, kneeling with both extended hands.
 He rises—greeting it thirteen times.
 He indicates by a sweep of the arm, about the horizon,
 that it is the sovereign Constellation:—
 “It is indeed the NEW CONSTELLATION—
 The thirteenth that perfecteth man,
 That maketh him to reveal
 The inmost utmost mind of God.”
 Throwing back head and arms, diaphragm tense, on
 tiptoe, he gives himself up wholly to the Star.

GENERAL CHORUS:

Let us sing together our song
 To the star of the flag,
 The star of the flag,
 The star of the flag,
 To the star of the flag forever.

Here *may* be sung the following song to a suitable
 melody (or some appropriate hymn).

* According to season and convenience the flower may be
 rhododendron, laurel blossom, jessamine, aster, parnassia, or other
 white flower in five petalled star-shape.

A SONG OF MAN'S STAR

I

From the winter's black heart
Flits the hoar-frost and snow;
The dead fruit-tree doth start
With white blossom aglow;
Dawn's rose-and-gold mingle
Where the dim cloud-reef floats;
From deep dell and dingle
Leap up airiest notes!

Chorus

Oh, the best in a destiny—
Is a sheer steep to rise on,
And a Star to set eyes on—
Beyond our horizon
And the flats where we grope;
With his sky-space to nest in aye—
Be guessed in, and blessed in aye,—
Our white Star of destiny,
Fair, far Star of hope!

II

Through passion to thought,
Over barrier and bar,
From what deep were we brought
To what heights—from how far:
From amœba to savage.
From barbarian to Christ,
From brute-ravine and ravage—
By fair shadows enticed!

Chorus

III

From the crest in a wave
 Flies the spray of the foam;
 Lo, a white cloud mounts brave
 From yon ice-peak we clomb;
 Though the murk our goal screeneth,
 And the way, from our ken,
 Yet a star in the zenith
 Is ablaze for us men!

Chorus

IV

Oh, the best in a destiny—
 Is a sheer steep to rise on,
 And a Star to set eyes on
 Beyond our horizon
 And the flats where we grope;
 With his sky-space to nest in aye—
 Be guessed in, and blessed in aye,—
 Our white Star of destiny,
 Fair, far Star of hope!

V

THE WHITE-HOODED EAGLE

MINISTER (or Chief Officiant):—

"I would bid you now, in the fifth and last place, to
 lift up your eyes unto the *white-hooded eagle*,
 the sovereign symbol of our ideal power—of
 our whence and of our whither, and the way

that conducteth thereto—for that it is assuredly well worthy of your worship.”

The Chief Officiant builds on the altar—with his fuel—the round nest of the eagle.

He takes in his hand a twig of live oak (pine, spruce, hemlock or redwood) and lifts it to the flag:

—“We appeal to heaven by growth!”

He lays it in the nest.

He lifts his arms as if to fly upward.

He cannot rise from the ground.

He sees the eagle in the zenith. He imitates the eagle’s cry, as though laughing at the secret jests of God.

He indicates with both hands the sudden axe-like felling, that is the cleaving of the sky in the swoop of the eagle onto the nest.

He places the fire on the altar.

He strews incense and aromatic herbs on the kindled fire.

He stands before it, inhaling the fragrant smoke, and wafts it up to the flag.

He passes his hand over his body upward to his forehead and gives by gesture the more perfect gift of himself in the incense.

The Chief Officiant and the two assistants bow themselves reverently.

SILENCE

The Chief Officiant, admonished by the Second Assistant, takes the national flower, the GOLDEN-ROD, at the hand of the first assistant, and waves it solemnly thirteen times before the flag, touches the altar with it and sets it upright

above the wreath as a sceptre of power—at the bottom of the flagstaff.

He then blows up the fire with his breath, and throws the incense on it plentifully, so that volumes of aromatic smoke arise, and almost conceal the Officiant from view.

He beckons the Father and Mother to step out of the cloud toward the flagstaff beyond the altar and the last stanza of

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

is played and sung, during which he stands at salute to the Eagle.

Father and Mother indicate, with the hand nearest to him, that they give him utterly up, the other hand lifted to the flag.

When the last strain is over, the Chief Officiant in gesture embraces the flag, and gathers the folds of it about the altar, and about himself, and the two assistants.

Chief Officiant stands then with the Father and Mother on either side, each earnestly placing the right hand with an attitude of command on his right and left shoulders respectively, and he throws a devout and passionate kiss to the flag.

(Where this office is used in a church, synagogue or other religious building, the sanctuary should here be unveiled, the flag being allowed to drop on the flagstaff as a salute to the sanctuary with singing of the "Gloria Dei," "O God our help in ages past," "Old Hundred" or some other suitable doxology.)

Here should be sung

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

and at the words "Our God is Marching On" the officiants may retire in procession.

(This projected experimental ceremony of worship unto Old Glory should end with the dismissal of the assembly after the singing of the following summary of the doctrine of this office, or some other hymn to the same general purpose.)

OUR FEALTY TO OLD GLORY

I

O glorious banner, we hail thy thirteen *Stripes*
 As blood and fire, bright crimson—the holy seven
 Enfolding the snow-white, cloud-white six,—fair types
 Of our strife for a purer world: how they mount to
 heaven
 Twain stairways for all to ascend with courageous
 endeavour
 Who share in the pride of thy elect, thy consecrate
 people!
 We worship thee flying from flagstaff, mast and
 steeple
 With thy cruel challenge—upward and onward forever.

Chorus

Hail, great in song and story,
 Dear flag of the brave and free—
 O Stars and Stripes, Old Glory,
 We offer our all to thee.

II

O glorious banner, we hail thy mystical *Square*
 Of midnight blue, that only uniteth us truly

In devotion to lofty ideals all men may share—
 Millions of else rebellious, fearless, unruly:
 Lo, the Square of our heavenly house, it hath many
 mansions
 For differing souls of the folk that blend in one people
 Who worship thee flying from flagstaff, mast and
 steeple:
 Their emblem of generous inclusions and gracious
 expansions!

Chorus

III

O glorious banner, we hail thy *Stars* that proclaim
 With their five white rays the hand of the maker and
 worker;
 The splendour of man who standeth erect, without
 shame:
 Head high, arms wide, feet braced, no trembler or
 shirker!
 In battle array they shine our Stars in a New Con-
 stellation,
 That adds to the zone of the heaven the hope of thy
 people.
 We worship thee flying from flagstaff, mast and
 steeple,
 Uplifting in symbol the destinies high of our Na-
 tion.

Chorus

IV

O glorious banner, we hail the *Eagle* above,
 Whitehooded, for that he pierced to the radiant zenith
 In quest of the will of the Father of Light and of Love,
 Though like angels, of billowy cirrus a veil interveneth;

Whence droppeth he laughing, assured of the triumph
 of virtue,
 In his talons the olive-bough, yea, arrows to fight for
 his people,
 Who worship thee flying from flagstaff, mast and
 steeple!
 How shall victory, and joy, and valorous praise desert
 you?

Chorus

v

O glorious banner, we swear thee loyalty all—
 Great voice of America's soul, compelling, creative,—
 We shall equal our forebears, and answer together thy
 call,
 We thy children who came overseas, both adopted,
 and native:
 Our faces all turned to the future, alike determined
 To fashion of manifold genius with marvellous tem-
 per, one people,
 That shall worship thee flying from flagstaff, mast and
 steeple—
 Their sovereignty fire-robed, in fulminant sheen en-
 ermined.

Chorus

Hail, great in song and story,
 Dear flag of the brave and free—
 O Stars and Stripes, Old Glory,
 We offer our all to thee.

N. B. This hymn may, if preferred, be sung or read, each of its five stanzas after its respective part of the service, or after each of those parts a stanza of some national hymn of the Ritual for Patriotic Worship of Old Glory.

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BOOK III
THE BOOK OF HINDSIGHT

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CHAPTER I

WHAT IS TRUTH TO US

IT is the undoubted right of a free born American to read a book backward rather than forward if he so please; or, mistrained to acrobatics by the habit of headlines, or misguided by the movies to an affectation of right Berseker fury against continuity in thought and action, to gambol, hop and skip, play leapfrog with himself, or chase kittenwise his own tail, skim the air like a buzzard, and leap over the whole volume like a kangaroo, a king of trolls or any inspired votary of St. Vitus!

But the present writer, it is clear, has his rights as well as the reader. One of them is: to assume that his reader couldn't legitimately arrive at the little Book of Hindsight without passing through the Book of Sight and Insight; and hardly without having wrestled with the little Book of Foresight before—or after—mastering the central part of this wee treatise! Now, well aware, dear reader, of your natural preference for your own personal thought to the writer's—and indeed approving heartily and reciprocating in kind—one may assume if you have read so far,—may he not?—that it is, on the whole, because it is *your book* after all. You have found ideas of your own, poorly clad in language perhaps, not exhibited in just your own attitudes of predilection, but not altogether unrecognisable in their singular

war-paint and paraphernalia. It is *your* book, and you believe it ought to be the book of others as well. Of course you won't recommend it. That would involve a risk of friendship, and repute for wisdom or taste. But you will, in conversation or in private official lecturing—over a pipe perhaps, or waiting for a train—help yourself to what is yours by such evident right!

Then, perhaps, you will be surprised and vexed to find that some will poo-poo our patriotic theosophy! will consider our symbology outrageously ingenious, out of date, factitious and irrelevant, or even cry: Shame! Shame! Would you furbish up the joss-house of the Bourgeois? So let the writer humbly offer his own experience to you, kind reader, as an apologete. Maybe you can, turning what is yours in it into your own more persuasive and pungent vernacular of street or club, of camp or hunting lodge, defend our doctrine successfully against all comers!

The flag we must use as a national symbol. On many it can't exercise its fullest possible power for good, unless it means to them something inspiring.

A symbol can, of course, and may—mean to any one anything that he chooses; but he prefers to have it mean something that he can share with others of like mind.

If we have interpreted the flag as meaning very high ideals and remote yet passionately precious racial social hopes, it would be a help, could one be sure and presently feel that we read those meanings "out" and "not in"; that in some way the flag really meant them for us—apart, from our meaning them for the flag.

But the question is naturally raised: "did the adopters, adapters, devisers of the flag suppose the flag to mean all this, or indeed any part of this?"

Now our candid answer is: we don't know, and don't so greatly care! We can't help it, if they weren't lucky enough to know how wisely they behaved, how spiritually gifted they were, when they gave us our flag!

Great men are indeed called great because they always build better than they know. There is always at least on their behalf an over-ruling Providence. Besides, there is (what almost amounts to the same thing) a harmonious progress of thought and moral sense in any well-ordered freely reacting society. With more experience, we find, for instance, new values in our own childhood dreams. So they are entitled to have the values, we now perceive, ascribed to them. Likewise the flag has a right to mean all it legitimately can; and we should impute our best wisdom (so far as we may without flying in the face of essential principles and proven facts) to the makers of the flag, but never stooping to dogmatise, or to "fake" history.

Woe to the nature-fakir? Here we agree with our dear friend of the big-stick, our native Hercules. Still, if the nature-fakir aroused an interest in the great out-of-doors, the true poetic naturalist was beholden to him; and even, in the long run, the prosaic collector and classifier of data—the dry-as-dust catalogue-man—and every one else who gets his livelihood or his life's sport out of humanity's amiable interest in their poor or uncivilised relations! Why, the very destroyer of life for sport, guilty of esoteric

manslaughter though he be to some, serves well the lover and fosterer of life! But for hunters and fishermen (fanged and clawed cave-men let us say, surviving in our midst) there would be no game-laws, no public sentiment to enforce them, and perhaps no poor relations whatever left for us to study, otherwise than stuffed, in chromolithograph, or in composition with fibre imitations of hide and hair.

Perhaps the same argument applies to the flag-fakir, if such there be. Any man who loves his flag, and gives his best to make it interesting to others, deserves well of all patriots, even if he has not quite accurately distinguished between fact and fiction, between what is there to see, and—what he tells you that he saw indeed with his own eyes. But really we touch here on a very important and grave question, although we deal with it in so bantering a fashion.

What is truth to us?

Are we confined—to what we find?

Can we make nothing? Must we always only take?

Is—what is made, because we make it, necessarily worthless, or really false?

Because we are not able with present information to distinguish reliably between fact and fiction, must we be dumb as fishes, till we are all caught on the hook of time and drawn out of our pleasant agnostic waters, from the school of our finny fellows, into the distinctly less well known, and perhaps, on the whole, less worth knowing whatnot and catch-all of promoted folk?

We are alive, and must presently and pleasantly live; and have the right of life to do with sense-data

as on the whole will serve us best. We have ceased to be mythopoeic poets, bestriding each his private pegasus; and have become orderly, deferential servants of the pigeonhole and card catalogue man; not because we really like these persons, or desire to pay their dull job with honor, but because we have found that we do get more in the long run by getting facts together, first as mere facts, and digesting them so, before we undertake to use our imagination on them, and see what we can do with them to make them more agreeable and thrilling. There are, however, matters of very immediate concern which cannot be permitted to abide that afar off divine advent of adequate information!

In the region, for instance, of conduct? Well, we must shift with what morals we can get to serve us on the spot. So in Art for contemporary consumption. We must not ask Pericles, boss of ancient Athens, whether he'd not better wait for the development of Gothic styles a millennium and a quarter later, before he decides to build his Parthenon according to the taste of his friend Phidias! Like a sensible man, he took the materials at hand, seized the funds (not over-punctiliously), and entrusted the decision to the best man alive, who did as he pleased; and it turns out as a natural consequence that the very ruins please and edify all posterity since, even a devoted and one-ideaed lover of the Gothic! So, similarly, in medicine, in statecraft, we are all obliged to be cheerful *opportunists*, and good commonsense *practitioners*; yes, at the awful cost of having supercilious do-nothings, chronic-bystanders and ne'er-do-weals avenge themselves on us for being too busy and too

useful, calling us quacks, intellectual scabs, pretentious busybodies, prestidigitators, demagogues and other opprobrious terms from the unabridged Billingsgate to which ganders and geese and goggle-eyed gobblers naturally resort, when their own cowardice and sloth are brought home to their headshaking palsied nonentity! "*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*" ("if it be not true—well, it is well-found, or invented"); that is perhaps the greatest bit of popular wisdom on this difficult question of the soul's right to invent, imagine, if need be, when one can't quite discover yet and verify.

If it is not "true"—that is, literal fact, it may be something more important still. It may be so invented or discovered, that it expresses the very living spirit of the thing, better than the literal fact itself could possibly do. Then it is a fiction, much truer in a sense than the futile fact.

As to truth—how facts do lie! Every one knows it. Statistics—proverbially! And often, how lies do convey the truth—most amazingly, with a gusto and a pomp—from Aristophanes to Rabelais, from Swift—to the last cartoonist!

The actual story of Hamlet—well, what of it? It was perhaps quite shifty and shabby. Several tale-tellers and playmakers "lifted" it from one another; and then came Shakespere, the divine freebooter, who did as he pleased with it, as his deep instinct decreed; his divination of human nature; his theory of Hamlet's conduct, of Hamlet's character; his genius for revealing the struggle of a soul to perform a duty as man, which as moral being he had outgrown, and as a philosopher out-thought. It was

surely absurd for a Hamlet to play policeman, detective, judge and executioner. For, all that, however imposed on him, he couldn't do well; not with a good conscience! But then, he was the son of his father, and he couldn't help that either; he was a prince of his royal house of Danemark, and dare he refuse the crude brutal duties imposed on him by these predestinations of birth and place?

And what a glorious piece of work have we not here? But a particular scholar tells us,—an ingenious muckraker for mandarin distinction, to earn him a Ph.D. tail with which to swing by from some top branch on the scholastic tree of life*—asseverates solemnly it's none at all! No masterpiece. Scissors and paste. Mere glue—no dovetailing and pegging. Clearly now I have set it before your naked eye—a mere conscienceless piece of contriving, and inconsistent cribbing! This thing Shakespere took here, you see? that there (look at my erudite footnote) and he failed to make his filchings agree (consult my appendix C and my former thesis X Y Z!). So, therefore, friends, there is really no Hamlet! Ah, if indeed we could get back and find just what that princeling at Elsinore literally was, said and did—if we could be-Boswell him and edit him with statistical tables and fever charts—we should have a “human document” of scientific value! Or if Shakespere had honestly “made up” Hamlet, out of his inner-consciousness—or, on the basis of a single observed case, to be a consistent person—a lock of which any proper key could fit all the wards and lift the bolts, and which any locksmith could take to pieces, and clean

*A joke of the late Dr. Robert Holland.

and polish and oil and put together again from time to time with up-to-date recently patented burglar-proof improvements, why then we should have a valuable piece of . . . Need we finish the sentence? We should have a dull piece of work like Ben Jonson's "Sejanus." Now, instead, thank heaven, and thanks to Shakespere's lack of learned conscience, historic sense, up-to-date medical and alienist apparatus, etc., etc., we have—well, a miracle of inconsistency, a mine of psychological insights, a glorious divine Lie,—if you choose to blaspheme the truest Truth we know! For always the letter killeth. Always the spirit giveth life. Let not the literalist attempt levitation or aviation, and interfere with the wind that bloweth when it listeth. Leave the kingdom of the air to the birds, and bareback riders of Pegasus, and the lads under twenty-five who have verve and nerve.

Now, mind you, dear reader, we are not admitting for one minute that we have "made up" the contents of the little Book of Sight and Insight! We do wish we might think so well of ourselves as to believe ourselves capable of inventing so ingenious a matter. We have read quite a little, and thought quite a little for now quite a few years, and we are under the impression that the point of view taken toward the flag in this little Primer is not only right worshipful, but warranted by right reason, assuming to be sure a certain supposed familiarity with ordinary and extraordinary ancient and modern human nature.

Would that we might cite some etymological replies to the question "What is truth?" that give us "furiously to think" as our French allies, in their delicious language, put it so pat. But we're trying to

do more than this: fortify you, kind reader, against the too cruel objector, who prejudices the case against us. We will make him pause by disconcertingly asking him: "What is truth? What is your truth to us? If—our truth is not yours, why can't you then politely retire to your own little cubbyhole—quite happy that, of course, neither is your truth—ours?"

Let us here say, however, in fine, that blessed are they who believe, and believing live the better; therefore who, doing according to their erroneous belief, get experience which in time warrants correction of their confession of faith, their working hypothesis, yes their "dogma" if you prefer to damn their proposition with a now somewhat unpopular opprobrious and scarce parliamentary epithet! Blessed are they who in the enthusiasm of a theory, a hypothesis, a dogma—*do*; and *doing*—come to "know of the doctrine," more deeply, personally and by knack and art of life, than possibly can they, however more gifted, who carp, criticise, hesitate, insist on a so-permanent suspension of judgment, that one can't distinguish the treatment indicated and recommended from that meted out lawfully to a convicted murderer by the sheriff's assistant!

Let the learned sceptics poo-poo us then, dear reader, while we wave our flag more joyfully, believing it to mean some specific big doctrines—chokeful of the faith to which we were born!

CHAPTER II

LOSSES AND GAINS IN THE NEW PATRIOTISM

NOW it must be self-evident that a national flag—as an expression and inciter of patriotic thought, emotion and self-sacrificing mass-will—cannot of itself do all. Yet it will thrive best when most is expected of it; hardly, however, if carelessly left to its unfostered influence! Lip service, parade-pride, and, finally, advertising and personal vanity uses of it, will not help, but very greatly hurt.

Here comes in the beneficent function of the primitive principle of the taboo; that is, when fully understood, the jealous guarding of established associations by religiously restricted usage. All emblems and symbols work on our natures just in proportion to their strictness, definiteness; they are respected because hedged in with penalty, and sacred because of sanctions. Every frivolous, flippant or merely unintentional or half-intended use, cheapens, lowers tone, because it dulls sensibility, weakens spontaneous reaction. There must be a certain rarity of display as felt by the Japanese users of bric-a-brac, or at least a rhythmic alternation even, to arrest interested attention at all—that principle so well understood by the devisers of intermittent electric signs.

With the increasing confusion of urban and metropolitan life, the distractions intentional and acci-

dental due to noise, hustle, clash of colour and form in danger signals, semaphores, signs, posters, advertising devices competing for the commercial exploitation of alert attention, and of the inevitable cultivation as a consequence of the metropolitan habit of deliberate inattention or rather automatic inhibition for psychological self-preservation (like the wearing of blinders), with all this and much more to the same effect, whatever pertains to the necessity of enforcing punctilious "taboos," becomes every day more and more vitally essential. If taken for granted, the flag is not seen, or if seen, not noticed, which is still worse; if treated with unconscious disrespect, it soon is relegated unconsciously to a region of indifference and self-indulgent, or perhaps half-avowed superior contempt. Here is the relevancy of the commandment: "Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain," for by name here is meant all that serves to suggest, or summon to the mind the thought or sense of his presence and power.

It is not too much to say that the taking in of flags at sundown, in rain or storm, the insistence that they shall not hang knotted like wrung linen, or torn, smoked, spattered, splashed and mired by city filth; that such neglects should be regarded as disrespects, and such disrespects be punished, in a more or less mortifying way, goes without saying. It is not ridiculous to protect a symbol. It is not cruel to prevent malpractice, wilful and careless, in what concerns the very sources, or at least the vehicles, of social conviction and emotion. Of course, the punishment should fit the crime and be administered with common sense. Placarding the responsible persons, as with one of

those cheap restaurant or pawn-shop signs, and causing them to do sentry duty for long hours in front of premises where such disrespect was shown might in some cases be the proper, because the effective, punishment to fit the crime. Stiff fines, unpleasant imprisonments, anything should be had resort to which did not by cruelty tend to cause a reversal of public sentiment in favour of enforcement for the taboo. The barber pole, though, of course, it originates in a pattern of alternate conventional bandages and wounds, reminiscent of the days when tonsorial and surgical functions were "sandwiched," should be prohibited. Anything, indeed, however innocently intended, that suggests by white and crimson striping the field of the flag must be tabooed. To see our five-pointed stars on the lids of manholes, on sewer and water-attachments, on labels often presenting the blue ground, all this is quite evidently an infringement on the patriotic associations, and however thoughtless or at bottom indicative merely of childish pride in common industrial products or the desire to conciliate patronage by confusion of issues commercial and patriotic, should be condemned by an enlightened public opinion. So much for the protection of our correct uses of the flag. Might not, for similar reasons, a quietus be put on the use of "American," "National," "United States," etc., to obtain popularity for business firms, trusts, etc., etc.?

But, as said above, whatever business on behalf of our patriotic sentiment and passion other agencies do not transact—conscious education, folk custom, festal pageantry, political ceremony, religious rite, popular

ballad, song, march music—must be done by the flag or left altogether undone.

Let us then glance for a minute at what we have hitherto seemed to allot to the flag as its duty—or to luck as its favour.

Patriotism—derives from pater, father. Mother country—obviously depends for its meaning on mother. If fathers and mothers decline in fidelity, dignity, authority, clearly the very coinage in terms of which we transact our business is debased. But even the public school, intended in the first instance to supplement parents, has perhaps done little to fit parents for their admitted residual duties; and nothing at all has the public school done to maintain the parental authority over the child,—rather, for the sake of its own rival interest, much to undermine and render it of little avail in an emergency. Parents tend to degenerate for the child into explanations of defects and vices, into sources of income, into domestic beasts of burden. While societies exist for the prevention of cruelty to children, often operating quite sentimentally for the premature abolition of the cruder sort of discipline, we have yet to hear of societies for the maintenance of the critically needed parental efficiency and authority!

So the home has, on the whole, been disintegrating, becoming a mere breeding place, a house of refuge from foul weather and disgrace, or, at best, a boarding house free of charge, or, at least, competitively cheaper. One hears of emancipating individuals from the “odious tyranny” of blood! One is told that it is “disgusting” to see “three generations huddled together” because of the “accident of procrea-

tion." One hears God knows what other piteous follies in belated reaction against the sentimental nonsense about fathers as fathers, or mothers as mothers, deserving honour irrespective of the discharge of their duties as persons and parents! Day nurseries, kindergartens, orphan asylums, outing farms, public schools, night schools, trade schools, Sunday-schools, hospitals, clubs with gymnastic outfit and larger social opportunity, are all annexes, outgrowths, and sacred supplements, but they should not be absolute substitutes for "home." They should attempt, realising as best they can the true "home-spirit," to preserve and restore and perfect the homes themselves, if only for the sake of keeping vigorously alive the primary meaning of the "fatherhood of God" and the "brotherhood of man," and especially for the sake of "patriotism" and "mother-country,"—which must be, after all, psychologically substantiated and verified in the primordial, quasi physical emotion—if they are not to become mere counters and cant.

(2) *Relative Losses in our Patriotism*

But, comparing a European country with ours, we do find many things in their favour which we seem more or less to lack: agricultural merrymaking, seasonal fairs of rival merits, compact and age-long definite geographical occupancy or memories of migration, common heroes, the same historic enemies, devils and scarecrows: local dialects and folk-customs that contribute to the raciness and variety of the one language; long political memories fostered by myth, legend, monument, including dramatic vicissitudes of fortune; a set of religious habits and notions in which a common, half-remembered, but always felt, earlier, super-

seded religion plays, by now superstitious cult or subrosa doctrine, its subtle part (particularly among the peasantry, the folk, long close to the same soil);* the nearness of sharply contrasting and always more or less formidable immediate neighbours, differing in stocks of proportionate mixture, in confessions, customs, and political ambitions, against whom a people has fought, and together with which it has built up an ideal of prowess and honour in dealings for a war that is a sort of feud, or for a peace that is a sort of truce and mutual examination as to future perils.

All these advantages, enjoyed in varying degree by the nations of western Europe from which most of our citizenship sprang, we have inevitably in some measure or altogether forfeited. The best part of these agencies for the production of special patriotism is that they operate for the most part unconsciously, are steadily at work, and productive of intimate solidarity with the further charm of safely included and rival variety.

But the greatest loss to us was incurred by a too sudden, too extensive, and too simultaneously various immigration all but completely destroying our homogeneous flocking together, our instinctive integrity.

At first we had the Holland *stadthalters* and their fellow colonists, French-Huguenots—drifting in singly or in small, more or less educated groups—among the newcomers from the British Isles; we had the Hessians left behind by the British as settlers, nicknamed “Pennsylvania Dutch.” We had then the localised

* As an extreme instance, note survivals in Catholic Italy of “la vecchia religione,” the Greco-Roman paganism, and even Etruscan mythology.

French settlements of Louisiana and Spanish remnants in Florida and California; we had individual lovers of freedom of marked personality and attainments, sometimes of private fortune; and for the most part oppressed homeseekers, who had sold all that they had and cast in their lot with the earlier comers to the new Continent of Opportunity.

With only a little know-nothingism we fancied that all of us having originally found asylum here, we should be quite indiscriminately hospitable, and that our later guest should be left to do as he pleased in our well-ordered house; for even if he made himself a bit unpleasant, the country was large and real estate not very sentimentally precious, so that we could afford to cede him without too great loss, and go on conceding indefinitely, his right of unrestricted invasion of our successive refuges and established premises.

Now this may all "work itself out," as we say, "in the long run," but meanwhile the run is neither pleasant nor profitable. The temporary distress and disfigurement to our large cities, with serially abandoned regions, may subserve some secret good intent. But when the masses of immigrants, coming fast, tend to settle in dense, foreign communities; when political institutions, free schools, public customs, sanitary and traffic regulations, and police supervision tend to adjust their methods and ideals good-naturedly and for political advantage to their prejudice, convenience, and separatist sentiment, rather than subserve the important purpose of initiating these foreign masses and alien races into the American solidarity, as a new, valued element to be sure, but, after all, only as an

element subordinate to the whole,—one cannot but realise the extraordinary and almost alarming strain to which our patriotism, tolerance, and kindly good humour are subjected.

Meanwhile, one should reflect further on the deterioration also in human material due to what the French called the “uprooted” (*les déracinés*) and the gay topsy-turvydom and devil-may-care reduction of masses to irresponsible, anonymous individuals. When we, for instance, think ourselves public-spirited, orderly, morally dependable, socially respectable, and so forth, doubtless we are quite right and can be duly grateful to our kind Maker and ourselves, his trustees. But how much of this praiseworthy disposition of ours is due to our habitual and, therefore, unconscious, subjection to social pressure? Few of us realise this until, by complete change to a region where anonymity and disappearance from oversight supervene, we discover to our blank amazement and perhaps total discomfiture, how much effort, when really thus thrown on ourselves, is day by day required merely to keep up somewhere near to our wonted low-water mark line of decency!

All this applies, of course, ever so much more to our immigrants, for whom the transition is greater, with fewer compensations, and who have less means of independent self-help. So there is very much to be said on their behalf, even when we observe them at their piteous worst. Yet, our sense of fairness and charity to them should not obscure to us our past failure in obvious civic and social duty by non-provision of preventive and precautionary measures. We have not been really good hosts to our guests. We

have not responsibly foreseen and provided for their peculiar needs. Having left all to them and their genius and common sense, we have actually left everything to their unscrupulous exploiters, both those among their own predecessors in migration, and those among the more formidable, unsupervised and uncontrolled commercial, industrial, or political petty forces of the community.

It is not, then, in all fairness, the foreign element that is after all so much to blame for our now so keenly felt and deplored chaos. Americanisation has not been provided with a dignified school and method for its regular promotion. It is too unritual to seem challenging and important. How much more important seems admission to Oddfellowship or to Masonry, than to our own far more important and profoundly religious American citizenship? Admittedly, the root of the evil has been a desire of petty politicians to secure blocks of controlled votes so that a policy of optimistic "laissez-faire" (all will come right of itself, without interference or precaution, that is, without brains or moral endeavour) has degenerated into one of "laissez-aller," that is, of moral and civic "let go," admitting of anti-patriotic so-called "international" individualism, disguised as socialism and radicalism—of license in morals and manners, advertised and accentuated and insolently flaunted in square, park, and on street corner. As an affirmation of liberty, a claim to *superior* rather than to "equal rights" and tending to vulgar thuggery and blatant criminal anarchy justified by supposed griefs and grievances suffered at the hands of America's "bourgeois Classes," and "blood-sucking Interests," they would be merely

comical were they not, as a matter of fact, full of menace.

For these so manifest evils we are apt to blame the character of our immigration. But, clearly, if the pie doesn't agree, it may be the ingredients, the kitchen, the mode of consumption, or the supply of gastric juice, any of these, that is to blame. The ingredients being really psychologically and sociologically the very best, on the whole (at worst, unworn, unspoiled, crude human material, with untold reserves of possible genius and energy) the fault must lie with the latter, rather than the former elements of the situation; and our political dyspepsia may indicate a need of reform of the digestion or in the mode of consumption, rather than change in the matter offered for assimilation!

These obvious difficulties and dangers, more or less peculiar to us in America, are occasions, one would think, for greater care than and jealous oversight, more persistent provisions, and intelligent spiritual generosity both publicly and privately organised. The griefs and grievances of the immigrant—due to change of habitat, climate, landscape, custom, diet, housing, policings, public expectations, social pressure, economic pressure, art surroundings, art provision, accepted language-suggestion and religious discipline, common ancestral history, social ritual—all these, in so far as they result in a depression of the spiritual life of solid moral worth and personal charm, must be substantially and energetically made up for, at the risk of a damaged humanity, not so much at, as about, the "intake." If the human material, out of which we are to produce Americans, is permitted to

depreciate, we shall, to say the least, obtain a citizenship inferior to what is possible for our patriotic ambition, and therefore our sacred right and duty, to secure.

(3) *Relative Gains in Patriotism*

If we have to register losses, on the one hand—these and such like—as compared with the old countries, and if we have to recognise peculiar difficulties and dangers due to over sudden and various immigration, we should surely not forget to record, on the other hand, our peculiar gains.

We are driven *en masse* to be “forward looking,” since to look backward divides people of diverse history. The past, therefore, has less and less, rather than more and more, authority, since any particular form of the past cannot be common and sympathetic to any large number of us at any given time or place. Futurists in patriotism, forward-lookers, optimists by automatic sociological necessity—how wonderful an asset!

From federalists in the region of political organisation—states “sovereign” still in a large human sphere of interest—we are being surely but blessedly driven to a generous federation of stocks and of races, far more thrilling and sociologically important than the federation of mere states.

We are realising a big sense of the gain of the organised whole by the maximum in variety and intensity of the part. We are forced to gain an ideal of political organisation, co-operation and co-domestication, so to say, above, below, and all about differences of stock, temperament, and even of race.

It may constitute a biological problem, a eugenic problem, but—once we establish intelligent ideas on the subject of miscegenation, pro and con,—what a wonderfully new vista full of glorious promise opens before the political man and woman! What social and civic and national housekeepers we shall, whether we will or no, be compelled indeed to become!

We, at all events, thanks to the negro, shall be race-conscious; thanks to the Jew and Oriental, world-conscious, both commercially and spiritually; thanks to the mixture of European stocks, ours shall be a temperament most subtle, responsive, unstable, complex; capable at no time of a "freezing" to uniformity like the lamentable, all of a piece, German. More versatility will be ours than belongs to the Saxon-Celt-Norseman of England, or even to the Gallo-Franco-Latin of France. We may easily become all things to all men, and all men to all things: exhibiting a nationalism of world-wide sympathies, because of world-various inclusions and assimilations.

Here lies an opportunity for preaching a thrilling new sort of patriotism. We are called upon to be makers of America, intakers and undertakers, changers of desert miles to fertile acres, breakers-in of the wild and strange, and shakers-out of the impossibly eccentric, awakers of the sodden and sullen and dull.

What a call to every individual in every group, and to every group as a group! What a call for leadership, not only of the aristocrats and privileged first-comers, but for leadership among proletarians and latest comers! What a demand, for instance, that a long-despised race, only known as slaves since the day

of the pyramid-builders, should compete to learn by imitation, and contribute out of ancestral heritage some new and peculiar human quality, if it be possible, industrial, moral æsthetic, religious, or what-not, to the common body politic!

Truly our lamentable lack is balanced by most astounding luck! We have great gains to offset great losses, and rewards and unforeseen combinations and unearned increments to reward the additional pains we must undoubtedly take to secure our political house and our social home.

And last of all, think of our aborigines: their heritage buried and embalmed in government publications, yet their ghostly influence hitherto only felt in euphaneous or grotesque names, just leaking into music, literature, ornament, out-of-door life and religious thought. A conscious effort is now under way to win them to us, and us to their best soul, the sign of which spontaneous propaganda and cult begins already in more and more extensively and intelligently observed Indian Day. Possibly these aborigines, surviving only in broken expatriated tribes, are called, in the long run, to give to America particular, distinguishing, psychic and spiritual overtones and harmonics!

(4) *Aids in the Creation of Patriotism*

Now, to all this must our flag somehow serve as symbolic expression. No wonder we are developing "flag-day" celebrations, flag drills in play ground and class room, best of all "block parties" for the big town. No wonder we are, in a way, up and down

America's show-street, Fifth Avenue, the Avenue of the Allies—dropping its meaningless number designation for a proud name—positively flag-riotous, so that there lives no colourist, not even a Turner called back from the dead, to do it justice!

And it is well here to remark that great schools of patriotism have, as a matter of fact, come during the past generation to the help of the flag. Our expositions, since the Centennial in Philadelphia, making Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis, Norfolk, San Francisco, San Diego, for the time being places of nationwide pilgrimage, for celebrations of the national genius in friendly emulation with the world, have done much and should not cease. They are cheap, whatever they may cost, provided they do subserve a true constructive national pride, which, while admittedly beginning in industry and commerce, naturally get their largest reaction out of architectural experiments, out-of-door sculpture, spectacular decoration, landscape gardening, and even exhibitions of art-creations proper, and of our peculiar religious Pantheon. (No one should forget the epoch-making exhibition of religious varieties of the one spirit in 1893 at the Chicago World's fair!)

Now, due to many causes and, of late, to side issues of the national movement for the conservation of natural resources (so happily inaugurated with a wide political efficacy by our American Big-Stick Statesman, our second Andrew Jackson, alias, Old Hickory), the people have the Yosemite, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, the Yellowstone Park, Glacier Park, and, sharing it with our northern neighbour, Niagara Falls; we have areas of mountain scenery for re-

forestation in the Rockies of Colorado, in the White Mountains, and, we trust, soon, more adequately in the Adirondacks, in the Alleghenies and the Blue Ridge. We have among patriotism-producing experiences the Father of Waters and his main tributaries. We have Mammoth Cave and Luray, we have the Great Salt Lake, we have the inland waters of Florida, the everglades, the Mohave desert, Avery's Island—the refuge for birds—and how many more possible parks and preserves for the refreshment and illustration of our sense of National pride in a great patrimony!

In fact, one wonders if our openness to the Pole and the tropics by the system of North and South ranges of mountains, giving us variable extremes of heat and cold, giving us the cyclone as a prerogative with an earthquake zone thrown in and two oceans to patronise—all of which sounds like geography on an oratorical spree—isn't a very genuine assistance to our Flag.

We have largely left the use of these means to tourists, travellers, lecturers, business-getters of railroad and steamship lines, to hustle-and-rustle men's clubs, and city and section boosters. But should we make up our minds to use these national assets and more of their kind in a national spirit, what a veritable resource we do here have!

And are there not certain likenesses in the layers of the Grand Canyon, that sublimest geological exhibit, to Old Glory, that are thrilling? What else is the hundred-and-fifty-mile long spectacle if not a fugue on Old Glory? What is our Alaskan winter-world, her glaciers, her sheets of deep blue water, but brilliant.

studies for the canton, as the Grand Canyon for the striped field of the flag?

Has not the extraordinary colour brilliancy and the wild life preservation of the Yellowstone, a sort of commentary to offer—on our eternal youth? Has not the sky-piercing Glacier Park the power to shout “Excelsior” for us, as no mass meetings, no brass bands, no electric pyrotechnic displays can ever do for the American people?

Now welcoming all these wondrous, rich, and eloquent auxiliaries, of which we instance but a few, though they be auxiliaries, they are not and cannot be substitutes for the flag itself, when the flag is rightly interpreted and its meaning devoutly brought home. They are like a great accompaniment to its glorious melody, and so enhancers of the spell-binding power thereof.

But as no other nation must ours look for the creation and stimulation and regular excitation of patriotic mass passion and self-devotion to its flag, which we found so marvellously capable of doing its unique and blessed work.

CHAPTER III

THE CULT OF THE FLAG

(I) THE ONLY UNIFYING RELIGIOUS EXPRESSION

IT is a common, well-meant statement, but misleading, not to say false, that the United States is a Christian nation. The majority of the citizenship may be nominal, assenting Christians—true; but the very agreement which constitutes our honourable “contract social,” the holiest guarantee of our Constitution, is one that promises complete liberty of conscience. And what is meant by this is far more than was in the first instance meant and sought by Protestant reformers; a “liberty,” namely, to agree with their particular confessions and conform to their practices of predilection and election, or otherwise to be outcast or persecuted, and, at all events, duly damned unless relegated to the uncovenanted mercies of God: a “liberty” restricted by a certain arbitrary, quite racially illiberal, that is Semetic, Canon of Scriptures—called the old Testament, which, with the writings of St. Paul and the Gospels, made up *the* Holy Bible. No! The liberty of conscience explicitly promised by our public commitments is a real and *un*conditioned liberty to seek God, if haply each may find him, and to think of Him and feel about Him and do toward Him (unto better access or more perfect communion) whatever special training, in-

stinct, or original genius may dictate or commend to each for the best behoof of all.

Religion is too intimately sacred and important an interest to the community for us to dare exploit it even with the best practical intentions, lest we vitiate it so at its very fountainhead. We are forever agreed to preclude the possible tyranny of consentient majorities, however compacted, over minorities—however small and eccentric the latter may appear to be. No economic pressure of a legal sort shall be applied to the spiritually conscientious, earnest individual, or brought to bear on the voluntary groups formed for mutual furtherance.

Let us see.

Jefferson worked hard and successfully for the disestablishment of the Church of England in Virginia. Of course, he was scolded for this as an unbeliever! He it was who drew up those wonderful articles that became the basic law for the organisation of the Northwest Territory. Never should there be an "establishment of Religion" to interfere with the free play of the free religious forces. If the State wished, then, to invoke the aid of religion, it could only ask the people, as is the custom for Thanksgiving Day, to assemble in their free meeting places, houses of worship, or in their respective domiciles or closets, cellars, or attics.

If, as Franklin suggested, we were to have prayers in Congress, we must have a chaplain, and he must accommodate himself, by eliminating any theory that could offend any one, to that generally acceptable residuary minimum—which would inevitably turn out ineffective for each and all, and cause the whole religious

act to degenerate into an exhibit of personal piety, or into a mere perfunctory make-believe and hypocrisy.

But we went further than this even at the start. We had practically to face the contention of the Friends of God, the so-called Quakers. They disbelieved in the taking of oaths and in any resort to arms. So they were the occasion for our having to confront the fundamental question squarely. Should the very holy of holies, the effort of access to the fount of grace and power, be exploited for practical good? to secure, for instance, public and private honesty or veracity? It was decided that the Friends were entitled to their view. Their affirmation should suffice in the witness stand or in declaring allegiance. As for their pacifism, though General Green and others chose to fight rather and be heterodox, yet they who were conscientiously prevented from bearing arms, might not interfere with those who did or would. But Quakers could perform other service, quite as important and often more dangerous—witness our lapsed Hicksite "Friend" Whitman—who served as volunteer nurse before the days of such charity as is now organised in the Red Cross. The point was made, however, that all must serve the nation, while regard should be had to the "conscientious objector," and fraud could readily be discouraged by the assignment of duties as arduous, or more dangerous, to those who urged in their favour any exception to the general rule.

(2) RELIGIOUS REVERENCE REQUIRES NATIONAL NON-COMMITMENT

We must have indeed for our nation in every respect, and particularly in the highest and holiest, the

best possible; therefore, we could not discourage betterment by the definite adoption of the merely "good" and "excellent." However approved by experience, no doctrine or cult that assumes its own finality can be safely permitted to exercise, in the name of the past or present, a check or control over the future. That is the great principle we were led to discover and affirm.

We may privately and non-politically work for unification, synthetic inclusion, federation, the supersession of each and all organisations by what shall omit nothing precious to any. So then, according to some zealots (whose zeal outruns discretion by several billion miles and, we greatly fear too, their intellectual honesty!) we are said to be committed to an essentially irreligious position as a people and nation. To this let a vigorous protest be entered here: not as a people at all; but as a nation, only in what pertains to the liberty one of another! On the contrary, it might with more reason and candour be claimed that we are so deeply, sincerely, reverently religious, that for the sake of religion itself we can recognise, subsidise, protect, establish no creed or particular practice or cult and no institution for the maintenance of a creed or cult. In the realm of the transcendental, the not yet-annexed to the workaday experience of man, in regions beyond positive evidence, no dogma or discipline looking to dogma, shall ever become law—or even a custom favoured by law. Nor can we brook interference with those sincerely engaged in innocent "trial and failure" provided, only, no socially harmful conduct be involved in their experimentation (as, for instance, the polygamy of the Mormons).

Genius shall be tolerated, indeed invited and prepared for, by the "open door" and the "empty manger." The presence of ox or ass may make such spiritual opportunity seem, to the unco-fastidious, "a stable"; but, after all, it is the heart of man, the individual hearth and home, that we offer, however humble and unadorned, to keep it uncontrolled by vested interests and stand-pat administration. The child of to-morrow, think of it, shall be free, quite free to innovate! Any new revelation shall be made welcome—whatever present majority, or plurality, or conspiracy of elder predecessors in popular acclaim, may say and do to the contrary notwithstanding! We shall continue to invite experimentation, inspiration, at the risk of being called a "Crank's paradise," a "hot bed of heresies," and "raree show of brass idols," the producer of the "Book of Mormon," of "Science and Health," of "Oaspe," and the "Great Work," and all other proposed substitute or supplementary Scriptures!

St. Paul was grossly mistranslated when he was said to have scolded the Athenians that they "were in all things too superstitious;" whereas in truth he commended them for right reverence (not trusting themselves to know all there is to know, "lest they forget" or overlook and exclude some divine principle or element) when they maintained an altar to the "unknown God." So also are we concerned lest perchance we might omit any divine aspect in our jumble of creeds and cults. That unknown, or at all events inadequately manifest God, is the "God in whom we trust"; and every poet, seer, saint, pundit, mahatma, yogi, dancing dervish, rabbi, mystical wine-drunken

sufi, priest, fakir, medicine-man, is entirely welcome to do his little, petty, puny best to reveal, manifest, and glorify Him in private as also in the presence of all the people!

As a nation we trust in God; but in no particular God, not in Franklin's, Washington's, Jackson's—whether Andrew or Stonewall—Lincoln's, Grant's, or Lee's. We cannot limit, define, circumscribe so the God of this great nation. To no God as revealed by Zarathustra, Moses, ay, or even Jesus—not any God as anywhere or anyhow revealed—can we, must we, dare we commit the Nation, but always only to the GOD, Who is now actively self-revealing in human history, Who (if any name can at all indicate Him) we might call God the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, the Father of Light. Indeed, we will not and cannot, as a Nation, confine ourselves to a particular construction of evil. We might, quite in keeping with loyalty, adore and invoke the Square Deific, the Holy Four (including what some call the Devil in the dynamic divine process itself), quite as properly as declare allegiance to the Blessèd Trinity, and call Satan, Foe and Fiend, Ahriman; or insist, instead, on his being only a troublesome “delusion” of “mortal mind” to be overcome by vigorous “denial.” All things in the sphere of theosophy are lawful to us as citizens of our spiritually free Republic, ay, and howsoever inexpedient they may be deemed by our contemporaries in good standing!

(3) THE MENACE OF OUR IDEAL CATHOLICITY

Now then, we face our problem once more directly where it appears in its most difficult and acute phase,

in the necessary yet absurd sectarian chaplaincies—necessary and absurd unless, indeed, we agree to group considerable denominations in separate military units and, separating so the sheep as it were from the goats, bid the “eccentrics” pay the penalty for their eccentricity, and perish without “benefit of clergy” and the special consolation of their too peculiar and unpopular religion!

Let us clearly understand that there all good-natured compromises fall to the ground. Religion, to be expressed at all, vitally and sincerely, must adopt always some particular method, one at least at a time, and inevitably the method and preference of some sect or cult; and that very method is bound to be at least unsympathetic to not a few who have quite as much right as any others to dictate the expedient terms of public worship!

To generalise and avoid all offence one would have to reach a vagueness and softness that would make any genuine fervour a psychological miracle, not to say an impossibility. Any deeply religious person would prefer a zealous exhibit of a, to him, alien cult or incredible creed, before such an offensively insincere, hybrid, perfunctory, backboneless, featureless, nondescript. A crazy-quilt may do to sleep under, but you can't look at it long with poise and purity of spirit.

So here we stand to-day, in a great solemn moment of decision, of sacrifice, in dire, personal, secret need of strengthening, consoling. We want to cry all together to our God, to devote ourselves all together to our God, and bring our God to possess us as one holy mass!

But Jew and Unitarian, Mohammedan, Catholic

and Protestant, shall and must have equal rights, and, therefore, nothing much can be done about it? *Dans le doute abstiens toi?* When in doubt do nothing? When in doubt as to which is best of a dozen bales of hay, die, a starved jackass in the midst? For the sake of professional etiquette, when doctors disagree, let the patient dispense with first aid and call on the undertaker instead?

In the present great crisis, for the sake of unity, the leading synagogues made a noble sacrifice. They did their part in the great Red Cross Society and their members marched under the Red Cross Banner. Yet it would be a most unfair advantage to take (would it not?) were we on that account to pretend that they had in fact abandoned the Star of David and accepted the Cross of Christ, because they gallantly compromised so in externals?

Is it fair for the Christian Church to ask the right of flying a flag officially *above* Old Glory, signifying in the white triangle with the long red cross laterally laid therein, the superiority of a particular doctrine of God and discipline and sacramental system over the common political faith? Are they prepared to have the former subjects of the Sultan of Sulu apply for the equivalent right and obtain it, namely, to fly a flag with white crescent and star say, on a black parallelogram? Or to have the Jews require the Star of David, or the Lion of Zion, rampant on a purple, crimson, blue and white zebra-ed arrangement, fretted with a fine arabesque edge all around, or be-dizened and betasselled for comeliness to a savage taste for the better contentment of zealous Zionism?

For this reason, Roman Catholics, Protestants of

every ilk (even those who hate the name, and are all the more protestant in their violent affirmation of Catholicity), for this reason Jew, Eastern Orthodox Uniat, Quaker, Mormon, Swedenborgian, Christian Scientist, New Thoughtist, Bahai, Spiritualist, Occultist, Vedantist and Parsee, Rosicrucian, Moham-medan, Buddhist, T-k-ist or Red-Indian-nature-worshipper, and as many other varieties of the fresh or condensed milk of human kindness as may have come hither out of the ark for our dubious delectation and edification! and any others besides at present yet incubating in the chrysalis and to be "hatched" who knows when!—ay, all of them past, present, and to come—are alike challenged severally and jointly as good fellows and good citizens, to help maintain and develop the Social Order, of which the bond is inevitably spiritual, and must remain, for the sake of each and all, without lawful definition or coercive indirect interference.

Of course, this reverent Agnosticism of the United States, as a government and nation, can easily be misrepresented and is veritably—one must in candour admit—a practical menace, in that our citizens, out of good consideration one for another and with due regard unto this ideal catholicity, can hardly discover the practical way of uniting together in any consecrating religious *act*. At a crisis of public necessity, this is indeed a grave matter, for a sin of omission is often as serious a commitment as a sin of commission.

And whatever infinite variety of religious interpretation we have to protect and maybe, at least inferentially, to foster; and however unconsciously un-

directed and unchecked shall be their interpretation, crossfertilisation, their diversification or unification; we do have, meanwhile, a Common Social Order to maintain and to renew with all our might; and we can't, by any means, exercise all that great might of ours without a joint resort to religion; and religion is best carried on, for social results, through mass-psychology; and we can't, to advantage, have the nation resolve itself into households, nay, into totally unrelated individual entities, and then hope to get anything like the same momentum under way! How weak we are here as compared with a people all more or less at the same stage, or accepting as public discipline a certain compromise-stage, and thundering together on emergencies a Litany or a Tedeum! See us, on the other hand, conscientiously resolve into a hundred millions, each in his or her closet, applying to the public needs our peculiar variety and degree of personal vision of God—our individually wrought-out moral ideal; and, this, mind you, with no workable checks, no proof of actual performance, no public moral sanctions; merely leaving the several contributions of disparate mutually contradictory and largely, therefore, neutralising initiative, inspiration, and enthusiasm, to be generated and delivered into the Public Reservoir (which itself only exists as a theoretic sum total of tanks in unofficial custody and not to be tapped and piped together!)—and then, dear fellow citizens, expect the maximum of spiritual energy to be obtainable at a given place and time—for the consumption or salvation of the Nation? Absurd!

Here, then, is our dilemma. Which horn shall we prefer to be tossed on? This is our maze of Minos.

Is there any way out of the *impasse*, the *cul de sac*, the blind-alley, the old-fashioned "damn you if you do," and "damn you if you don't," which contrives to swallow us up alive? What Ariadne will offer us the crimson thread to "thrid the maze?"

The only exit for our Theseus from this labyrinth is one that some may not care to take, we fear. But, Necessity is the Mother of Invention; and hunger is a wonderful tamer and civiliser; and strange bedfellows are tolerated in the Caravanserail when one's choice is to sleep out in the rain, and subject to raven and rapine.

(4) *The Only Way Out of Our Difficulty*

Suppose, for the nonce, we establish by law, as patriots, for the observance of all alike, the one cult of the flag? Suppose we punish protestors and non-conformists, by what punishment fits the crime of obstructing spiritual harmony—by exclusion? The nation has a right to banish, to deprive of the benefits of the Social Order, any one who refuses to do his duty, as power-getter and power-conservator, who for this refuses to accept the necessary means thereto; who will not use, as his own, a symbolic language, agreed upon as the most convenient, solemnly to convey and perform that duty vowed, that duty done? Surely it has the right to remove from its midst whoever denies honour and worship to the Undefined God in whom this nation as a nation trusts, and whom it needs to invoke unanimously now, even as at its first start. For this National Cult, there must be chosen and set apart and protected by law, an object

of psychological crowd-regard and concentration of attention, which shall definitely designate and signify the nation in its *ideal life*. No Goddess of Reason, no Goddess of Liberty, will do. The only *kibleh* we require, that can focus the attention of large groups without scruple and patriotic protest, is the flag—and the flag alone. There shall have to be some Form of Worship—through that flag (for, of course, that flag cannot become an “idol,” an object itself of worship) of the God of the Nation, to Whom we together look in the hope of seeing Him, through the flag, as that immediate porthole to the infinite on our tempest-tossed Ship of State by the which we fare onward; or, to change the figure, serving as our window toward Jerusalem the Golden, when we want to pray for the Nation, chosen to renew, on this Continent, the Civilisation wrought out to its end on the old.

Jew, Catholic, Protestant, Mohammedan, can, in open silent periods or in sectarian conventicle or in private, contribute their own special acts of devotion, as a sweet savour, as preserving salt, or as pepper, or attar of roses; but they can and must, therefore, join all together in this prime adjunct religion of all, this general porch to the particular church, mosque, synagogue, or joss-house of each. Mind you, I do not say an *over*-religion. Let each place his own religion over the flag cult, if he like, in private (or in free, like-thinking believing and worshipping groups); but in the open and for all to behold let this symbol of the shared “by-worship” fly alone without rival, with no offensive, essentially un-Christian, because, let us say, Jew-offending, particular flag of the Christian Churches officially hoisted above the Stars and

Stripes; that Star-Spangled Banner which belongs absolutely to all, of all faiths and cults, or of none: Old Glory, holy to all alike as a social, political Sacrament of the solidarity, the so-called "body" politic, endeavouring to be also a body spiritual; an incarnation as it were of the best Vision of God possible yet to us all.

What shall keep our denominations, which cannot, it seems, *unite* without fear of mutual swallowings and nothing left to hold title to property and bear witness to anything in particular; which cannot and will not federate yet (though God knows that would be American and "common sense, practical Christianity"—agreeing so to disagree, and co-operating thereby the better to operate separately); what shall keep them from the hearty acceptance of a Common Cult through the Flag of the God in whom, as a Nation, we trust, though we conceive and serve Him differently in every religious denomination, but Who by all together is symbolised, realised, and adored in this guise? Thanksgiving Day celebrations have resulted in so-called "union services" chiefly with the hope of filling a particular building with ill-assorted remnants when the less pious are off on picnics or resting from surfeits sacredly superinduced! And why was the "Union Service" never a Union? Because, even of the odds and ends assembled, there was only a factitious union.

The matters of difference were for the moment covered over. The problems were only treated as solved because kept out of sight. The denominational skeletons were locked in the closets lest they dance together. Every one looked rosy and wel-

comed the holy "ostrich act;" all together, heads in the sand, repeated heartily: We are one—all one (and—*sotto voce*—while our heads are under the sand) just merely at this particular "union service!"

The truth about the matter,—no amount of competition, hustle, no spiritual jui-jutsu, no good-natured "getting drunk together," brings us to dwell as devout brethren, to dwell verily together in unity. We must be asked all of us to do one and the same thing, and see that it is such as not to compromise at all our several private ceremonies, sacraments, theories, dogmas. Then it is a fair plan. Then there can be true co-operation with no mental reservations, or secetarian dagger up the sleeve.

But here we have it.

Catholics who are Americans are, as a matter of fact, Americans first and loyal members of the Roman obedience after. "American Anglicans" are confessedly Americans first; they that were left in the United States, not fleeing to Canada as loyalists, showed that from the outset. The British-born and British-reared and British-hearted loyalists among the "Anglicans" migrated. Methodists, Baptists, are riotously Americans first. Jews claim to be Americans first. What religious body dares admit anything else?

Would the Lutherans venture to demur? We advise them not to; and what's more, they will not; and what is far better yet, they do not want to; with sufficient exceptions, if any, only to prove the rule, and invite forcible, if courteous, exportation to No Man's Land, with C. O. D. label on their coat lapels and a recommendation to the Kaiser's cook! No, no.

We have no conscious traitors among our religious people; and most of those that seem such are not even "wilful men," just mere senseless victims of propaganda, pacifist-sentimentalists, victims of anemia and neurasthenia, and other mild lunatics not locked up for fear of infecting the criminally insane with a fatal complication! What other explanation could be offered—for their being left at large in times of stress like those we have just endured?

So what is there to prevent the loyal Churches uniting to use jointly and separately a special, common-to-all worship of the God, in whom we trust as a Nation, through the flag which all alike love and revere?

Out with it if there be any objection!

What is there in all conscience or common sense, to prevent our Union acting unitedly in this? The supposition that our particular religion suffices us, and ought to suit others also?

Come, be fair, put the shoe on the other foot!

Why shouldn't the religion of your fellow citizen suffice just as well, and suit you altogether instead of that which you chance to profess?

What do they all alike lack then?

A definite recognition of the non-absoluteness, non-sufficiency of their confession and cult to *all* "sorts and conditions of men" and women and children in America!

And furthermore, a definite recognition of the Nation and the Nation's Declaration of Independence being not only political, but spiritual, cultural; extending up and down and across the entire field of man; and, therefore up and down the entire field of

man's only real theology; that is, his considered and sanely criticised experience of God.

We have imported our Christianity, our Judaism, our Vedantism? Very well. No one objects. In ideas we exercise a free trade policy.

But let us leave alone—when we consider this question of practical union—all wherein we may have a right, as good Americans, to differ; and unite, then, only on all that, on which we dare not do otherwise than agree.

And what is that, you ask?

The American Element, The American Idea, The American Ideal!

On that we are and must be absolutely agreed, or we cannot exist and prosper.

It does not humiliate us as Lutherans to admit that Luther couldn't have anticipated the doctrine of Jefferson, which is now our doctrine. It doesn't humiliate us to admit that Queen Bess didn't provide in her prayerbook what would really serve to express an American's feeling for his representative president! No honest ultramontane, however concerned even in the patrimony of St. Peter, can, as a good and loyal American, object to having regard to our own national religious need. The best statesmanship of Rome has always desired to recognise and subserve this required office of political loyalty.

Hurrah, then, for the worship of the "God in whom we trust" as a Nation—and through the Flag for each and all; and then, after, lift high the cross, the star, the crescent, or any other particular holy symbol which we have it in our heart to believe; so that out of such fair play in the public places, in processions,

in the porches of all churches, synagogues, meeting-houses, mosques (and whatsoever be the name of the conventicle, of the container and the contained!), we shall at last come near to realising the essential brotherhood of the Children of one Father, whom He has made members of one household; and let us move on afterward to a discussion of "church unity" or "questions of faith and order," if any have stomach for the same, with a far better hope, we fancy, of a high and holy success!

CHAPTER IV

RITUAL, THE CHARTER OF CREATIVE FEELING AND THOUGHT

(I) OUR DILEMMA

WORDS have the immense intellectual advantage as symbols of specific arbitrary association. But continual usage tends to upset such best laid plans of mice and men. By slovenly figurative employment, perverse humorous substitution, by the desire to flatter in getting on, and more particularly to deceive oneself (so minimising or maximising on the sly); by the desire to insult ironically, and in inflection only, or facial expression and gesture only—so insinuating a derogatory sense, which cannot be prosecuted as libelous,—words tend to become all but useless. Prejudice, for instance, should mean judgment before considering the evidence. In America it has come to mean the unfavourable judgment formed by any section or group that has had the particular experience of the matter in question, as compared with the view of those who hold sacred some pet theory without troubling to live with the facts, and who believe themselves, therefore, at a distance so and irresponsibly up in the air, very much more disinterested, morally superior, and competent to decide as to the best national policy in the premises! Some words wear halos of old associations in shop and play-

ground; emit auras of their etymological aristocracy, and wave off, with a grand priestly manner, a too slipshod familiarity. Some words resist the workaday wear and tear, by the simple expedient of not working hard, and going in for facial massage and graduate courses in etiquette.

Now the point we would make is that just as long as any word is of real specific use for precise thinking and expressing, it requires and remembers a particular definition; and in so far as it is thus definite, it must operate as distinctively devious. No two men of brains ever really agreed about anything, unless they talked each other into the grave with it first, and rose again after, agreeing to disagree and never to raise the dead question!

But active social conduct requires agreement, nor of that world-weary shoulder-shrugging sort. Feelings without some undigested personal experience make the very essence of our judgments, our ideals. Our executive will depends on them for support and relief. Between willings, our headway must carry us unchecked by the brakes—if there is to be any considerable progress in any reasonable time.

Now feelings are just what we can't directly produce, though one can poorly simulate, and by the expression of their pretence actually seem to arouse a spurious self-maintaining variety.

Feelings are what we do most want for social movement, feelings that are synchronous (timed, that is, together) and in rhythm, and so to say true in pitch, varying only in timbre or tone colour; and which press for similar expression, and thereby pass out of the level or circle of separate and private

psychology, to be sublimated together as mass emotion and explode in grandiose mass movement.

Now words can do this only in so far as they are wholly arbitrary, like words of command: excluding thought; or are ideal counters, susceptible of any interpretation—general containers of which each person supplies the precious contents—like liberty, love, God.

Now music is the most direct expression of feeling, but wholly fails except by usage and arbitrary association to suggest definite conduct. Take, for instance, a jig—meant to be a jolly jig and nothing more; by fortuitous use it becomes a battle-stirring rally-cry; and associated with the rebel yell and the charge—turns into the most popular national tune, "Dixie." There is nothing in the "Star-Spangled Banner" itself that suggests America. Long habit and government-order may inject a sense to which we respond in the end almost instinctively. Consider the superb Russian anthem, and what it meant to English singers who associate it with Addison's Kantian hymn about the starry heaven and the moral law?

Music can give vent and play to emotions for which there is as yet no common language at all. It cannot, however, express them save as undefined emotions. Catechise any group of people after a new piece of music and each will make out his own "programme" for it. One was flying kites, the other was off on a hunt, the other watching her babies in the tub, another was still roisterously consuming refreshments. Each had an emotion from the music, each experienced a soul drama, but apparently there was

no particular play subtly indicated or billboarded; each went to his own show.

There then is our dilemma:

In so far as words are words, they define and express specifically and must make sharp-edged our differences in thought, and thereby suggest diversity of feeling, and invite different, perhaps even opposite, courses of action.

In so far as words become mere ideal counters arbitrarily used as conventional symbols, they have a mere emotion-indicating power, but obviously an ever decreasing power of emotional excitation. What one is expected to feel is quite clear; but one gradually becomes aware, with frequent use, of a total intellectual vacuum.

In so far as words are used as mere words of command—they serve as inarticulate cries, and are acts of will rather than real words with an intellectual and imaginative appeal.

(2) THE BEST KNOWN EXPEDIENT

Now while we can in a measure think at will, without involving the necessity of agreeing and approving; and we can act also, within limits, will, even against our liking; few if any can as a practical matter think at command, save when the command happens to agree with just the feeling that was already under way or preparing for expression. We at least in America are not trained to obedience. We do not yield willingly our initiative; much less are we prepared to produce emotions by their simulation or by conformity with their expression, in compliance with

social expediency. We resent such invasion of our inherent spiritual freedom. Better be our own fool or ne'er-do-weal, than the wise slave or efficient tool of another!

How then is a free man to bring order into his private soul? How coerce it to useful social emotion, particularly if the man be an American, or worse yet the American a woman? How incite the soul to a line of action contrary to instinctive preferences, to private interests—without a compelling emotion? How induce it to give up for the nonce its fastidious self-direction and merge vitally, dynamically in some useful mass-feeling, or indeed undertake to help get that mass-feeling under way; and by magnetic at-onement in a generous surrender of egotism, make it contagious and all-swallowing, to the arrival of that moment when at least in illusion our mystic solidarity may manifest and prevail?

Alas, words are clearly of little use to this end, so long as they remain but words only, or even mainly words.

Words, associated with music, architecture, particular place, can serve so just because they have ceased to be real words and to function altogether as such; like that proverbially comforting and blessed word "Mesopotamia," or the benign spell against the fever of childish restlessness: "Shadrach, Meshach and to-bed-we-go!" The use of some sacred language is therefore proved by experience in this regard to constitute a great advantage; and sometimes sacred language is the more serviceable, as having become mere sanctified gibberish, which the most learned priest is himself quite fortunately unable to

interpret, and which therefore can scandalise nobody, not even his professionally hardened self.

Particular thoughts to be coercive, and in consentient group insisted on, for instance, in a social silence, have been a means among very select and earnest souls. Quakers, secret societies among American aborigines, New Thoughtists, Brahmins, Sufis; and all sorts of quasi-saints in various social orders, have had some success herewith, throughout the ages from the crudest recorded times.

It is still the supreme method for the like minded few. It is the ideal powerhouse of the race, organising and maintaining a quasi-organ—a substitute body for a yet super-human, super-individual process we will call co-mentation, that passes into co-emotion, and then into pre-potent gracious co-operation.

But for the large use of this means, mankind is not ripe yet, or maybe, some will prefer to say, the time of its mellowness has begun, which practically amounts to the same thing. At all events, many thousands of years of devoted effort, under all sorts of conditions, theological conceptions and traditions, or reactions or aberration of vagaries have a rather ambiguous record of success to show.

But there is certainly one thing that can easily with adequate preparation and artistic method, assuming the right good will, be successfully done: a desired *emotion* can be induced in the individual, factitious more or less at the start, and doubtfully sincere, which is then gradually intensified, transfused and transfigured in the magnetic heat of the co-acting group, till it becomes perforce super-individual, gripping, dynamic; and some assumed *thought*, symbolically pres-

ent in the co-operative act (with or without explicit statement, formula, dogma, sacred objects or magic chant refrain) emerges as a creative irresistible mass-suggestion.

We can set the whole process under way for good or for ill as powerfully and cheaply as possible, on condition of a preconceived and drilled *co-operation*. This instrument of co-action is called a ritual or ceremony and is indeed in the first instance the precursor and origin of pantomime, dance, drama and pageant. Such a ritual need not be engaged in by all it involves, if it requires trained learning or skill. An audience may be essential to its emotional realisation. Just as fifty thousand fans play the baseball game with the two nines, almost more violently than the "hired" nines themselves, so ritual or ceremony, may be to the majority a spectacle, a pageant, in which performers and audience are one and interdependent, with only an imaginative, yet not on that account a less violent and valuable participation on the part of the great majority.

We had long since, we thought, definitely decided against "processions" in religion, and lo, here we are in this hour of need, in war-time "processing" by the hundred thousand! Fifth Avenue is a veritable slot for a grand rapid river of mass emotion! Much of it is to-order, forced, at least reluctant and embarrassed, and yet how spontaneous does it not get to be! *Solvitur ambulando*. Any problem of the universe can apparently get on its legs these days and march to a band, and leap to its picturesque anticipated solution, like the cow that jumped over the moon. It is verily a practical course in preparation

we are taking in the metropolis, and in all other cities of the nation, for the new Social Order, that is to express, with full individual freedom, our social solidarity. We are taking in war times our elementary lessons in the grand art of induced co-emotion.

Now the special merit of ritual, in other words of co-action unto co-emotion, is that it's co-mentation (so far as any happens at all) is really transmuted and disguised for the individual as a powerful stimulation to think his own individual thought in surprising accord with the one general purpose. No one somehow believes himself pushed or hauled. Every one conceives himself the chief crater of the volcanic system; every one is in his naïf self-consciousness the seismic centre of disturbance.

We secure then by this method the greatest possible apparent freedom of the individual conscience, while getting under way the widest and deepest possible social emotion, leading necessarily yet without sense of coercion to specific social action, by the use of some mimetic symphonic, provocative piece of religious art, called a ritual or ceremony or sacrament.

(3) TWO OBJECTIONS TO THE USE OF A RITUAL

Of course, there remain the two intellectualist objections. First, that you must not witness and sympathise with what you don't and won't agree to, on the terms of the most objectionable strict constructionist theory of its meaning; you must not on any account as you value your soul, seem to agree when you don't quite know whether you altogether do; for it might be that you should reinforce (by your appar-

ent approval, your witness to its validity) something on which you are still disposed to be fastidiously agnostic, to cherish doubts, exquisite, hyperæsthetic, to the verge of anesthesia!

Now the real moral root of these difficulties is a supreme morbid vanity. As though any of us did much matter! Who cares to be so particularly on record as to his little preferred private working-hypothesis or peculiar idea and theory, when he seriously wants a big piece of rough and ready work to be effected by mass feeling, leading to heroic mass movement up and over the top, at least to decency?

I should as an individual think, to be sure, with my own thinking apparatus (poor, but mine): and when privately and rightfully put to question, state the truth to whom it concerns, with becoming modesty always, and sincere regret if I can't seem to agree. But I can't refuse meanwhile to do my bounden duty and get the right mass-feeling and mass-will under way; not for the abstruse sophisticated reason that I might, who knows, be misconceived by some one to agree in toto with this or that school of fools (or otherwise men) as to the dogma, theological, cosmologic, ontologic, Christological, epistemological—or plainly illogical, implied in a "strict construction" a ram-you-damn-you patent interpretation of the said rite, ceremony or sacrament!

Rites, ceremonies or sacraments were created and promoted in the first instance always for the very purpose of avoiding discussion, where discussion paralyzes, and to obtain immediately the requisite spiritual results. The inquisitor is out of court, and the self-inquisitor lacks common sense, social perspective; or

he suffers from a super-excitable self-consciousness, a morbid and malefic vanity. Think of these days strutting about and peacocking and passing and pirouetting to yawning gods—the tail and neck plumage of my mystical egomaniac, invisible little residuum of an identity! How much better quickly submerged, and drowned in the charitable anonymity of the integral mass, through which the evolutionary race-drive is operative, towards the advent of better humans in a better human order!

If we are then to be practical in this great concern of ours (namely the generation of the right national feeling, a national will, a national action, unto the completer obsession of all the people by national ideals that shall realise social ideas on a national scale) we must, must we not, without delay, insist on the regular systematic use at least with the young of some rite, ceremony, or sacrament; and all the more so just because we do as Americans profoundly respect the rights of the individual to be sincere, to be no liar or hypocrite, and want those precious private rights secured at the least cost in arrested mass enthusiasm and forfeited social energy.

Now let us consider the second intellectualist objection. Any plea for ritual ceremony and sacrament meets the absurd objection of being a “mere empty form.” Assuredly the cure for an empty form, is not to rail at the emptiness thereof, and so increase it by the emptiness in your critical head and cold heart; but to fill it full right away with all the stuff of you, such as you are, without false modesty.

People quote, *ad nauseam*, the parable of the new wine and old bottles, without inquiring whether it

was ironic or irenic. Well, who will give us ready to hand "new bottles" for us to fill? Let us first be sure they are really going to burst by actual experiment: let us see if we really can burst the old wine skins with the new wine. It will be time enough if they do burst to get us new wineskins for our ever plenteous, so obstreperously fermenting vintage!

The individual exists to be an individual, of course, and furnish to society an individual. Society must deal with that individual, for his own social sake, with the uttermost consideration and respect. If initiative be forfeited, if fine quick powers of self-adaptation were trained out, we should suffer the loss both of instinct and genius. If, in other words, the present type is made altogether too tyrannous against the unfavourable variation and degenerate atavistic specimen—we shall destroy incidentally every favourable variation that is so desperately needed to maintain the self-renewal and further progress of the type!

Nevertheless the individual is not the final end, but always only the means. The final end is something yet inexpressible because unconscious; at least we are not aware of its awareness, if aware already it be to any extent. The cells of my organs don't seem to know the function of the organ, whose function they subserve. My organs aren't me, even all of them taken together; and it would seem they don't know me. I myself don't know what "self" is maintained on the basis of all those organs; and what it is I call *me* with my subordinate "selves" thrown in, if such there be, appearing when I disappear, or at all events haunting me as prejudices, ideals, moods, recurrent dreams.

So, in my ignorance, I boldly assert that all exists for me, for my sake, and that I, this provisional unstable, am I. But that is after all a very inadequate and superficial account of the case—me.

Obviously there's more of me subconsciously than me. That "more"—I call oversoul, or God, in so far as it is common to all others, or correlative with the unconscious overselves of them all.

At all events I certainly do know I am begotten and born and reared—by sacrifice; and I am myself likewise involved in begetting or bearing, and in any case, rearing and influencing souls more hopeful than mine, if only by the likelihood of outliving me, and begetting and bearing, in turn better vehicles and instruments for the spirit of man than any of us can pretend to be. To that grand process I whole heartedly belong. At least my part in the process belongs to me partly; yet, even there, it is I that more truly can be said to belong to it, as the less to the greater, rather than it to me.

(4) A FLAG-RITUAL AND FLAG TEMPLE FOR THE NATION

Now, let us note that the nation is merely so far forth the largest, practically possible effort at coalescence, and God-bodying, or Oversoul incarnating, which we have been effectively inspired hitherto to attempt! That nation is so infinitely greater than I, that any use on its behalf of me honours me, ennobles me. On the other hand, no use for its purposes of me rightly honours it, if it doesn't get out of me the very best possible to be got! So, because I love it, I work and pray to be used by it in any way;

yet if it be possible, may I be used to the very best and most singular advantage—for the sake of the greater than me in which I am to be involved, and which I do love so much more than self and all kith and kin. And I must, nay, I need to get out of the limits of my mere soul, self and function. I do right fervently ask to be initiated, or at least to sit on the lowest temple-step, and in spirit join the office of Divine prayer and praise, to which I cannot yet without injury to the supreme interest gain admission. If I can't see with my own eyes, let me at least be caught by snatches on the wind, thrilling heart pulsations of the whole that throbs in me.

I do right fervently ask to be involved, sacrificed, digested: but with due respect to my private soul, not for its private sake, or even for the sake of the private God of me, but for the sake of the truest good of the social GOD of the Nation, unto the farther evolution of the Race, as itself an instrument in turn for the to me unimaginable supreme Divine Expression!

Unto this consummation devoutly to be wished, we demand then a Rite, a Ritual, a Sacrament, a Ceremony. And whereof shall it treat? What shall be its immediate object. Of course, and without question the Flag! Conceived by a genius such rite should be, a genius greater than Dante who had merely to recapitulate, a Shakespere who had merely to record! But meanwhile any proposition, however humble and preposterously unworthy, is better than none at all. At least it challenges its prompt setting aside by a better. It advertises for one, and what is a want advertisement but a printed public prayer?

In this spirit of very real reverence and modesty were the suggestions for a possible ritual added as a finale to the chapters of our book of Sight and Insight.

There their poverty will sufficiently appear. They need rhythm that is stampable, and can dispense with the kettledrum; melodious tune to carry along the captured crowds.

They seem to require translation in a religious expressive dance. Not a dance *with* the flag—a sort of sacrilege—a self-wrapping and self-advertising with the flag; but a dance *unto and before* the flag, making us look worshipfully at the flag, and through the flag at all it means for us, and reveals more and more, when we rightfully worship and serve.

The dance might become more and more richly mimetic, and pass so by gradations of pantomime, to its own projection again as a sort of drama, akin to the mysteries performed in days of simple folk-belief, when masses were innocent, unsophisticated enough to think they could agree and therefore practically did agree.

Such dances would incidentally suggest sculpture, as performers passed symbolically from sculptural pose to sculptural pose, and these for their beauty required to be caught on the fly, and eternised in marble and bronze.

The spectacular folk-drama might invite such colour compositions, such light-uses, as finally to require and suggest a suitable architecture of their own, for their more convenient and sumptuous production.

Why not—a flag-temple? Is that so very inconceivable?

Not to be sure an armory. Not by any means a horseshow and circus space, a roofed and walled vacuum! Not an adopted and adapted Gothic structure, pathetically reminiscent of mediæval paganism, wholly unfit for one single folk mass, with one single *kibleh*, or focus of raptured attention. What should it be? What style? Something true, so something new, making importations and adaptations seem cheap and nasty, and altogether out of the question!

Out of the flag fane then, whose outlines we cannot yet project, the sublime pageant might proceed; and having encircled the fane of the flag, pass on through the mart, carrying along its contagion of marvel and passion, and swallowing and digesting a whole city of men, women and children, in one tremendously felt solidarity of living adoration and ever manifolding delight!

Why not? and why not now? Why any procrastination? There's no time and opportunity surely like the thrilling present. There must be, however, a proposition before us. Something at least with which one might constructively disagree. So here then, however wretched, there has been offered something to rage at, and decry, and promptly supercede!

At all events the theme is exalted, and the possible folk creation has been advertised for; and let us not forget, as said above, that with spiritual things, definite Demand is already the assurance of Supply, since the SOURCE, when applied to with unanimous faith, is adequate in resource, and sure to vouchsafe us its favour and grace.

CHAPTER V

OLD GLORY AS AN INTERNATIONAL FLAG

(1) PATRIOTISM AND INTERNATIONALISM

TO see afar off is to primitive man a great help, provided he have not thereby his vision blurred for the things near at hand. The Indian even to-day, so we are told, can discern danger long ere the most expert woodman of peaceful habit, however keenly he be on the alert. The sailor can scan the horizon, and note what the sharpest sighted land-lubber might not, with a spyglass, observe, unless his attention had been specifically called to its presence.

So the prophets of the Lord must needs be very especially far-sighted. If they could not behold the heavenly Jerusalem, twinkling on the very skyline, how could they bear to prophesy? They have indeed the gift for overlooking intervening centuries of yearning expectation and shameful persecution. But then, there are some who arm themselves with so great a telescope (to whom a fly wrongly settling might seem a new world, looming into ken) that all mundane affairs seem wholly undeserving of attention and study.

Such like overweaning, firmament-vaulting idealism, that for its affected or exaggerated interest in the end professes to ignore the needful means, and indeed resists and obstructs the procedure of prog-

ress thereto, is not, we regret to believe, altogether uncommon.

To call such persons by the benign name of "idealist," is hardly fair to the rest of us courageous, diligent meliorists, and hardy day-by-day optimists, who scarce expect to see, much less enter ourselves the promised land; but play as brave a part as we can in the wilderness-camp, even though we have to redouble on our tracks and die—consoled by the prospect of a better generation, worthier and abler than we to enter in.

These remarks are intended as a rebuke to those people who decry patriotism as a benighted narrow selfish superstition, and set up instead with grandiose rhetoric—too evidently insincere—the charm of a superlunary internationalism, that has no duties to impose on the superlative individual beyond the indulgence for the nonce of his carping humour, his knack for rebellious troublemaking, and fastidious abstinence from the real substantial duties incident to honest participation in progress—that is the day-by-day paying of one's way in the actual narrower, but real communities, that have, as a matter of fact, fostered, reared and trained us,—such as the home, the church, the school, the city, the university, the state, the nation!

Yet here we are confronted with a real menace. The world is undoubtedly bigger than the biggest country. The human race in the aggregate is obviously more important than any single nation, even our own! And yet, just as one favourable variation is more precious than a million reasonably typical individuals, for what, if allowed, it may do with the type itself,—so also a particular people at their golden

moment, are worth more than large hordes of barbarians distributed in a dozen obsolete empires.

Think how precious was the little Athens of Pericles, Aspasia, Phidias and Sophocles! How only less precious was the Fiorenza of Lorenzo dei Medici, the Magnificent, banker, art patron, statesman, carnival verse maker and erudite poet; of Ficino, his master, the neo-Platonist mystic; of Poliziano, his laureate; of Botticelli, his family painter; and of Savonarola, the puritan friar, reform preacher and martyr!

Think of the little group of people on the fringe of this continent with their Franklin, their Adams, their Richard Henry Lee, their Gadsden, their Jefferson, their Washington, their Green, their Hamilton! It was one of England's little side-show Tory wars; and yet on her defeat then hung so much for her own liberal progress, and that of the entire world!

The nations of Western Europe were predestined. Look at the conformation of land and sea—the course of rivers and mountain ranges. Parcelled out (for political and cultural specialisations) in Europe mankind was to be—in a larger more complex way than hitherto, including minor masses reacting against the ideal and genius of each! In Hellas and in Italy and the Mediterranean coast generally—cities were to be the greatest real political units. Tyre, Athens, Sparta, Thebes, Alexandria, Syracuse, Ephesus, Carthage, Rome, Marseilles, Florence, Milan, Venice! They might conquer large domains, or be nominally subject to some military Empire, yet in their own province sovereign. But the time came, partially by the experience and discipline of Rome and her overthrow, for provinces to rally into nations with com-

plex interior reactions—requiring moderate interior variations of stock; and some one metropolitan common city for chief meeting place of mind and will, the resort of genius, a point of vantage whence might be taken the cosmopolitan outlook for the nation; where indeed, intensely self-conscious, she sees what she is and does, in the slowly but surely appearing society of nations; which looks now to federation for the community of interest, and the maintenance of free specialisation!

(2) HITHERTO EMPIRES AND OUR SITUATION

Now Empires were always at best a beneficent madness ending the supremacy of a race, of an order of civilisation, of a particular point of view in morals and religion.

Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Macedon in the name of Hellas, and Rome with her legions, by their extensive ultra-racial conquests, achieved premature cosmopolitan mixtures; hastened the break-up of constructive beliefs, and of their instinctively adapted techniques of life; overlaid and perverted indigenous cultures; and, worst of all, corrupted and caused to degenerate particular gifted stocks or breeds of special genius!

In the name of brutal size, superior ferocity, accumulated wealth, mechanically uniform law, a politically stifling peace—race suicide was invited and social degeneracy invoked in spite of all honest efforts to enforce by legislation the long obsolete ideal! Now shall we once more attempt in this wise to secure the world's ruin?

We have doubtless destroyed ninety-nine per cent.

of the treasures of the greatest hitherto culture-periods on all continents. We are violating our so-called Gothic heritage of the Middle Ages in a most wicked way, that, at all events, proved it to be originally no Teutonic creation, since creators have an instinct against destroying their own masterpieces!

There was to be an over-lordship of France for the ambition of Napoleon; paradoxically, too, in the name of democracy, as in the days of the demagogic Julius Cæsar. Is there to be now an Assyrian-Carthaginian ruin of the world, for the exaltation of a "divine" steam-roller, a Juggernaut adorned with the grimace of a Neronic megalomania for figure head—and all on behalf of a materialistic, worse than savage, criminally atavistic Violation, Desecration and Defilement Trust, consisting of spectacled scientific thugs? The world has said: "No!" It means the "No" it says, and it will have the power to put into its "No," so that its fiat is fate. Out of this effort to destroy, will come the joint resolve to preserve. We shall at last eventuate into some real effective internationalism.*

At least a group of nations will perforce develop their alliance into some sort of loose Federation, looking ostensibly to self-defence, against the recurrence of the Empire Mania. So now, just at present, there is little danger of a lukewarm national feeling anywhere. There is rather the chance of retrogression in the name of war-emergency.

But after the world war?

Shall we revert to a flabby life, an "each for himself" policy of the "devil take the hindmost"—which

* All this dates from July, 1918.

means, of course, all of us sooner or later by turn? Shall we not realise that we "belong," not in emergencies only, but all the while? What? Back again to a mean "man-against the world" plan—an inchoate, irresponsible, remorseless nagging competition in the name of liberty? Or, a multitude of exploiting corporations enslaving labourers, clerks, intellectuals, inventive geniuses, in the name of efficiency? Shall we have again irresponsible committee-owned churches, the power to decree religious practice and preaching placed always solely in the hands of men with money, and mostly over sixty? What? Shall we have proprietary universities managed by presidents, with a view to increase of endowment,—the income, therefore, spent at the will of irresponsible trustees, who, apart from each other's prejudices, consider only their class-feeling and the sources of coveted benefactions? Shall we have a press—a publicity brokerage dealing out beneficent or maleficent sensations, really amenable only to economic checks, of prejudices that can be made operative in a boycott, the forfeiting of popularity and prestige, or the threat of libel suits unlikely to be pressed? Shall prints—so maintained, vended and operated—be privileged shapers of opinion by the selection and the ordering and the handling of news—yet without real popular accountability?

(3) OUR SUPERNATIONAL OR INTERNATIONAL FLAGS

Now if the Super-nation—Tennyson's Federation of the World—approaches, we must make haste and symbolically concrete the Ideal. Do we not already feel the present need to fly the flag of civilisation? But what shall be that flag—equally sacred to all?

None of the Allies in the present holiest of crusades can sincerely or safely and sanely employ the flag of one another for that transcendent prophetic purpose; and to stack all the allied emblems together has become impractical, if not absurd. Those who have honestly attempted this feat best know. Try it—just only a few of the Allies, Montenegro, Serbia, Belgium, the looted Russia and Roumania, the betrayed France, England and Italy, Japan and the United States, the martyrs and the champions of the cause, Portugal, the little follower of England and her big daughter, Brazil, Siam the Buddhist friend of France; and then have not the nations, quasi-federated in the British Commonwealth of nations a right to distinctive representation: Canada? Australia? South Africa? New Zealand? Where shall we stop? With Hindustan? With Egypt?

Clearly an international flag must be flown at all reunions and common rejoicings. The only hitherto international flags are three. First of these in time, at least, is the now so-called "Socialist" "Flag of Revolution" for the nonce, thank heaven, disgraced by treacherous abuse in Russia—the old familiar red flag of defiance!

That shall never be the "International"! As a flag of universal enthusiasm and universal kinship it might well do; but to fly it as it stands with its historic associations—surely no house of fire and blood shall be our heavenly home. Think of it—the Red Flag flown above the Stars and Stripes! Never!

Second, in time, comes the white flag. It also is far too inarticulate. It is indeed for peace. So be we all. But is it specifically for a holy and a just peace?

Ay! its advocates will declare! But for peace, they will confess, first, last, and all the time—and at any cost to honour, integrity, to humanity, and to the beauty of holiness! Alas, no! Better Armageddon, than such a sickening lethargy of the social soul. Better the premature death of millions, even of the young, of our best, and thereby the reaffirmation of living ideals—the renewal of worship and martyr-passion to and through them! Better surely such horrors as we have suffered, than the preservation in soggy existence of all and sundry—with the gilded trough, full of husks for the swine, as the social altar,—and the dollar-mark over the swillful snout as the holy sign thereon! Peace? yes! But Virtue and Beauty of living—before peace. For multitudinous self-preservation is not the first interest of the race!

It isn't quantity, it's quality that we most want. It isn't to survive, but to be worthy of living forever, that really counts, at least with real men. Neither then the red flag of our maximum government—a theocracy without a God—a bureaucracy, pretending the interests only of the least educated and refined; nor the white flag that invites war! Both are most truly unworthy to serve as the international emblem.

Incidentally we congratulate our good Jewish synagogues on their loyal overlooking of manifest, though unintentional unfairness to them. Christians should in this be Christlike and avoid all appearance of Cæsarism for their Lord and Master. With all admissions in its favour—and every Christian at heart, or even only in imagination, loves to see the red cross flag fly as the symbol of Mercy, to friend and foe alike in the Name of the beautiful and blessed Prince

of Peace—yet the “red cross” is only the symbol of a particular, remedial emergency-service of international character. Great as mercy truly is, and Shakespeare has sung her praises as eloquently as St. Paul sang that of “agape,” love—great as is all holy simple service to fellowman, and all personal sacrifice for the weak and helpless brave, the “red cross” does not signify all of life, nor the all assuredly of internationalism.

Let us then try to get us a flag altogether worthy to symbolise the international Ideal in the sense of hospitably including the Nations in a free fellowship of race advancement and divine world-revelation!

(4) A SUGGESTION FOR AN INTERNATIONAL FLAG

Presumptuously absurd it is, in the light of all objections here adduced, to venture any proposition, unless it were with the sole intent of challenging criticism; and, what is better than criticism, new, and luckier, if not better, efforts to supply the demand, ere it be perhaps too late; to supply it beautifully with adequate consecration of forethought and passionate intercessory desire.

Yet here is a suggestion offered for what it is worth, and comment is made without commendation of it, to guard against investigations of the author for what used to be called lunacy.

1. A Red Field—the long rectangle, twice the square—alive with fire and blood; the proposition of the Revolution frankly accepted, since only by essential, but doubly righteous (doubly “square”) revolution, can we hope to build such an international

house of the mankind of to-day, as shall be the temple of God, and the *home* of the man-to-be.

2. In the Centre a belt of midnight blue—for the zodiac—the zone of the heavens; to suggest though open at the top the twelve “houses of the constellations” in gold design, the head or ram; the neck or bull, the arms or the heavenly twins, the breast or the crab, the solar plexus or the lion, the vitals or the scales, the organs of motherhood or the Virgin, the organs of fatherhood or the scorpion, the thighs or the bowman, the knees or the goat, the shins or the



water carrier, the feet or the fishes—the entire organism of the “Grand Man,” for the divine human life of the cosmos, as Swedenborg loved to express the world-old idea that man was the explanation of the universe.

3. Always the dividing line between sign and sign is drawn toward a golden disk, for the sun, which is set in the enclosed white round, and at the bottom of the upper fourth of the space. At the top, is a gap agape between the first constellation (the head, the

ram) and the last constellation (the feet or the fishes), which is occupied by a golden inverted pyramid, whose missing apex would be just below the sun, and to whose limiting lines the sun's disk is tangent.

4. The golden sun can be furnished with nine golden rays to right, and nine to left, ending with the conventionalised hand of blessing which was the ancient Egyptian symbol of Aton, the sun-disk God, and his good providence, set up by King Amenhotep IV at Telamarna. In the lower half of the white space is drawn or embroidered in golden outline a mountain—the Mountain of the Lord—surmounted by a mass of cumulus cloud piled up to the sun,—the Skekinah; and around the mountain descend three parallel encircling lines as a stream of water dropping at last in the midst of its third turn with one sharp leap down to the fresh pool which fills the foreground in the lowest eighth of the white space

5. To right and left of the zodiacal open zone, can be set conventional designs in green outline or solid colour of the Tree of Life—respectively as Palm and as Pine, or Spruce or Hemlock, while three golden birds can suggest flight from the top of the trees toward the golden inverted pyramid or divine funnel at the top and centre of the Flag.

The details of design—such as the green trees and golden birds; the golden signs of the zodiac, suggesting the varieties of perfect man, the sun's rays of providential care, the circling stream of water—of life and purity, could be omitted in flags for ordinary use, yet nothing essential would be lost, although the flag might not speak, quite so explicitly.

What we should have in fine is the red, white and blue, but in a distinctive new arrangement.

And we should add the golden or yellow, to bring in the new expression of the only possible unity, that is in the influx of the very Godhead, here suggested by the open gap—where the “new constellation” must be mystically supplied, and is expressed below in its symbol, the *sun*, that rejoices ever as of old like a giant to run his course.

The tree of life and hope stands in the earth field of energy, fire and blood.

The aspiration rises thence, through a sky of energy—fire and blood.

Enclosed in the heaven of midnight blue—privacy with the mystery divine—with its twelve subdividing varieties, constituting perfection, expressed by the months of the year’s round in the seasonal rhythm, and reproduced in the upright organism of man: is the sphere of holiness; and therein is portrayed the actual method of its attainment in a Divine self-communication.

The mountain of solid prayer, upward striving, suffices not to reach; it is crowned therefore as though with its own volcanic eject, and capped with white cloud piles, that do arrive: the supernatural, the superphysical spirit upreachings toward the mystical at-onement.

There we behold the Sun at noon, our visible God, who cares for us; to either side of him nine rays—nine the birth-number, derived variously, but most vividly from the moons of normal gestation—suggesting our birth in the East, and our rebirth in the West.

But the apparent God—our Sun—is only an instrument; the supreme ocular evidence. Through the thirteenth invisible new constellation in the zenith of our picture, the hope of the yet unrevealed better Humanity, breaks in from above the divine wedge of unspeakable glory, its fullness pouring into the sun for such manifestation of it as man can as yet on earth endure.

If this invention shall seem more absurd for an international flag than Colonel Moultrie's, or Colonel Gadsden's inventions for our infant nation; at all events, this shall share perhaps their merit in some degree, in that it does constitute a positive provisional proposition, to be set aside as soon as possible, and relegated to the museum of curiosities.

(5) WHY NOT OLD GLORY WITH SLIGHT MODIFICATIONS?

But in conclusion we would hazard a bit of vaticination.

Just as in the end this young new nation chose to adapt an adopted flag already in use; perhaps the old nations of Europe will accept our Old Glory with some modifying additions. They might restore the flag to its thirteen stars in a ring, centred in the canton, and place up and down across the thirteen stripes some emblem of world union. A blue disk, for instance, for the world made heavenly, but that is preempted by Brazil; or a Tree of Life might serve, as the principle of evolution, in green, the hue of hope, harmonising well with the red and white, and near enough to the outer edge of the flag not to trouble

us with a clash against the midnight blue of the canton.

And pray why not? Should we Americans object? Should our Allies?

If the United States came in—they without even a distinctive national name—to rescue their elder nations in the very last hour of direst need; if the Queen of the West does fly a banner which, as we have seen, is not merely national in any historically narrowing sense, deriving from no particular domestic circumstance or accident of fortune, or exclusive ties of race and tongue; why should not the “Stars and Stripes” fly as secondary flag on each of the allied nations? Why not pray? With some clear, modifying new token, to guard against confusion, why might not “Old Glory” be set up as the welcome super-national flag—the flag of a Federation of Nations, banded freely together, sworn to realise with power, as well as with virtue, the Ideal of the Kingdom of heaven on Earth?

